Collier's

FEBRUARY 28, 1942 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

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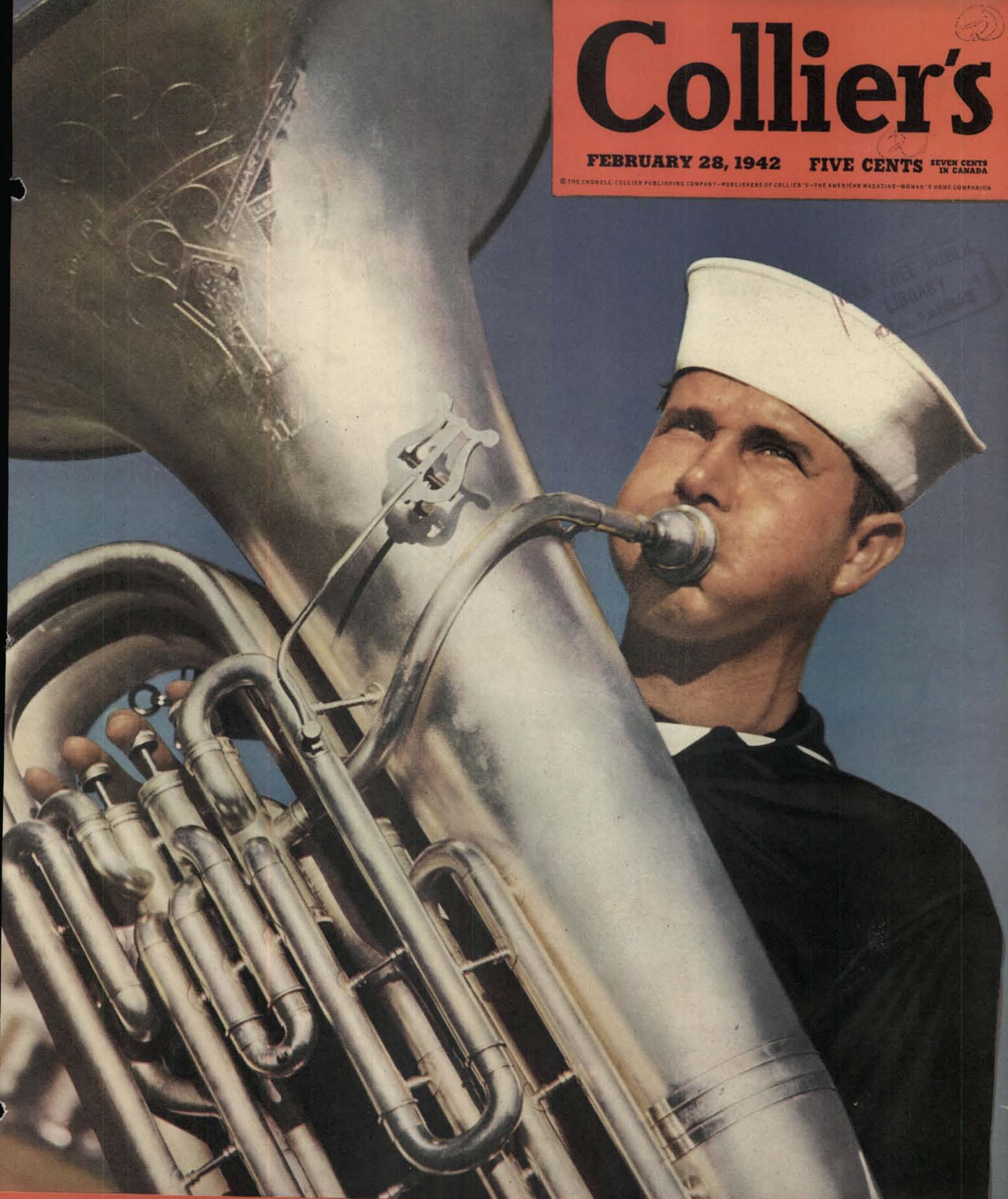

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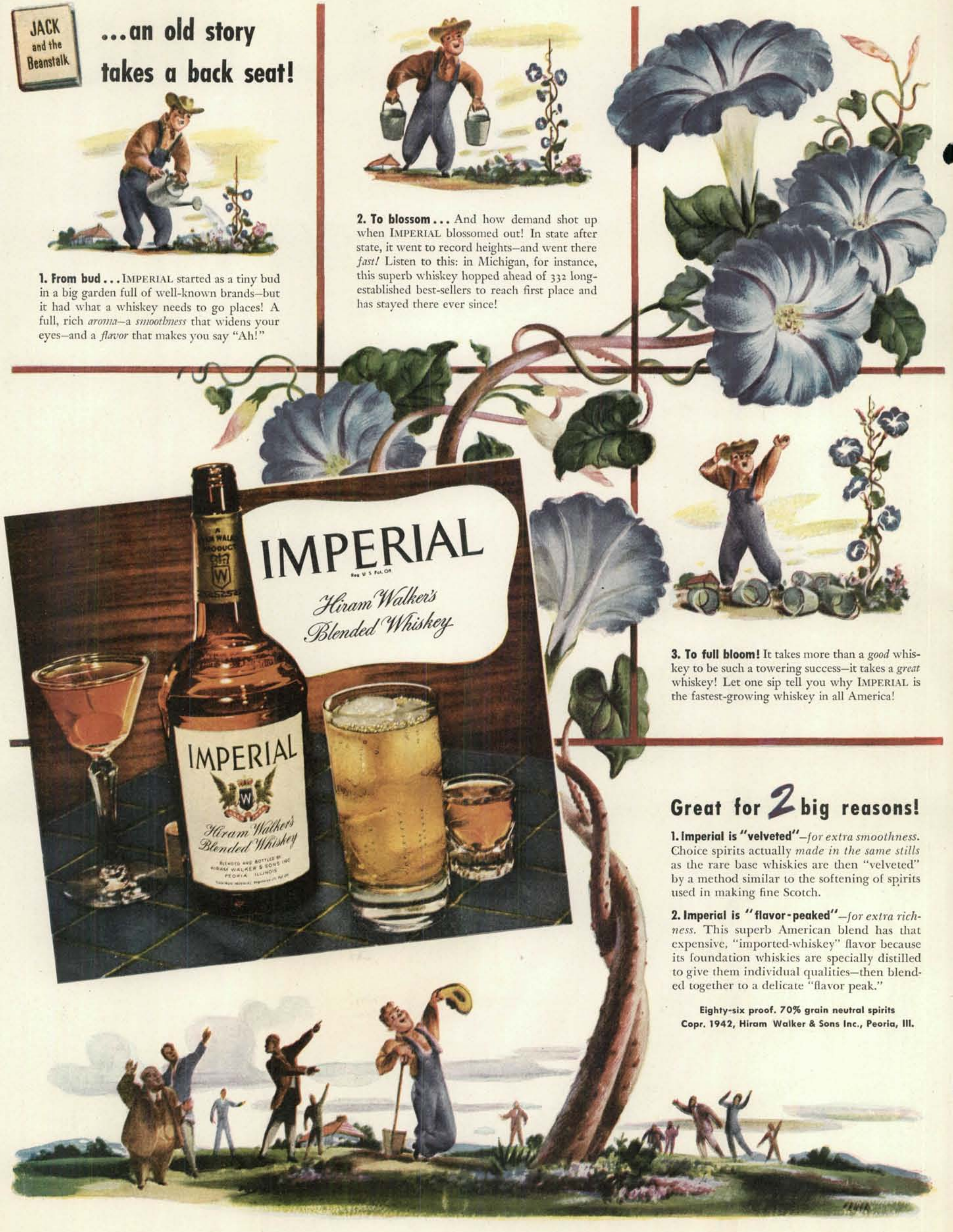
HOW RED IS RUSSIA? By Walt

Feb. 28, 1942


JACK and the Beanstalk
IMPERIAL
Reg U S Pat Off
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey
Blended and bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc Peoria Illinois

...an old story takes a back seat!

1. From bud... IMPERIAL started as a tiny bud in a big garden full of well-known brands—but it had what a whiskey needs to go places! A full, rich *aroma*—a *smoothness* that widens your eyes—and a *flavor* that makes you say "Ah!"

2. To blossom... And how demand shot up when IMPERIAL blossomed out! In state after state, it went to record heights—and went there *fast!* Listen to this: in Michigan, for instance, this superb whiskey hopped ahead of 332 long-established best-sellers to reach first place and has stayed there ever since!

3. To full bloom! It takes more than a *good* whiskey to be such a towering success—it takes a *great* whiskey! Let one sip tell you why IMPERIAL is the fastest-growing whiskey in all America!

Great for 2 big reasons!

1. Imperial is "velveted"—*for extra smoothness.* Choice spirits actually *made in the same stills* as the rare base whiskies are then "velveted" by a method similar to the softening of spirits used in making fine Scotch.

2. Imperial is "flavor-peaked"—*for extra richness.* This superb American blend has that expensive, "imported-whiskey" flavor because its foundation whiskies are specially distilled to give them individual qualities—then blended together to a delicate "flavor peak."

Eighty-six proof. 70% grain neutral spirits
Copr. 1942, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

The Acorn becomes the Oak, The Boy becomes the Man!

In his Face you can see his Dream, In his Eyes you can read his Future!

We see him Confident and Reliant and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to his lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

HIS EYES see only far horizons—his are dreams of a future that our own grim days cannot shadow. Fortunate young American. How confidently he can hope to face the future—strong and healthy and *smiling.*

Yes, *smiling!* For even his smile has the best of care. Today, in classrooms* all over the land, youngsters like this are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling, attractive smiles.

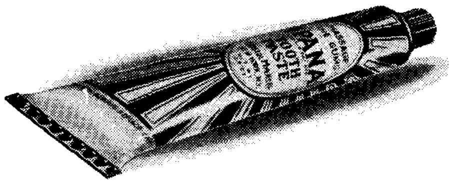
These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know that gums tend to become soft, tender... often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush ... *see your dentist.* He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly but, with massage, to aid your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get Ipana today! Help yourself to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

**In 1941, at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*

Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

EVERY WEEK

A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF ENTERTAINMENT ON YOUR

RCA VICTROLA

In fact (if anybody cares) a million dollars wouldn't even begin to pay the cost of all the talent on the airwaves every week. To say nothing of the talent on Victor Records . . . Which makes the RCA Victrola V-215 (which gives you *every* note on both records and radio) about the biggest piece of your-money's-worth that you've ever seen.

Or heard . . .

FOR LAZYBONES: AN AMAZING NEW WAY TO PLAY RECORDS

RCA Victor's Engineers call it "The Magic Brain"—this new record-changing mechanism that gives you a complete *program* from records at the touch of a button! You just sit back and listen, while the "Brain" does all the work. No needles to bother with, either. No lid to lift.

Your RCA Victor dealer will be happy to let you play with one, to your heart's content.

FOR YOUR "REFUGE ROOM"

We hope you never need to use it, but Defense Authorities recommend that every American prepare a "Refuge Room" to stay in during air raids. This RCA Victor "Air Warden" Model 25-BP is a handy thing to have in it—to help you keep up your morale. Doubly valuable, because (at the flick of a switch) it plays on *built-in batteries* as well as on your house-current. And house-current may be cut off. Built-in antenna, too —it's the ideal portable, anywhere, anytime.

DON'T FORGET VICTOR RECORDS

For your "Refuge Room" or *any* room . . . don't forget the music you want when you want it . . . the new tunes America is singing . . . the old tunes we're marching to, and working to . . . the great tunes that never grow old. For instance—hear these Victor Records *soon:*

"Remember Pearl Harbor" and **"Dear Mom"**—
Sammy Kaye. No. 27738. . . . . 50c

"How About You?" and **"Winter Weather"**—
Tommy Dorsey. No. 27749. . . . . 50c

"Organ Reveries"— Dick Leibert at the organ of the Radio City Music Hall. (Intermezzo, At Dawning, Trees, Berceuse from "Jocelyn", Why Do I Love You? None But the Lonely Heart, Ave Maria, Barcarolle) *Musical Smart Set* Album P-104. $2.50

Prices shown are list prices exclusive of excise tax

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR RECORDS

A Service of the Radio Corporation of America. In Canada: RCA Victor Co., Ltd., Montreal.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
CLARENCE H. ROY	Syntax
W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
FRANK GERVASI	The Orient
MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
JIM MARSHALL	Articles
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Edit
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

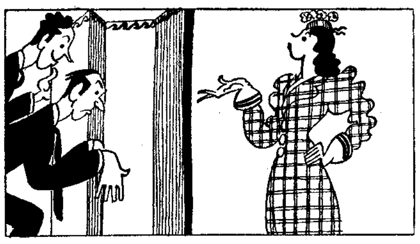
ANY WEEK

Collier's
FEBRUARY 28, 1942 FIVE CENTS

TOOTING the tuba on Collier's cover is 34-year-old Musician First-Class Ernest Glenn Smart, member of the naval training station band at Norfolk, Virginia, a native of Canton, North Carolina. Smart has been in the Navy fourteen years. He has served as cook aboard the Rochester, as storekeeper aboard the Northampton and as musician second-class aboard the Ranger, Wyoming and Arkansas. Musician Smart draws $145 a month for playing at all 5th Naval District official functions (and in church on Sunday's), practices three hours a day on tuba, trombone and alto horn in the small Norfolk apartment where he lives with his wife, and hopes in six years to make the grade of bandmaster to the tune of $202 a month.

WHILE North and South American politicians were considering ways and means to keep the Western Hemisphere free of the intuitions of that man Hitler, the almost ex-bogeyman, our Brazilian agent was busy on the mystery of what had become of transportation between the lovely towns of Juiz de Fora, Bicas, Mar de Espanha and São Pedro de Pequeri. The indefatigable fellow, as usual, was successful. Moreover, he reported with a tenderness and completeness which starts us out this week with a romance of guns and love. For the guns and hate you may consult other pages of this magazine.

BETWEEN the fragrantly named towns noted above, young Senhor Joao dos Santos Grizendi operated his one-car bus line, enjoying a nice income, an unprotested monopoly and the smiles of many irresistible girls. For Joao had a smile of his own and a way with women. Beautiful Elza Marques of Mar de Espanha frequently rode with him. Sometimes she was going to Juiz de Fora and sometimes she was merely riding at random, happy in the glamor of the smile of Joao. But one morning while waiting for Joao's bus she read the newspaper. Therein she saw that Joao dos Santos Grizendi was engaged to be married to a landed lady for whom, although she did not know her, Elza at once formed a pronouncedly unfriendly feeling. Casting aside the bad news, Elza laid the situation before her father and her nine inflammable brothers. They agreed with shouted unanimity that Elza was not only quite capable of being the bride of Joao but was completely eligible socially. Therefore, their guns in hand, they hauled the protesting proprietor of the Juiz de Fora Bicas, Mar de Espanha and São Pedro de Pequeri Transportation Company before a friendly notary who forthwith made him and the blushing Elza one. Moreover, they stood by for ten days while Elza and Joao honeymooned in the Casa de Marques. Then, satisfied that Elza had been done right by, they returned to their various occupations. But Joao, understandably concerned with how his announced fiancée—the landed lady—was going to regard the situation, took it on the lam at once. Our agent reports that neither Elza nor the landed lady, nor for that matter anyone else between Juiz de Fora and São Pedro de Pequeri has had so much as a fleeting glimpse of him since. Joao has vanished. The bus which he abandoned has been given to the girl he left behind him—Elza. The legal aspects of this transference of ownership are simple: Elza is regarded as the widow of Joao. As his widow she is entitled to his property. Someone (they always do, the practical-minded crabs) protested that there was no proof of his demise. "That," said the brothers, "may be as it is. But, senhor, who can say that she will not be his widow if he is found?" And that's our little sunbeam for this week.



IT HAS been announced in this column that no more air raid warden stories would appear here. We wish now that the words "unless unavoidable" had been added because we've just been informed that in an otherwise normal Connecticut village a lady donated a large four-leaf folding screen to the cause. When asked what an air raid warden or a group of

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THIS WEE

FEBRUARY 28, 194

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Romance for Molly, by Lucian Car Page 1

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COVER HANS GROENHOF

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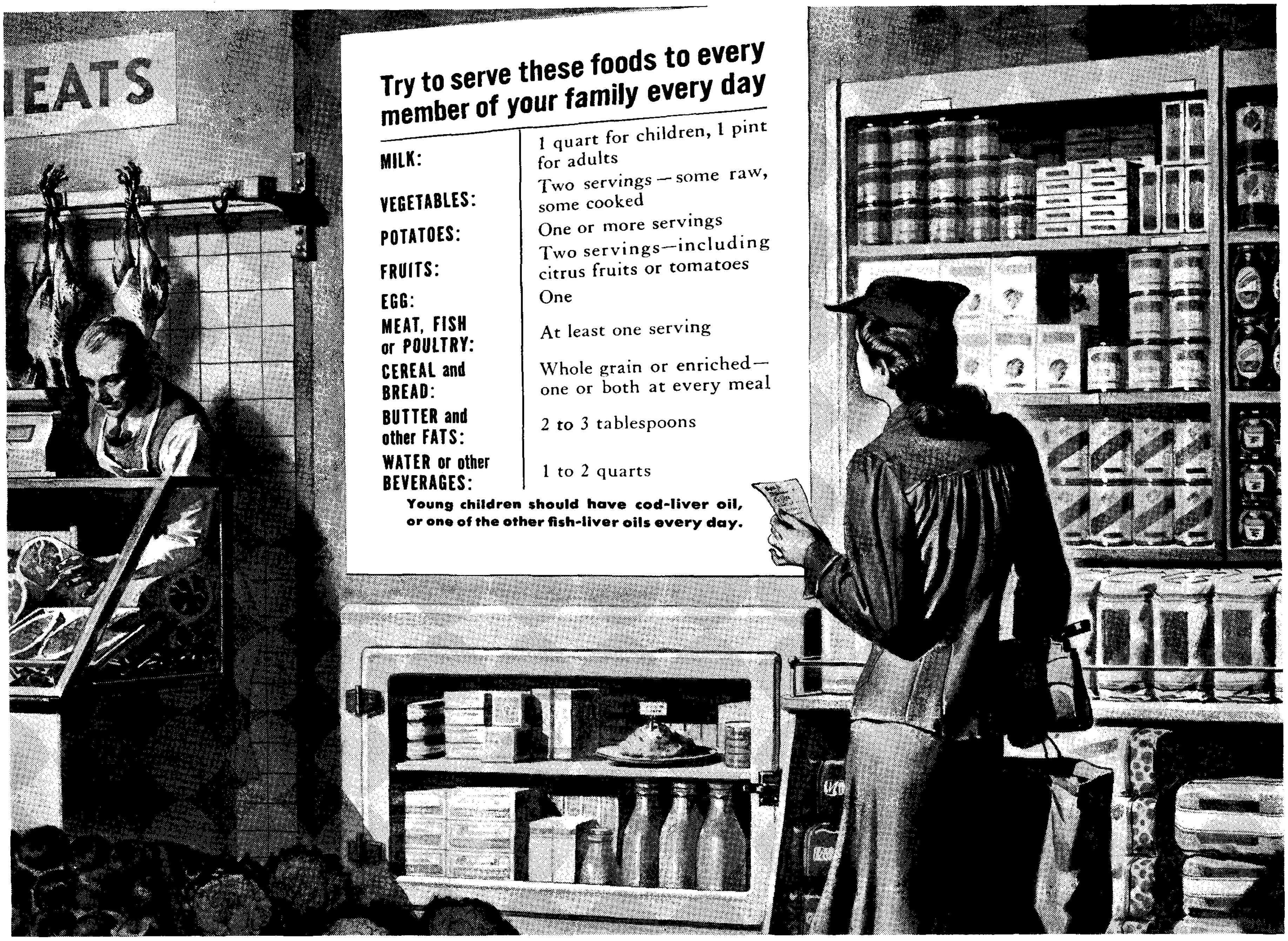

Try to serve these foods to every member of your family every day

MILK:	1 quart for children, 1 pint for adults
VEGETABLES:	Two servings—some raw, some cooked
POTATOES:	One or more servings
FRUITS:	Two servings—including citrus fruits or tomatoes
EGG:	One
MEAT, FISH or POULTRY:	At least one serving
CEREAL and BREAD:	Whole grain or enriched—one or both at every meal
BUTTER and other FATS:	2 to 3 tablespoons
WATER or other BEVERAGES:	1 to 2 quarts

Young children should have cod-liver oil, or one of the other fish-liver oils every day.

How well do you feed your family?

MERE *QUANTITY* OF FOOD does not guarantee good nutrition. "Plenty to eat" does *not* always mean "well fed."

A proper diet requires a daily balance of the foods which *supply energy,* the foods which *build and repair,* and the foods which *protect and regulate.*

Such foods cost no more. Yet they will help you maintain the good health that keeps you on the job. A balanced diet may also help ward off the diseases which usually become more prevalent in times of great stress and strain.

Nutrition experts have prepared simple guides to help you select the right foods. One of these is illustrated above. If you will follow it, your meals will provide the elements of a good diet. You need not concern yourself with such technicalities as carbohydrates, proteins, vitamins, and minerals.

Here are some suggestions for making the family food-dollar go further, do more:

1. ***Foods in season*** are usually cheaper; buying in larger quantities more economical.

2. ***The cheaper cuts*** of meat supply the same food value as the fancier ones.

3. ***Dried fruits*** may be used in place of fresh when these are out of season, but should be supplemented with citrus or tomato juice. Canned foods supply virtually the same food values as fresh.

4. ***Cook vegetables only until tender*** in as small a quantity of water as practical. This saves fuel, preserves vitamins and minerals. Use the water, and the juices from canned vegetables in soups and stews. They contain vitamins and minerals. Do not add baking soda to vegetables—it destroys vitamins. *Use some vegetables raw.*

5. ***Milk,*** fresh, canned, dried, or in the form of cheese, is one of the most important food buys you can make. It is the best source of calcium.

For more information about planning nourishing, economical meals, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "The Family Food Supply."

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 32-C, "The Family Food Supply."

Name________________
Street________________
City____________State________

An interesting 10-minute Technicolor movie on food and health—"PROOF OF THE PUDDING"*—has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood. This advertisement is published by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in the interest of the National Nutrition Program.*

WONDERS OF AMERICA

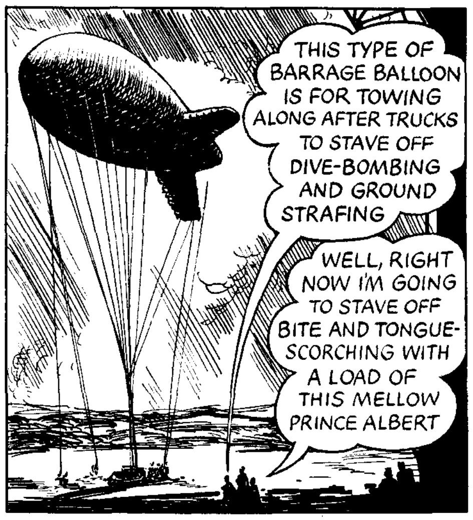
Aerial Octopus!

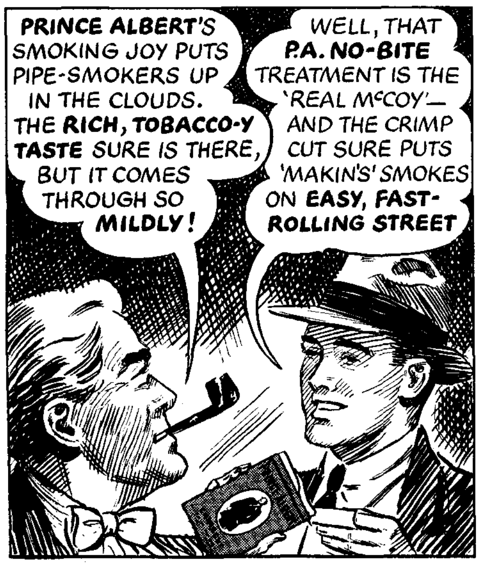
WHAT'S INSIDE THE BALLOON ?
HELIUM GAS. THERE ARE HOLES IN THE FINS. AIR GOES IN OR OUT AS THE GAS EXPANDS OR CONTRACTS
AMERICA'S STRATO-SENTINEL, WORLD'S MOST EFFICIENT WAR BALLOON... NOTE MOORING CABLES FOR INTERCEPTING ENEMY WAR PLANES
THERE ARE 68,000 CUBIC FEET IN THAT 'FISH.' SHE'LL GO UP ALMOST 3 MILES
THERE OUGHT TO BE A BIG DIFFERENCE IN THE TEMPERATURE UP THERE
SOMETHING LIKE THE DIFFERENCE IT MAKES SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

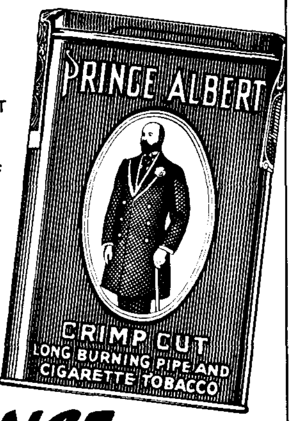
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*


THIS TYPE OF BARRAGE BALLOON IS FOR TOWING ALONG AFTER TRUCKS TO STAVE OFF DIVE-BOMBING AND GROUND STRAFING
WELL, RIGHT NOW I'M GOING TO STAVE OFF BITE AND TONGUE-SCORCHING WITH A LOAD OF THIS MELLOW PRINCE ALBERT

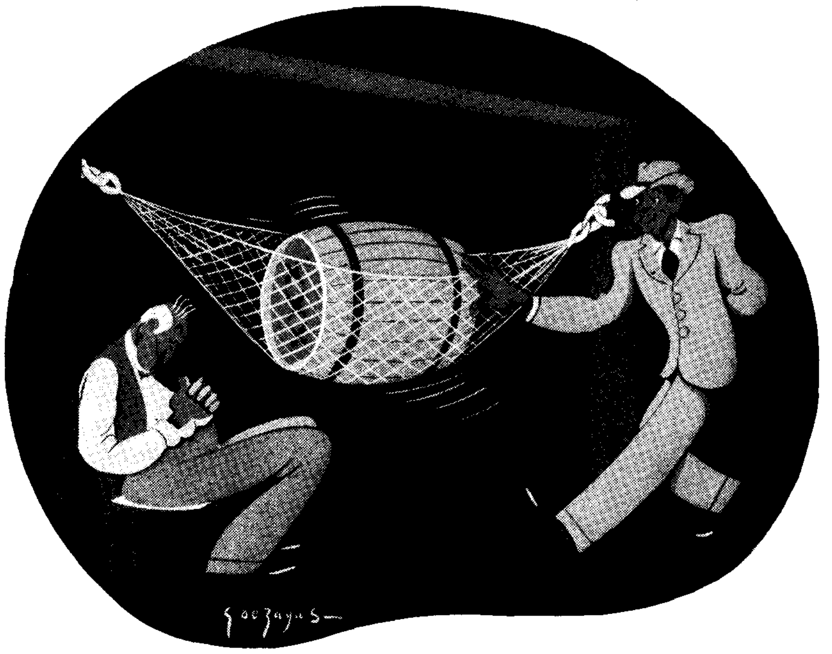

PRINCE ALBERT'S SMOKING JOY PUTS PIPE-SMOKERS UP IN THE CLOUDS. THE RICH, TOBACCO-Y TASTE SURE IS THERE, BUT IT COMES THROUGH SO MILDLY!
WELL, THAT P.A. NO-BITE TREATMENT IS THE 'REAL McCOY'—AND THE CRIMP CUT SURE PUTS 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES ON EASY, FAST-ROLLING STREET

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Before it was learned that Madeira wine would mature as well in a hothouse as when kept in constant motion, many Americans slung casks of it in rocking cradles in the hallways of their offices so that passers-by could give the hammocks a shove and, thereby, save the owners the expense of sending the barrels on an additional ocean voyage for a "maturing shakeup." —*By Gene Gleason, East Cleveland, Ohio.*

During 1941 on the New York Curb Exchange, Imperial Russian 6½ per cent bonds due in 1919 and 5½ per cent bonds due in 1921, although repudiated more than twenty years ago, outsold in number, by a wide margin, the other forty-five foreign bond issues combined.—*By Cecil Giffen, Oak Park, Illinois.*

That tall structures lean into a strong wind as well as away from it was revealed by a five-year study of the Empire State Building in New York City. In an eighty-mile gale, its tower sways 6¾ inches out of plumb away from the wind and then sways back 1¼ inch out of plumb into the wind, completing the eight-inch swing every eight seconds.

In the manufacturing of a diamond die, or an industrial diamond containing a minute hole through which fine wires are drawn to give them the proper size, the drilling of the hole is such a delicate operation that it may require 150 hours and cost seven times as much as the diamond itself.—*By James Stranahan, Amarillo, Texas.*

Probably the longest and costliest of the many lawsuits brought against animals in France was started in St. Julian in 1445, when this town sought to convict a certain species of insects as a pest and have them banished from the community. The trial was abandoned after forty-two years because the insects ignored every summons to appear in court, and the fees paid to the counsel provided for them had put the town in bankruptcy.

Texas grows twenty million rosebushes annually, or more than are produced by the rest of the world combined. Until recently, they were not only shipped to all parts of the United States, but also to twenty-five foreign countries.

All torpedoes sink to the bottom when they miss their target and their engines run down, either through sheer weight or an automatic sinking gear. This prevents them from becoming a potential danger to friendly vessels and also from falling into the hands of the enemy and disclosing mechanical secrets.—*By Harry Brockman, Stockton, California.*

The ten fresh fruits which lead in energy-building value, with their number of calories per pound, are avocados 1,200, persimmons 640, plantains 635, pomegranates 455, bananas 445, haws 440, papaws 435, prunes 420, figs 395, and black raspberries 375.

Falcon Island in the South Pacific is unique in that it has vanished and reappeared three times since its discovery in 1865. Being built up by the ashes of volcanic eruption and then destroyed by wind, rain and ocean current so many times, Falcon is such a geological curiosity that it has been visited by scientists from all over the world, most of whom preferred to examine it, because of poisonous gas, from the deck of their ship.

A recent study, made to determine the cost of operating an automobile at a low and a high speed, revealed that, when two identical cars are driven over the same 1,000-mile course, one at 25 and the other at 65 miles an hour, the latter consumes 60 per cent more gasoline and 800 per cent more oil and causes 700 per cent more wear on the tires.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

★ ★ *Invest in America! Buy Defense Bonds and Stamps* ★ ★

Maybe this happens in *your* office . . . work delayed because two workers need the same typewriter. Make sure immediately that you have enough machines to go 'round and that every one is in good operating condition. When good men leave *your* payroll for Uncle Sam's, office personnel will have to work harder than ever. Give them the facilities to make the extra effort count. Do away with typing bottlenecks.

Who's Going to Step into their Shoes....back at the Office?

With new workers taking the place of men in uniform, America's millions of office machines become a priceless war-time asset

"Yes, Mr. Atherton, these accounting machines are giving us just what we needed. Should have had them long ago. The new men? Oh, they're coming along all right. Right now, of course, they can't carry the load that Brown and Miller used to handle, but what we lose on that score these Underwood Elliott Fishers will more than make up. You should see how simple they make stock record control, order writing, billing... one shortcut after another, yet with complete accuracy!"

This young lady and her Underwood Payroll Machine are fighting on the side of the Allies. You see, the draft and enlistments greatly increased the work of the Payroll Department . . . so many new names to handle! And then several of that Department's best men marched off in uniform. Yet all hands are being paid promptly, accurately and with adequate, explanatory data. Thus, time and energy are being saved for the production of materials to back up the good men who left.

"Jim, do you think we're doing all right? After all, we haven't had much experience with this type of work." The operator of the Underwood Sundstrand Adding-Figuring Machine stops for a moment to answer: "I *know* we're doing all right and it's because of this little machine. Suppose we had to make all these calculations with no help except pencil and paper! We'd never be able to double check every step and be sure of our ground. Just wouldn't have enough time or energy left."

Underwood Elliott Fisher
Helps Speed the Nation's Victory!

Underwood Elliott Fisher Company
One Park Ave., New York *Sales and Service Everywhere*

Copyright 1942, Underwood Elliott Fisher Company

YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING -BUT YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

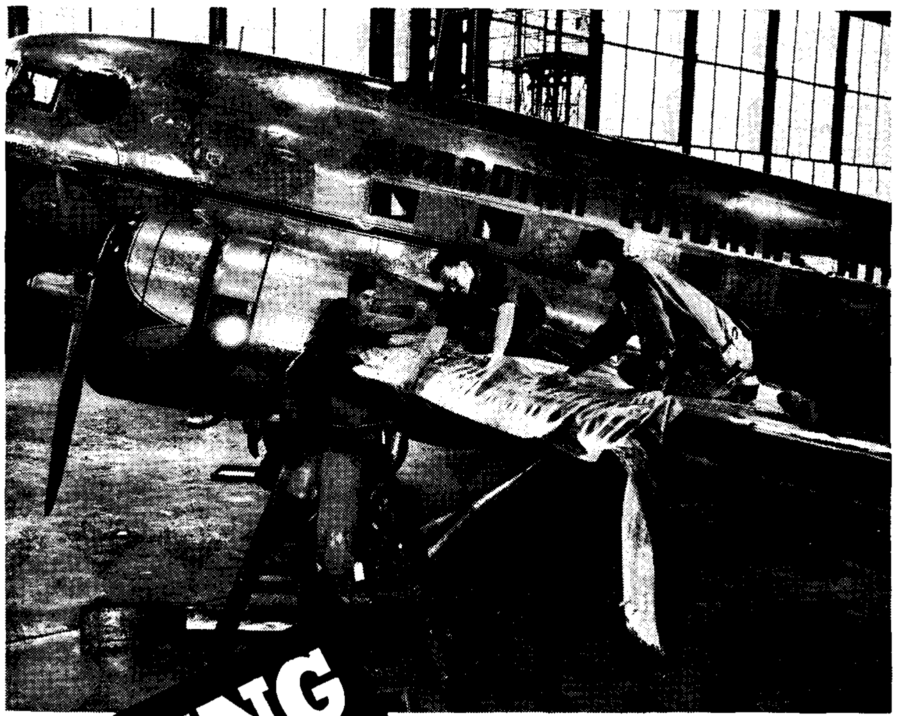
IT'S true—*all* smokers *sometimes* inhale. But—between **Philip Morris** and other leading cigarettes there's a tremendous difference in irritant qualities. Doctors who *compared* the *five* leading brands report that . . .

IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO PHILIP MORRIS, IRRITANT EFFECTS OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS HIGH — AND LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

Finest tobaccos—of course. *But that's not enough!* **Philip Morris** are *made* differently. They *taste* better —they're *proved better* for your nose and throat.

Smooth as Modern Flying!
UNITED AIR LINES
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Call for Philip Morris
CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS

Just Remember – It's America's Finest Cigarette



HOFF

Vital to safety are the pulsating rubber de-icing boots here being attached to a Canadian Colonial plane. Innovation with this line is the spotlight back of the engine cowling that enables pilot to check boot operation at night

WING TALK

ANOTHER reason why you shouldn't object to giving up tires: De-icer boots, those rubber coverings on the leading edges of wings of heavy bombers, medium bombers, observation planes, patrol planes and airliners are vital to the safety of the precious aircraft and the more precious crew. And they don't last too long, but longer than you'd think considering the beating they take. They are good for two years of service on a plane when removed during summer flying operations and carefully packed away. But in cases where air operations involve icing conditions the year around, 12 months is the average life for these pulsating boots that break up the ice formations.

The Army and Navy keep their boots on in Alaska all the time.

LEAKPROOF fuel tanks, also called bulletproof and self-sealing, a major by-product of the modern air war, have already reached such a high state of development that it is safe to assume they will become standard equipment in all types of planes, civil and military, down to the Grasshopper class, when we win the war. Their primary use, of course, is to keep the plane flying, though the enemy is pouring machine-gun bullets into your tanks—tanks which used to be made of metal with the protective thickness of tissue paper.

Already military planes in operational accidents far from the battle lines have been spared the deadly fire that so often results in a crash landing. And many lives have been saved. In the past it was a frequent occurrence for a pilot to be temporarily knocked out or dazed in a crash but otherwise uninjured, only to lose his life in the fire that followed. We can't go so far as to say now that the leakproof tanks are fireproof, but the other day two military planes dashing down the runway in close formation collided as the lead plane suddenly lost speed. The left wing of one and the right wing of the other were sheared off, leaving exposed to the daylight the rubberized-leatherized leakproof tanks.

Expert witnesses agreed here were two devastating fires that didn't occur because of the new-type tanks. And the much-needed airplanes were repaired overnight and on their way the next day.

AIRLINES are on the alert for suspicious packages, so don't get indignant if you're asked to open that funny-looking bundle before everybody, even though it contains some old laundry and a pair of muddy galoshes. Of course, a "suspicious-looking" package is hard to define because if anybody wants to take an infernal machine aboard an airliner, he won't wrap it up to attract attention. Which is just what some unknown person did in 1933 and caused an accident that has never been solved.

The transport plane, a Boeing 247, was flying along sweetly in the Indiana moonlight when suddenly it broke in two and all on board were lost. The old 247s were tough ships and they didn't fall apart in still or rough air. In fact, this breed is still doing excellent transport service in many parts of the world.

Facts on this accident were never published because of a peculiarity in the law at the time, but people in the industry and outside experts brought in to solve it came to but one conclusion—a high-explosive blast. It was conclusive to see a heavy blanket, folded up tightly to conserve space in the compartment adjoining the lavatory, perforated with tiny holes as though a crew of moths had fed on it for years. Gasoline had nothing to do with it, first because it is not a high explosive and, second, because it was carried in tanks in the wings. The condition of the lavatory also was convincing proof that a bomblike device had gone off, either intentionally or accidentally. Thorough search of the past lives of the crew and passengers gave no indication to the investigators that anyone might have had reason to rub out the plane and its occupants in this fashion.

So please be co-operative when they ask you what's in that package.

WHAT do student pilots think of their instructors? Here is one observation from conscientious Army Cadet

(Continued on page 45)

To his skill he adds the safeguard of Duraglas containers to protect the pure fresh drugs your physician prescribes
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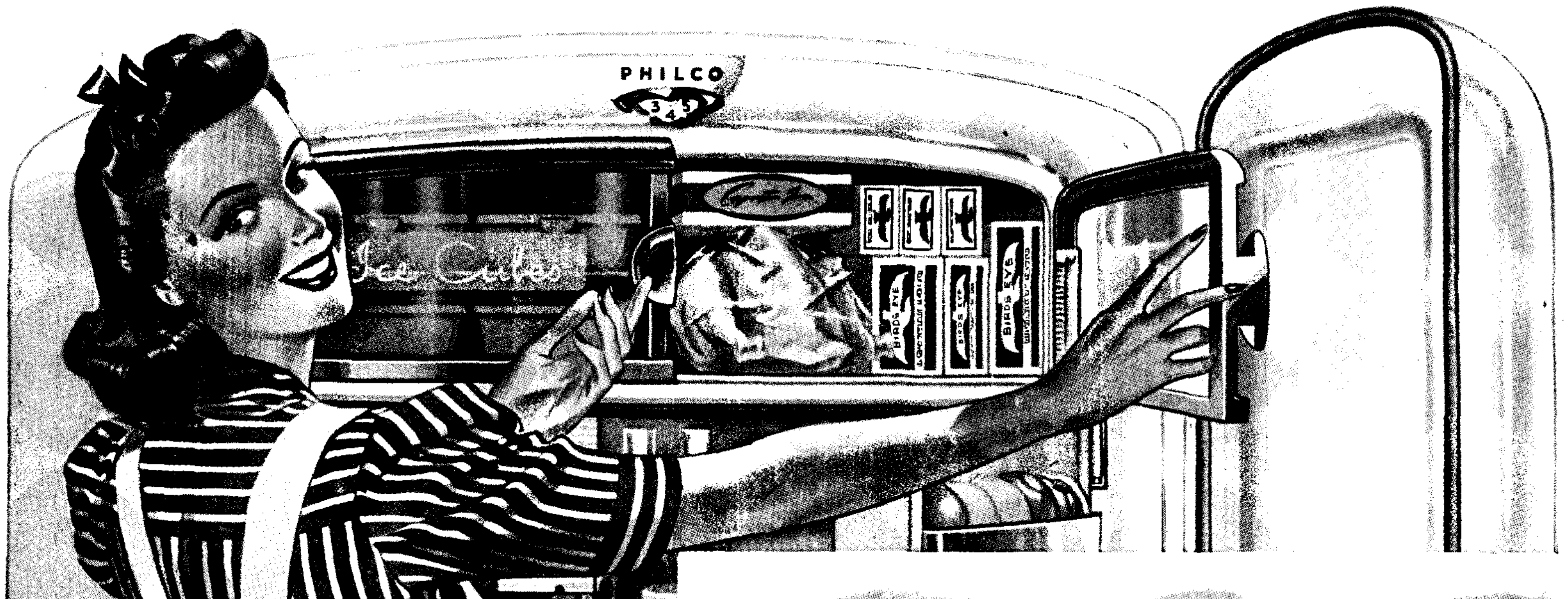
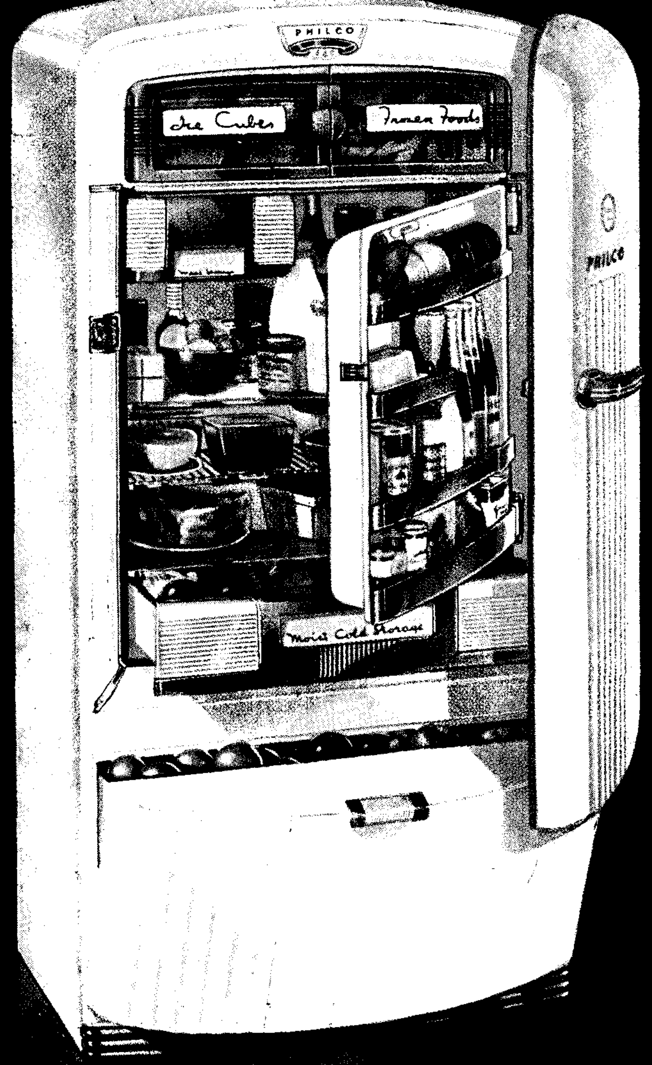
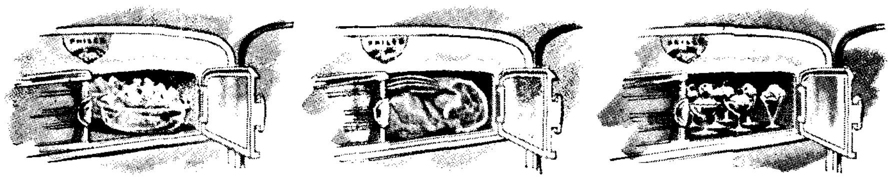




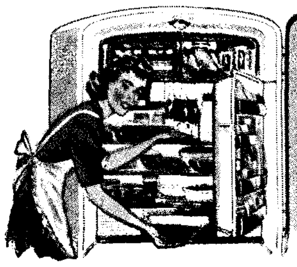


ONLY PHILCO GIVES YOU THIS FROZEN STORAGE *plus* DRY COLD, MOIST COLD AND CONSERVADOR

HERE'S a new and different refrigerator, built to serve *modern* kitchen needs. It brings you new ways to keep and prepare your foods that make your work easier, your meals more delicious and help you save on your food and electric bills.

Look at this huge, separate Frozen Food Compartment, for instance, specially designed for all frozen storage uses, where temperatures remain at 15° to 30° below freezing. Here you can store frosted foods for days, make tempting frozen desserts, keep extra ice cubes, age meats and actually improve their flavor, buy and store foods in quantity at money-saving prices.

In many other ways, the new Philco Refrigerator gives you modern, exclusive *Advanced Design.* Moist Cold with the amazing Philco Cold Shelf, a separate Dry Cold Compartment, the sensational, patented Conservador . . . plus the famous quality and dependability of Philco manufacture!



Dry and Moist Cold with Philco Cold Shelf

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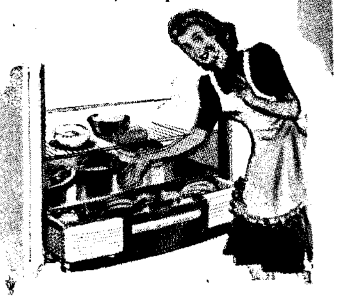

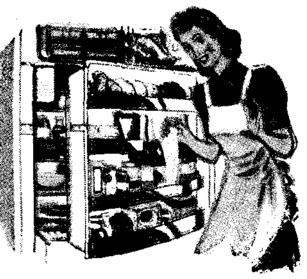

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Collier's

National Weekly for Fe

COSSACK WOLF

By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Some of Hitler's hard young men lose a skirmish with a patriarch Cossack of the steppes

THE airplane came over after moonset, waking Yarak. He sat up with a snort. By the drone of the motor, he knew it to be a *machine,* and in consequence something with which he had no concern.

But in thinking about a *machine,* he remembered Kirdy, his grandson and the only human being for whom Yarak cared. Kirdy rode, instead of a horse, the biggest of the *machines* that roared up and down the valley road, going from Novocherkassk to the Kavkas—the Caucasus Mountains. It was, in fact, a military road.

And Kirdy had told his grandfather Yarak that he had a girl now. This girl, Ileana by name, he had added, was a black-browed Cossack beauty, a perfect delight. And while Kirdy was absent, driving his convoy car, he had wanted Grandfather Yarak to look out for Ileana who would soon be in town. She was, Yarak calculated, down there in the town now. But Yarak had reasons, both personal and potent, for not showing his gray mustache and his six-feet-three of ambling height down in the town.

"Devil take the girls," he muttered, "the darlings!"

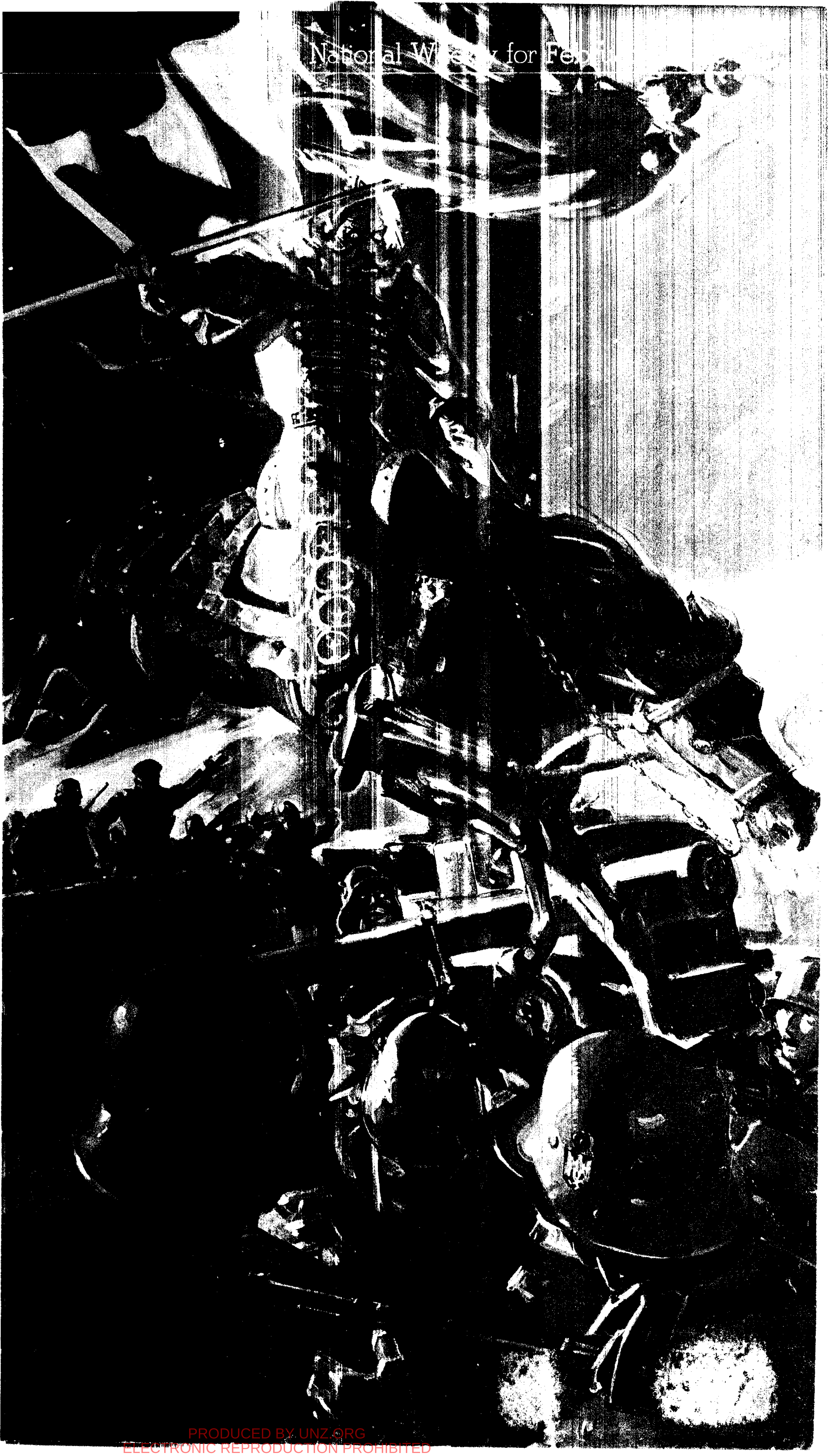
He pulled his sheepskin jacket around him; he felt for and jerked down a slab of salt fish hanging over his head and munched it.

All at once he felt thirsty. He had passed a hard autumn hunting down meat and skins, without tasting anything stronger than red Georgian wine, out of *bottles.* Somewhere in the town of Kizlyar there would be a jug of brandy, and Yarak meant to find it.

"Promised that dog of a Kirdy to watch out for Ileana," he told himself. "Can't go back on a given word. Impossible."

Gathering up his musket and powder horn and belt bullet mold, the Cossack tightened his belt, pulled the lambskin calpac on his shaven head, scooped up a handful of old snow outside the door of his hut to ease his throat, wiped his hands on his greasy breeches and was ready for the raid into town.

Almost at once Yarak scented some-



The horse plunged between two cars and leaped an antitank gun as Yarak gripped the reins, held himself firm

thing unusual about the town of Kizlyar. On the uplands, where the snow ended, the black goats and cattle were wandering unattended even by dogs.

When he skirted the outlying farms he saw carts standing, their poles in the air. When he entered the town, he saw crowds in the streets. And an explanation occurred to him. A *tamasha*—a festival. That was the reason why the people were in the streets, instead of on the farms. And if it was a festival, he might find a jug to lick.

Then his nose caught the unmistakable odor of alcohol. Across the square Cossacks clustered like flies around some tables, and there Yarak found the source of the odor. The merry boys were drinking vodka out of small glasses.

"Here's a *dyadya*," shouted one, "a grandfather come along."

"A steppe wolf," said another.

Thus encouraged, Yarak shoved into the group and emptied the first glass he saw without a hand on it. Colorless and tasteless, made out of potatoes, the alcohol still moistened his throat. "Health to you, brothers," he grunted.

Some of them carried old rifles. A big man in a business suit brought a bottle out of the store and filled glasses all around. He did this several times before Yarak realized the extraordinary truth. No one was paying. Instantly he held out his glass, and the big man filled it up.

"Glory to God," said Yarak, who was beginning to think kindly of Kizlyar and its festival, "this is a day of days."

"A hard day," said the big man, "a day of misfortune. Why should any comrade pay today?"

Fluent Ukrainian he spoke—not through his nose like the Russians. And yet, Yarak thought, not like a Cossack born.

"Well, brother, it's all the same," he remarked politely. "Good or bad. Sometimes you ride, sometimes you carry your saddle. *Nichevo!*"

"Old wolf," laughed the big man. "Steppe wolf. Have you heard?" He leaned closer. "The wires to Moscow are down."

"What of it?" demanded Yarak.

"Can't get any news from the north." The big man shook his head. "They say rifles are being sent from Novocherkassk. But—who knows?"

One of the drinkers shoved in his face. "Well, how can we know, Menelitza? It's true, all the same, that the Division had to get out."

"True enough." Menelitza nodded. "And even if we get the rifles, what good will they do as long as the soldiers have cleared out?"

ALL this sounded vaguely familiar to Yarak. He began to warm up, in the midst of all this festival. Then he bethought him of that girl.

"*Het!*" he said, loud. "Which of you brothers of dogs knows a girl named Ileana?"

The big man Menelitza was the only one to pay attention to him. "Ileana what and who?" he asked.

"Black brows. A perfect beauty."

"*Tfu!* That's Ileana. Certainly, she's curator of the Ithnolo-logikul Museum."

Yarak blinked. "The Ith—"

"The museum of old days and people." Menelitza pointed impatiently. "Over there. She's making a speech."

Confused by these strange directions, Yarak gathered up his musket and wandered along the square to a doorway where bunting was fastened. Sure enough, here he heard a young woman's voice. Going in he saw little at first except a crowd of bareheaded men and silent women with kerchiefs. Then he sighted something really extraordinary. Along the wall stood glass cases.

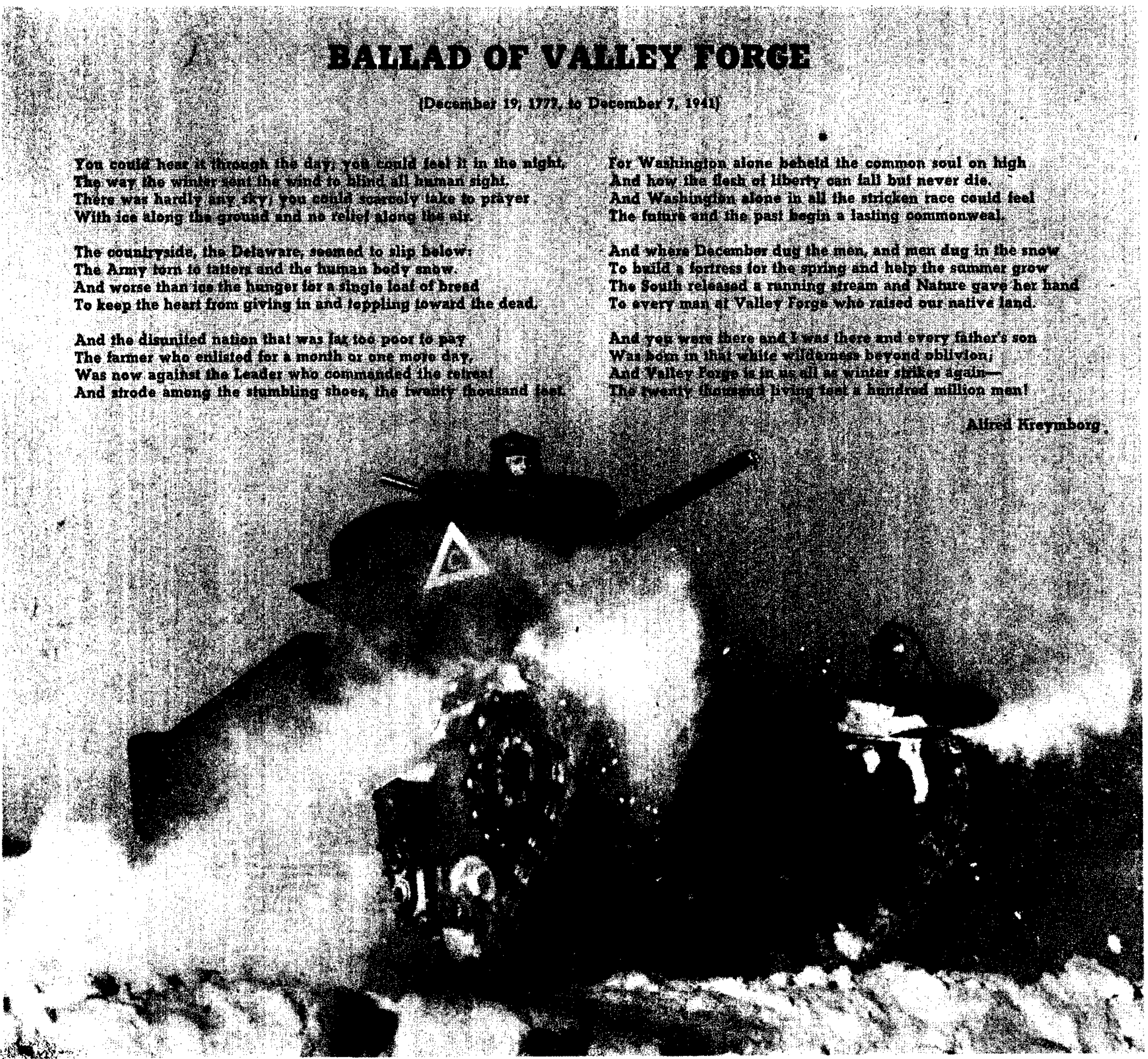
And in those cases, stuck up somehow, the red and green and gold-embroidered *svitkas* of Cossack leaders of long-forgotten times, ranged beside gold-chased yataghans. Jeweled belts and ivory batons. The costumes and weapons of Cossack *koshevoi atamans*. Yes, in the corner stood the staff and crosspiece hung with gray buffalo tails, and surmounted by a shining cross. The *buntchauk*—the standard itself of a day long before Yarak's birth. He recognized these trappings with surprise.

Then he was aware of the girl Ileana. Before a small metal box on a stick she stood, tossing her head and crying out . . . "brother comrades of the Ukraine, this is the day when the workers will be shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers. Remember Cossack glory of old days when the *koshevoi ataman* ordered all the projects of the steppes and gave commands in every district . . ."

Ileana's face glowed as she tore off words. She was a short girl, but with a wide forehead and dark eyes. Strong, supple shoulders she had, and Yarak thought she would breed strong sons. Only she wore boots, and she had cut her hair off at the ears.

"She has a devil in her, that one," he thought.

Then he stared. Behind her, in a long blue silk coat stood Ghirei Khan, the Tatar horse breeder. His mahogany face was pinched with age, his shoulders bent. Uneasily Ghirei Khan took snuff from his belt and shoved it up his squat nose. He sneezed loud, in a fashion Yarak well remembered. Long and bitter had been the feud between the Tatar khan and Yarak, forty years ago, and since then they had not poured water on their swords. They had never made peace.


HANS GROENHOFF

BALLAD OF VALLEY FORGE

(December 19, 1777, to December 7, 1941)

You could hear it through the day; you could feel it in the night,
The way the winter sent the wind to blind all human sight.
There was hardly any sky; you could scarcely take to prayer
With ice along the ground and no relief along the air.

The countryside, the Delaware, seemed to slip below:
The Army torn to tatters and the human body snow.
And worse than ice the hunger for a single loaf of bread
To keep the heart from giving in and toppling toward the dead.

And the disunited nation that was far too poor to pay
The farmer who enlisted for a month or one more day,
Was now against the Leader who commanded the retreat
And strode among the stumbling shoes, the twenty thousand feet.

•

For Washington alone beheld the common soul on high
And how the flesh of liberty can fall but never die.
And Washington alone in all the stricken race could feel
The future and the past begin a lasting commonweal.

And where December dug the men, and men dug in the snow
To build a fortress for the spring and help the summer grow
The South released a running stream and Nature gave her hand
To every man at Valley Forge who raised our native land.

And you were there and I was there and every father's son
Was born in that white wilderness beyond oblivion;
And Valley Forge is in us all as winter strikes again—
The twenty thousand living feel a hundred million men!

Alfred Kreymborg

And here, taking snuff, dressed up in his glory, Ghirei Khan had been brought out by this Ileana for the crowd to see. Nay more, she was even praising Ghirei Khan . . . "He was a Tatar, but he took the prize of the Kavkaz region for raising the black Kabardian horses two years ago. Now Ghirei Khan stands like a rock with us. So do the Circassians and the Lezghians—shoulder to shoulder with the Cossack comrades!"

WHAT was she saying? Ghirei Khan a stock breeder, a comrade of the Cossacks! That could never be. Ghirei Khan, Yarak knew, was just as much a Tatar as he ever was. Restlessly, he listened to the flow of Ileana's speech.

"It will be like the day of Mazeppa," cried Ileana, tossing her black hair, "when Mazeppa the greatest of the Cossacks rode the steppes like a storm, striking down the foes of our Russian land!"

That was too much for Yarak, who was well warmed up inside. Here was Kirdy's girl making a speech like a book, putting that son of a dog Ghirei Khan on parade, and now lying about Mazeppa. Festival or no festival, Yarak began to grow angry. He pushed through the crowd and spat. "*Het!*" he yelled. "Shut your mouth, girl. Mazeppa! Mazeppa, the son of a Turkish bath tender, dressed himself up like a she-actor in silk. He sold himself for a woman, and rode with the Swedes, the spawn out of a dunghill—"

And that was as far as he got. Some of the Cossacks began to hit him on the head, and Yarak, aroused, swung his gun. He kicked out at their belts, and swept the musket around like a flail. He howled like a wolf. Ileana stopped talking at the box and ran at him.

She pushed between the Cossacks and hung on Yarak's musket, her eyes blazing. "You drinker of vodka!" she cried. Very angry was Ileana. "I was addressing the Terek district."

"I don't care what you were doing," said Yarak, "but you don't know anything about Mazeppa. A girl like you!"

"A drinker like you!"

To call three glasses of vodka drinking! "Listen, sparrow!" Yarak growled. "Why didn't you ask me about Cossack glory first? Now Khmielnitski was a *koshevoi* for you! What a fire he lighted on the steppes! And Sayaidnitski now, even the Turks trembled when his name was spoken. *They* rode the steppes, they did."

SOME of the older Cossacks, listening, nodded agreement.

"You've been reading books in the university, girl," Yarak went on sternly. "You don't know true from false. Just as Kirdy said."

Ileana looked at him. "What did Kirdy say?"

"For me to look out for you."

"Are you the *dyadya*—Yarak?"

"Of course I'm the grandsire!"

"And he sent you. To—to look after me?"

Yarak nodded triumphantly. That was the truth. Ileana hesitated. She seemed, all at once, to be tired. After speaking to the men around the metal box, she took Yarak out of the museum, paying no more attention to Ghirei Khan. "Come!" she said.

"Where?" he demanded.

"You spoiled my speech," she said. "I'm taking you back to Kirdy."

At once every other thought went out of Yarak's mind. Kirdy, son of his son, was here in town. This festival day

(*Continued on page* 50)

CATHAY HEY-HEY!

BY JIM MARSHALL

It took seventy-five years to break down Chinatown's ban against its daughters dancing and singing for the barbaric whites—but now look at them

IT WAS a bit confusing until you got the hang of it. This pretty American girl—Li Tei Ming—who was pure Chinese and a philosophy major from the University of Washington, was singing Loch Lomond, a swing version with Congo rhythms, with an accent partly Scots-Pacific Coast and partly 'Way Down South Cantonese.

"By birth and sentiment I'm an American," explained Miss Li, just to clear everything up, "but professionally I'm Chinese, and I can also sing Loch Lomond with an Irish brogue, a Cockney accent or in the South American way."

This made everything as plain as your Grandaunt Emma, but things went haywire again when a Chinese waiter, speaking Spanish with a Texas drawl, came around and served a long Cuban drink to a tiny, gray-haired, feet-bound Chinese woman in a long, black mandarin gown, who spoke nothing but the Cantonese singsong. . . . All this was in a night club called the Forbidden City, on Sutter Street in San Francisco, and was part of a scenario titled The Triumph of American Folkways over Orientalism.

Until recently the Chinese in America held out pretty well against the mad customs of the Americans. Although, as the years passed, more and more "Chinese" were born here and educated in American schools, the stern family rule of the Orient held sway. The children learned Cantonese and were not allowed to have much truck with the barbaric whites, most of whom couldn't trace back their ancestors more than three generations. Then along came the war, and we became China's ally against the common enemy, and things changed

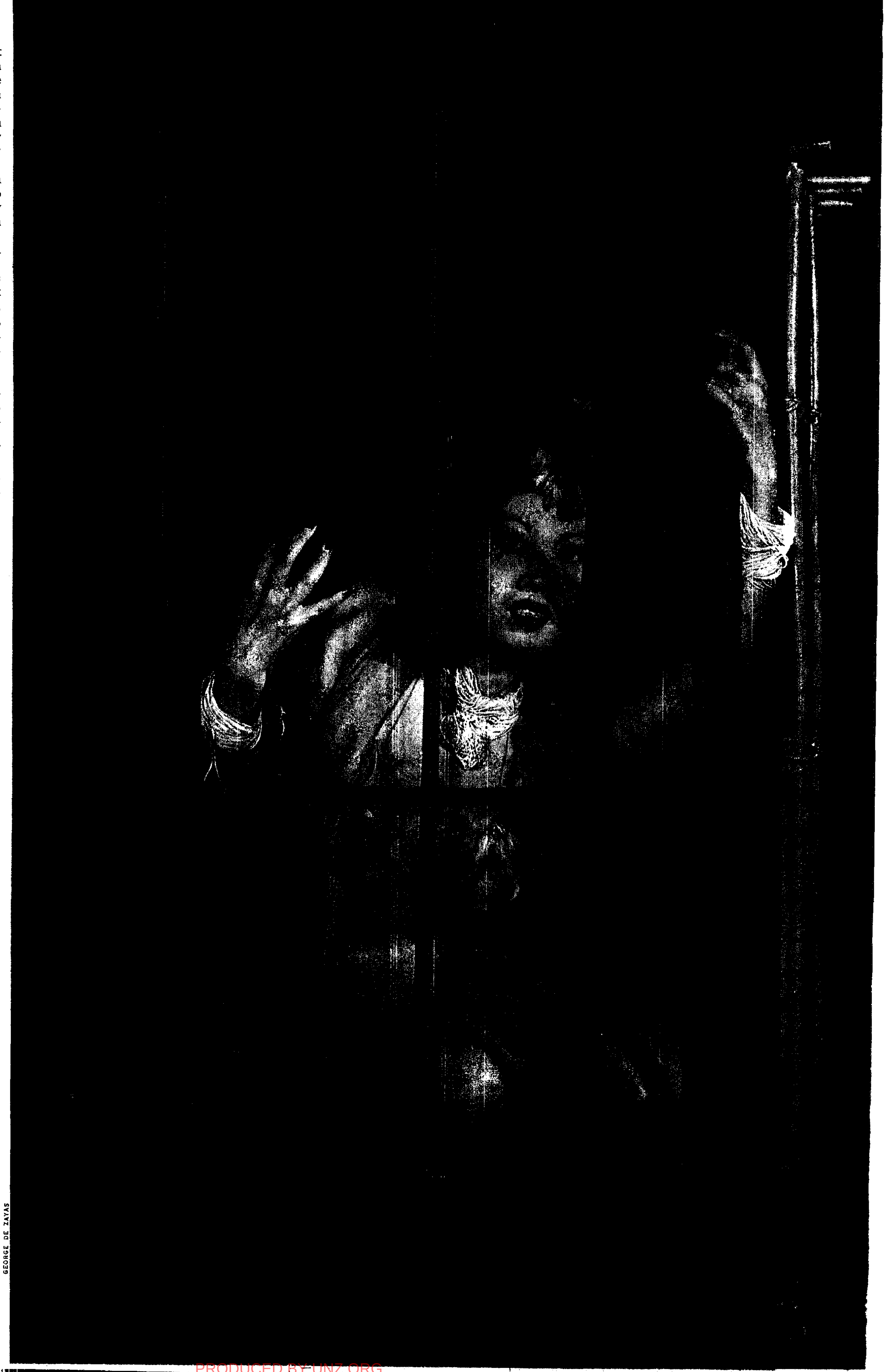
It Used to Be Different

Up to three years ago San Francisco's Chinatown—the biggest Chinese city in the Western Hemisphere—maintained its customs and dignities almost untouched by the West. It was—and still is—under the iron rule of the Six Companies, which mete out justice and keep order so well that the appearance of a Chinese in a city court has always been a rarity.

The Chinese had their own theaters and amusements but, as a concession to the tourist trade, maintained occasional tong wars and trick opium dens, many of the former being dreamed up on dull nights in the police-station press room. A tong, actually, is just the Celestial version of the Rotary, or Elks or Moose, but tradition insists that any gunnery or hatcheting in Chinatown is a tong war and that's all there is to it.

There was a lot of critical chatter around the Six Companies headquarters in 1936 when a rebel named Charley Low opened a cocktail bar on Grant Avenue. No Chinese girl was allowed inside, and at first no Chinese came. Tourists did, though, so many of them that in 1938 Charley had Confucius twirling in his grave at the opening of the first Chinese night club on the American plan.

(*Continued on page* 53)



Miss Joy Ching imparts an Oriental touch to an old American art form as The Girl in the Gilded Cage—a San Francisco Chinatown striptease

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

SHARK FOR VITAMINS

By JACK POLLEXFEN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WALL-KERLEE

Richest source of Vitamin A ever discovered is the liver of the soupfin shark, above. Single soupfin may be worth anywhere from $25 to $200

Because livers spoil easily, fisherman below strips out a damaged carca
Sharks are brought in whole because livers of males bring better pric

Tell the cod to keep their livers—the sharks have it all over them. America's fishermen have struck it rich; the shark rush is on

IT CAME to $19,000. The San Francisco fish broker gave the scales a final glance and pulled out a fountain pen.

The five awe-struck fishermen passed the piece of paper from hand to hand. They knew it was true—but found it hard to believe. Getting what would be good money for a couple of years of hard fishing for only seven days' work—for hauling 13 tons of gray gold out of the Pacific.

Gray gold—shark liver—is the biggest bonanza that ever hit the fishing industry—the wildest gold rush the Coast has seen since '49. Lucky fishermen working on a percentage, like the five-man crew of the Trinity, can draw down movie-star wages.

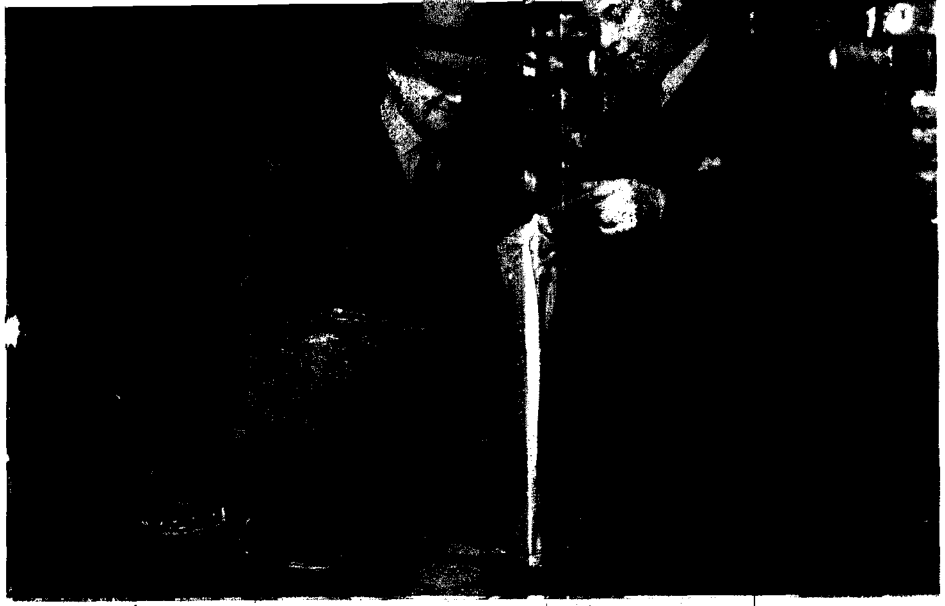
In 1938 sharks on the wharf brought $10 a ton—they were ground into fertilizer. 1942 sees eager bidders fighting to pay $1,500 a ton for what generations of fishermen classed as a useless, net-destroying, sea devil.

Hitler's march into Norway—plus the fact that overnight the U. S. housewife has adopted vitamins as her latest craze—is the answer. In pre-war days Vitamin A was extracted from cod-liver oil, and Norwegian fishermen had close to a monopoly on the cod catch. When the Nazis knifed the defenseless Norwegians, all over the world a frantic hunt began for another source of the vitamin.

A sudden discovery made the search a matter of national existence. Vitamin A was disclosed as the key to successful night air fighting. A daily dose given R.A.F. night fighters greatly increased their ability to see in the dark. Then, in a crashed Stuka, a closely guarded German secret was revealed. The dive bomber pilots were fed Vitamin A to check nose-bleeds. England needed billions of units of the vitamin—and the supply was cut off.

Out in San Francisco a wholesale fish broker, sittting in a little office overlooking the city's famous Fisherman's Wharf, had a hunch. He gambled a few dollars with a chemist to test a thought that he couldn't get out of his mind. When "Tano" Guaragnella got the chemist's report he must have felt like Captain Sutter, when the California pioneer discovered that all that yellow stuff in his mill stream was really gold. According to the chemist's report, the common dogfish shark had a liver about 10 times as rich in Vitamin A as the old standby, the cod.

The fish broker spread the word he was paying $25 a ton for sharks, and as it was the off season for crabs, about 25 boats took a chance. Around 10 per cent of a shark is liver, so Guaragnella was paying about 12 cents a pound for the liver.



San Francisco broker T. J. Guaragnella, left, played a hunch, had Chemist Ralph Orkin analyze soupfin liver and started the rush. Cans contain livers

A boatload of sharks like this may bring up to $20,000, unbelievable good luck for fishermen to whom sharks were only net-destroying nuisances

Deep-sea shark fishermen are hardy men, called "Squareheads" in Coast lingo, and may range from Alaska to Mexico in a season

A couple of months later he happened to walk by a deep-sea fishing boat unloading its day's catch, including a big soupfin shark. Guaragnella watched the shark being cleaned, and gasped at the gigantic liver. He gasped harder when a test tube report showed the liver to be 10 times as potent a source of Vitamin A as the dogfish shark—and over 100 times as rich as the cod.

"I went along the wharf in a daze," Guaragnella confesses, "yelling that I was buying all the soupfins they could land, at $40 a ton. Lots of the boys figured I was crazy, but 75 boats set out to grab as much of my dough as possible before they lugged me off to the padded cell."

By this time the war blockade had closed down. The 72,000,000 pounds yearly of cod-liver oil that had been pouring into this country, mostly from Norway, was cut to a trickle. At the same time, the demand for Vitamin A was doubling and tripling. Big U. S. drug houses shot scouts all over the world. Meanwhile, Guaragnella had put about everything that swims in the Pacific through a test tube. But the dogfish and soupfin sharks were the only major Vitamin A producers.

"If my little secret had been the sort of thing you could keep quiet," the fish broker rather sadly remarks, "I suppose I would be the fish-oil Rockefeller today. But a lot of people began finding out why I was buying all the sharks I could get my hands on."

Competition got rolling and the bidding became fast, furious and, shortly, fantastic. Prices shot up—$60—$80—$100 a ton. Buyers waved thick wads of greenbacks under the noses of fishermen from Alaska to Mexico.

Japanese Please Scram!

The greenbacks did particularly good work along the coast of Mexico. That republic had passed a law forbidding Jap fishing boats, but it was negligently enforced, to say the least. Then fishing became a gold-nugget game—and Mexican fishermen saw to it in a hurry that Japanese boats vamoosed. The U. S. Navy felt at the time that it owed the shark a vote of thanks.

Bidders felt prices had hit a peak—and then the fireworks exploded. Vitamin A was needed regardless of cost. Bids started jumping by hundreds instead of tens. By September, 1941, an unbelievable high of $1,200 a ton had been reached—and the buyers still waved greenbacks with both hands.

Before the first of this year the all-time high of $1,500 was reached. Up in Seattle a fisherman by the name of Swenson collected $200 for a huge soupfin and even the average shark is worth $25. Waterfront gossip has it that Captain Neal Burton of the Winterstaat has netted $40,000 in five months of fishing. Another 'Frisco crew brought in $17,500 worth of liver in a 4-day trip.

So the question troubling you is—why isn't everybody in California getting rich dangling a fishline?

Unfortunately, there are certain difficulties. To begin with, you don't pick shark-fishing equipment off a handy bush—or even the counter of the nearest sports store. It's true that once in a while a hook-and-line fisherman catches bank night, like the 10-year-old Chinese-American youngster who appeared at the fish broker's the other day, dragging behind him with considerable difficulty a soupfin shark about twice his own size. He had hooked it off a wharf and some nearby stevedores had given him a hand hauling it up. The shark's liver weighed in at $45.

But while the occasional amateur angler hooks a week's wages out of the bay, real shark fishing is a deep-sea business reserved for the pros. Equipment runs into real cash. Two types of boats are used.

Crab boats, about 25 feet long, are generally powered by one-cylinder gas engines. They putt-putt out to sea with a five-gallon can of gas and a five-gallon demijohn of mixed water and red vino. (According to old fishing tradition, straight water is mighty dangerous.) But even these craft, plus fishing gear, will run to $2,500.

Tough Men in a Tough Business

The deep-sea men, in Coast fishing lingo the "Squareheads," are a different breed. In a season's fishing they'll ramble from Alaska to Mexico in their husky 50- or 60-foot Diesel power cruisers, keeping to the high seas for weeks. One of these craft may cost from $20,000 up. In both the crab boats, with a crew of a couple of men, and the deep-sea boats, with perhaps six or eight, fishermen work on a percentage, with boat-owner and men all sharing both good and bad luck.

A few sharks are hauled in with huge hooks and heavy lines, but the bulk of the catch is made with gill nets into which the sharks swim and become entangled.

The Squareheads are a footloose, fancy-free crowd, with a wide streak of the old Vikings. Able to chase the sharks up and down the sea lanes—and able to keep at sea till they're loaded to the hatches, they make money faster than the crab boats—and spend it faster yet. When these roaring rovers hit the beach, with a $500 or $600 cut in their jeans, the doings are likely to bring fond reminiscence to old-timers of the days when the Barbary Coast merrily frolicked, as cops in pairs walked gingerly down the exact center of the street.

Still another handicap in shark fishing for the guy who has a spare rod and reel around the house is that the shark is not a good, steady citizen with regular, homegoing habits. A shark's hangout is any place it flips a fin. Dropping a net overboard has a lot in common with dropping a nickel in a slot machine; you may hit the jack pot, but generally you get the exercise.

The gentleman at the U. S. Department of Fisheries isn't much help either.

"For the past sixty years," he confesses, "we've been frantically chasing after whales, sardines, jellyfish—practically everything that swims in the Pacific with the possible exception of the Hollywood bathing beauty (that was investigated strictly on non-government time), but the shark got the cold shoulder. Nobody gave a whoop about his habits—the shark had only a nuisance and not a cash value. And now our old friend the shark has become the fisherman's pot of gold."

The shark is getting a lot of study now. But it will be several years before his seasonal wanderings are charted in a way to be of any help to the fishermen. The big worry is whether the supply of sharks is going to be fished out in a hurry. The government experts can't answer yes or no, but they are worried. It seems it depends largely on breeding habits. Some kinds of fish can be wiped out of a locality in a few years of extensive fishing. Others, like the sardine and cod, have been able to keep filling the nets for centuries.

Experts hope for the best, but they are pretty certain that unless closed breeding seasons are established the sharks won't be with us long.

(Continued on page 52)

Romance for Molly

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

DICK BROWN knew as he went through his mail that he'd acted like a child that morning. He was ashamed of it. He was even more ashamed of hurting Molly. And at the same time he was still sore. She'd acted like a child too.

Molly had told him he was an engineer with a blueprint for a heart and that he didn't and couldn't and wouldn't ever know what it was to be romantic. That was when he'd said, "It's too bad you didn't marry Fergus Prince." And she'd said, "I wish I had."

It had started when he'd told her that Fergus Prince had wired he was stopping off in Chicago on his way to St. Paul and would be in to see him. Dick hadn't liked the sparkle in her eyes when he'd told her. Prince was the man Molly might have married and hadn't.

Dick looked up from the letter he wasn't reading because he was thinking about Molly and saw his secretary. She laid Fergus Prince's card on the table. The card said he represented a manufacturer of pumps in Pennsylvania.

"Will you see him?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "As soon as I finish this letter—in two minutes."

He went to the window when the girl had gone and looked out on the gray factory yard. Then he walked over to the screen that hid his overcoat and hat and looked at himself in the mirror. He saw a lean face under graying hair. The mouth looked grim and the eyes looked tired. That was natural enough. He was in charge of production for Walsh and Davis, who make modern precision grinders. The plant had been running twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, for more than a year.

And now he had to meet Fergus Prince. He'd have to be cordial. He'd have to ask the fellow to dinner. Dick had never seen Fergus Prince; he had only heard about him from Molly.

Molly had a swell sense of humor. It was one of the nice things about Molly that she didn't mind being kidded. Strange she didn't see as funny the way she clung to the memory of a slender blond blue-eyed boy with wavy hair she hadn't seen for twenty years. It wasn't like Molly not to know what she was doing. She gave Dick the feeling that Fergus Prince was the one romantic figure in her life.

The secretary was in the doorway. "Mr. Prince," she said.

Dick stared. This couldn't be Molly's Fergus Prince. This was the kind of fat, bald-headed, genial man you see standing at any bar at five o'clock in the afternoon, entertaining friends, acquaintances, and strangers with loud, affectionate vulgarity.

"Hiyah," Fergus Prince greeted. He sat down on the edge of the chair Dick pulled out for him. "How long will a fella with an A1-A priority have to wait for a coupla your No. 111 precision grinders?" he asked.

"Eighteen months," Dick said.

FERGUS PRINCE nodded. "I knew the answer before you told me. But I have to tell them when I get back to Oil City that I asked you in person. And I kinda wanted a gander at you anyway. You're the Dick Brown that married Molly Bingham, aren't you?"

"I am," Dick said.

"How's Molly?"

"Fine," Dick said.

Fergus Prince shook his head. "What a girl she was—when she was young."

Dick resented that way of putting it. "She's just as full of life as ever," he said.

"I'd love to see her," Fergus Prince said. "But I can't take the time. I'm catching the midnight outa here."

"Couldn't you come out to the house for dinner tonight?"

Fergus Prince got to his feet, wheezing with the effort. "Love to," he said. "But you better call her up and if it's convenient you give me a ring at the Grand around five o'clock. I'll be in the bar but you can have me paged."

"Right," Dick said. But he saw that Fergus Prince didn't want to take the trouble to see Molly. He preferred getting tight in the bar.

When the man had gone Dick picked up the telephone. But he slammed it back on the cradle without giving his home number. If he took this fat slob home to dinner the joke would be on Molly.

Dick couldn't do it. Not to Molly. Wasn't every woman entitled to one girlish illusion? He hadn't felt that way about Molly's illusion until he saw Fergus Prince. He had been annoyed by it. The ridiculous truth was he'd been jealous of Fergus Prince. Well, Molly was going to keep that illusion of hers. It wasn't going to be spoiled.

Dick picked up Fergus Prince's card and drove to a florist's shop. He was studying the array of flowers when a clerk asked him what he wanted.

"Something extra special," Dick said. He waved his hand at the masses of flowers. "How about something of everything—a lot of everything?"

The proprietor took an interest. With his aid, the clerk made up a great boxful of flowers. When it was ready Dick took Fergus Prince's card, ran a line through the Mr. and the last name and the name of the company he represented so it read "Fergus," and told them to put it in the box.

Dick felt pretty good going home that night. When he got there, the living room was full of flowers. Molly came in looking happy and wearing her most becoming dress. She was smiling and her eyes had warm little lights in them.

Dick kissed her, sat down in his usual chair, and lit a cigarette.

"Tell me about Fergus Prince," she said.

"He pretended he came to see me on business but what he really wanted was to ask about you," Dick said. "I tried to get him for dinner but he had to catch a midnight train for the West."

"He could have come out here for a few hours and still made his train if he'd really wanted to," Molly said.

"He had too many appointments."

MOLLY came over and sat on the arm of Dick's chair and ruffled his hair. "Was Fergie just too awful to bring home?" she asked.

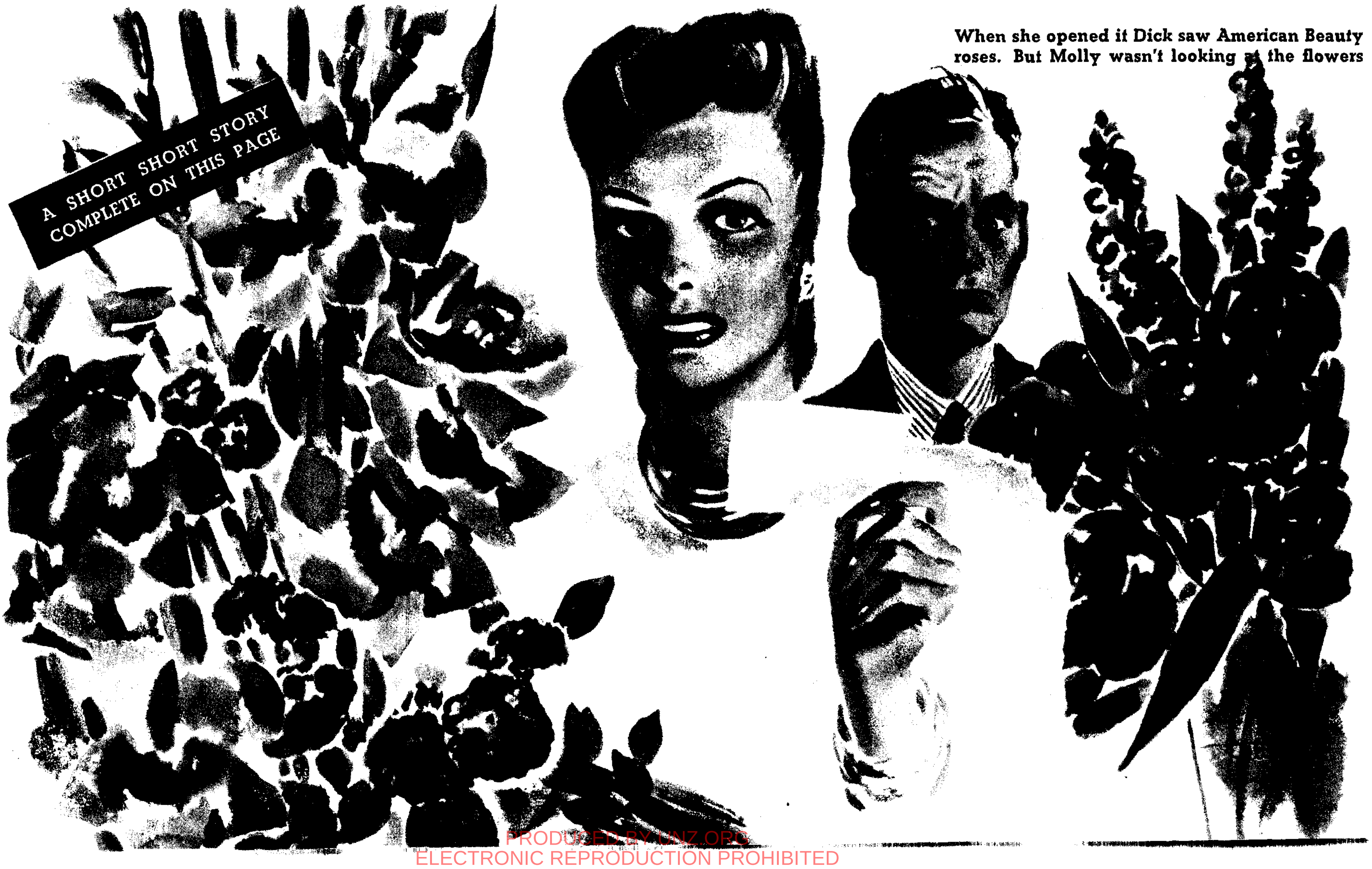
"Whatever made you think that? He's a nice guy. One of the best."

He would have gone on but he found it hard to meet Molly's eyes. The doorbell saved him.

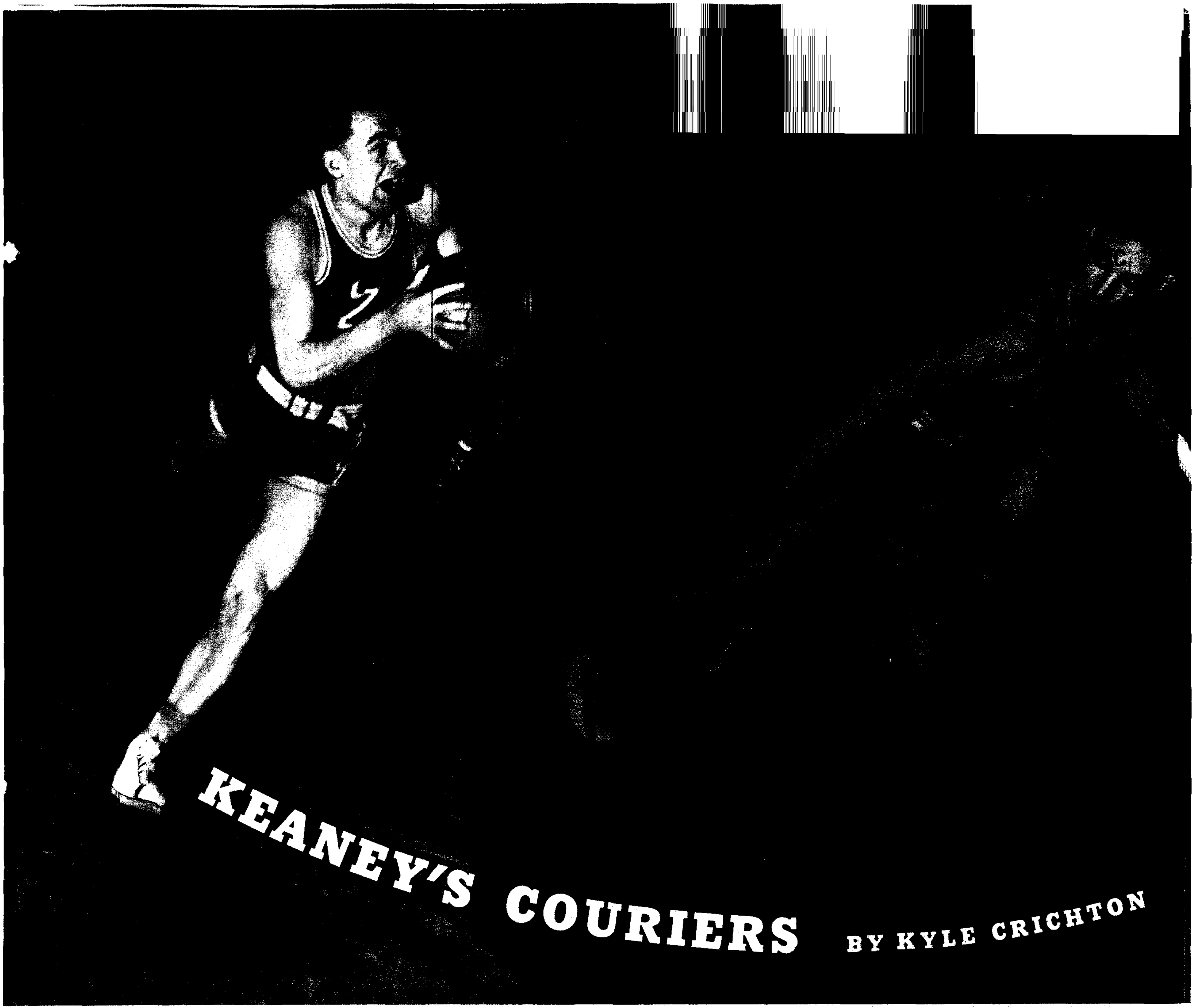
Molly jumped up and ran to the door. When she came back she had a florist's box in her hands. When she opened it Dick saw American Beauty roses—flowers that Molly thought were hideous. But Molly wasn't looking at the flowers. She had picked out the card that came with them. She held it up. It was Fergus Prince's personal card.

"I knew it," she said. "I knew Fergus Prince would never have the imagination to send me armfuls of flowers for mixed bouquets. You did that. You sent me flowers with Fergie's business card to make me think—" She didn't finish the sentence. "You—you romantic idiot."

Dick put his arm around her. He saw that she was trying not to laugh and not to cry either. He felt the same way himself. So he kissed her and then they both laughed.


A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

When she opened it Dick saw American Beauty roses. But Molly wasn't looking at the flowers



KEANEY'S COURIERS

BY KYLE CRICHTON

W. EUGENE SMITH

High scorer on a high-scoring team is Rhode Island's Stanley Modzelewski (with ball). His four-year total is 1,457 points. Others in play: Niemczura (No. 15), Donabedian and Applebee

Rhode Island State basketball players believe the best thing to do with the ball is get rid of it. That (plus a smart coach) accounts for their high scoring rate of nearly two points a minute

THE gentleman is a pudgy, bumbling little fellow named Keaney. On a clear day at a distance of three miles, he would still look Irish. From appearances he might be a curate, a man who runs a tobacco shop, a public accountant. Instead of that, he is a figure of some prominence in the athletic world. He is coach of the Rhode Island State basketball team and he has his detractors. One of them is a sports writer on a Providence paper.

"Don't talk to me about *that* old buzzard," said this individual bitterly. "He's making a joke of the game."

This was after the first Brown game last year, when Rhode Island rolled up eighty-nine points and was merely coasting at the end.

"If he hadn't taken out his first team, it could just as easily have been a hundred and fifty," said the envenomed scribe, and added, "I'm not exaggerating."

What Mr. Keaney—Mr. Frank W. Keaney—seems to have done is take the basketball rules makers at their word. They wanted the game speeded up; his teams have turned it into a steeplechase. They wanted *more scoring*; his teams score so fast and so often that in several contests the scoreboards were literally unable to register the totals. In an attempt to get to the bottom of the Keaney success, we questioned our Providence informant on how Rhode Island did it.

"They cover the court like an invasion of Japanese beetles," he said, admiringly bitter. "That's how they do it."

Further investigation has established that the Rhode Island scoring splurges have not merely resulted from the new rules—the elimination of the center jump, the passing-in of the ball after a basket has been shot. Keaney's teams have been in the point-a-minute class for ten years. Last season they boosted it almost to the two-point-a-minute level. There are Rhode Island adherents who insist that the possibilities of scoring under the Keaney system haven't been touched. Our Providence friend agrees with that.

"I don't say that they can maintain a four-point-a-minute average during a season, although that is not beyond the realm of possibility, but they certainly can manage it for certain games."

He paused a minute after this and then continued:

"When that day arrives I hope to be a member of a posse of nauseated spectators chasing Keaney through the bogs of the Narragansett Bay area with hounds," he said.

Just how far basketball can be pushed in the direction of big scores has not been determined. The advocates of the slick-passing, clever-maneuvering game are horrified by the helter-skelter tendency of the new game. But there are certain old-timers who feel that Keaney is the best thing to come along since the game was changed.

"Give him two more years and they'll go back to the old rules from shame," they predict.

Stories about Rhode Island teams had been coming down to New York for years, being none too gratefully received by metropolitans, who have a great abhorrence for yokels with records. They kept their fingers firmly clamped to their noses until Rhode Island came into Madison Square Garden last year and proceeded to run up thirty-seven points in the first half against a good St. Francis team, while the spectators stood on their ears and screamed. New York had never seen anything like it, thus bearing out the Keaney belief that, just as Babe Ruth and the rabbit ball revolutionized baseball, Rhode Island and its firemen would bring basketball to fruition.

Amid the ecstasy there were experts who had watched the exhibition intently. They were as interested as the spectators but for another reason.

"That isn't new basketball at all," they said. "That's the oldest game of all—with a shot of adrenalin."

They saw that what Keaney had done was restore the direct approach to the game. After years of boresome discussion and application of figure-eight offensives, delayed offensives, man-in-the-slot offensives, Rhode Island had

(Continued on page 24)

Here's Your Hat

By Henry L. Jackson

Above, left to right: Suède-finish hat with narrow matching band. Khaki campus hat, dark green band, contrasting silk edge. Gray-green shade with narrow silk band and binding. Dark green pork pie, band of lighter green

THE average guy forms a sentimental attachment for a particular hat, for no particular reason, and you just can't heckle him out of it. Yet no other single item in a man's wardrobe can contribute more to his appearance—good or bad—than a hat.

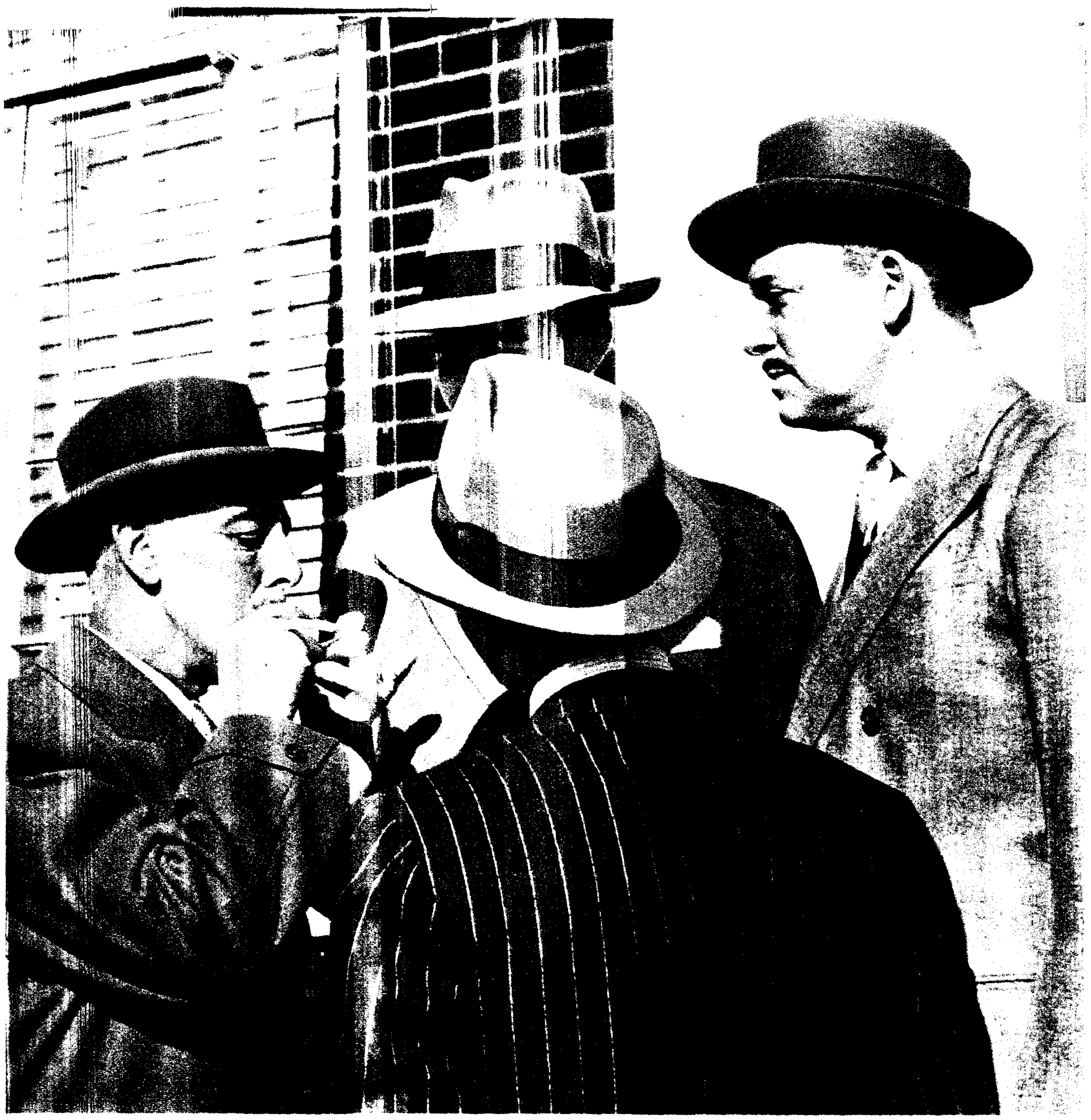
Pick your hat to suit the proportions of your head and face. If you have a long, narrow face the best match is a hat with crown slightly lower than average. If you have a round, full face, the brim shouldn't be too wide. Simply adjust crown height and brim width to your particular type of dome and there isn't any type of hat you can't wear.

You'll choose a becoming shade, of course, but about all you have to remember is that gray hats may be worn with any color of clothing except brown; brown hats go well with any suit.

Your hat responds to fair treatment. Grasp it fore and aft when putting it on and ease it down slowly to preserve its shape. Don't grab it by the crown dents—your fingers eventually may dig in the crown what the trade calls a "Harvard hole." When you check it in public don't let the check girl sandwich it in a pile of others—oil and sweat can seep through. Instead of placing it flat when you take it off, turn it over so it rests on one side of the brim and crown.

If you have been caught in the rain and your hat is soaked, push all creases out of the crown, turn the brim up all around and pull out the sweatband. Let

Below: For active sports, a water-repellent pork pie. Eyelets for ventilation, stitched brim. Standard for fishing, golf, rainy days. Below, right: Modern version of ancient Swiss mountain hat with cord band and brush, a specialty suitable for campus and country only

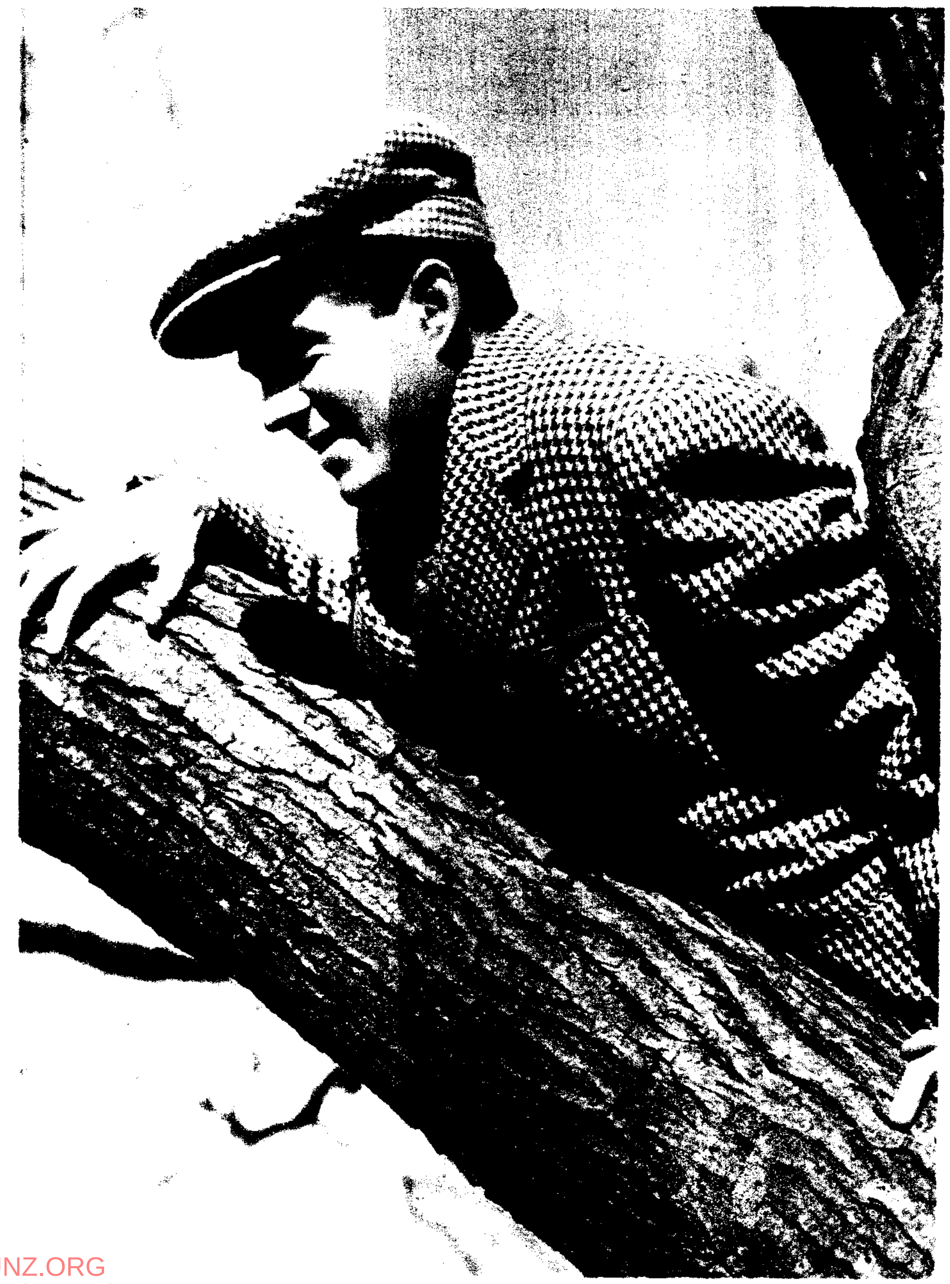


the hat then rest on the sweatband rim and dry out slowly away from heat. Again, when you store a hat for a long period, undent it, turn up the brim and make sure the box you store it in is not too small to avoid crushing. For travel-packing, crease it the long way and place it in your luggage with the bow facing up. You'll be surprised at the increased length of hat life that will be the result of proper care.

A piece of stale rye bread rubbed over the hat is the best amateur cleaner. Don't waste time trying to get grease spots out, however—they will show through even a professional job after a few wearings.

P. S. We'll be glad to tell you where to get any of the hats shown here. ★★★

Above: For business and town wear. Left, most formal hat shown is a gray Homburg with silk-bound edge. Next, apache-brown felt with wide brim. Right, the new comet-blue hat with upturned brim. Foreground, a cocoa-brown preblocked model that is pressed into permanent shape



Right: Checked tweed cap with flat one-piece top. For general country wear. College men are going in for caps, which are perfect for golf, for driving an open car, or for horseback riding

Left: Tapered telescope-crown felt hat for semisports wear, antelope finish in light tan. To be worn with gabardine, covert or tan Shetland suits

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

How Red is Russia?

By Walter Duranty

This article may alter your conception of life under the Soviets. Red Russia has traveled a long, long way from Marxian dogma in the past decade, and "Greater reward for greater effort" is the rule nowadays in what is really a Capitalist State set in a Socialistic framework

Workers at the big Magnitogorsk steel plant have new low-cost homes and gardens to work in. They are paid in money, unlike the collectivized agricultural workers. Below, babies in the communal nurseries. Working mothers are relieved of their care during the day, and communal restaurants make it unnecessary for them to cook for their families

"YOU want to see my father?" said the child. "He's not home, I must ask the maid. Or perhaps the driver will know. He's there across the yard. Come on, let's go and ask him!"

He grabbed my hand and trotted over to the big black sedan car built on Buick lines—ZIS, they call it in Moscow, where it was built—which a man in shirtsleeves was polishing.

The little boy wore khaki shorts and shirt, with a heavy gray woolen pullover which didn't quite hide his red "Pioneer" boy-scout necktie and thick gray woolen stockings and brown brogues.

The driver said that "the boss" was in conference at the Commissariat of Finance, but that he was to pick him up in fifteen minutes and bring him back home for dinner—the five o'clock afternoon meal which all Moscow takes at that time, after a hearty breakfast and a light lunch. So the child said I'd better stay, and I thought it was a good idea.

Meanwhile, he showed me over the house, a new five-room cottage on the western outskirts of Moscow, with modern bathroom and kitchen and a separate room for the maid.

The furniture was simple and attractive, but there was no garage because my friend, the boy's father, did not own "his" car, although he had full use of it by virtue of his position as chief of the bookkeeping department in the big electric refrigerator plant near by, which had been completed and put in operation only the previous autumn.

Ivan Vasilyich, the father, was a typical product of modern Russia. Son of a metal worker who had been killed in the civil war, he received a privileged education at state expense, from public school to the University of Leningrad. Now at thirty-five he held the sort of position which in America would carry a salary of $10,000 a year.

Not so Bad as It Seems

He was paid fifteen hundred rubles a month, which at the official exchange rate of five rubles per dollar is thirty-six hundred per year. But the purchasing power of the ruble is very much less than that, and the "black" or bootleg rate between rubles and dollars is one to fifteen. Actually, his monthly fifteen hundred would buy about as much as eighty dollars in this country.

On the other hand, he paid only five dollars monthly for his home, which also went with the job. The rank-and-file employees of the refrigerator plant were housed in a big tenement building, two rooms, kitchenette and shower per family, with kitchen, restaurant, laundry, recreation rooms, children's dormitories and crèche for the babies, all under one roof. So that if the father and mother of a family were both working they didn't have to worry about meals or the care of their children.

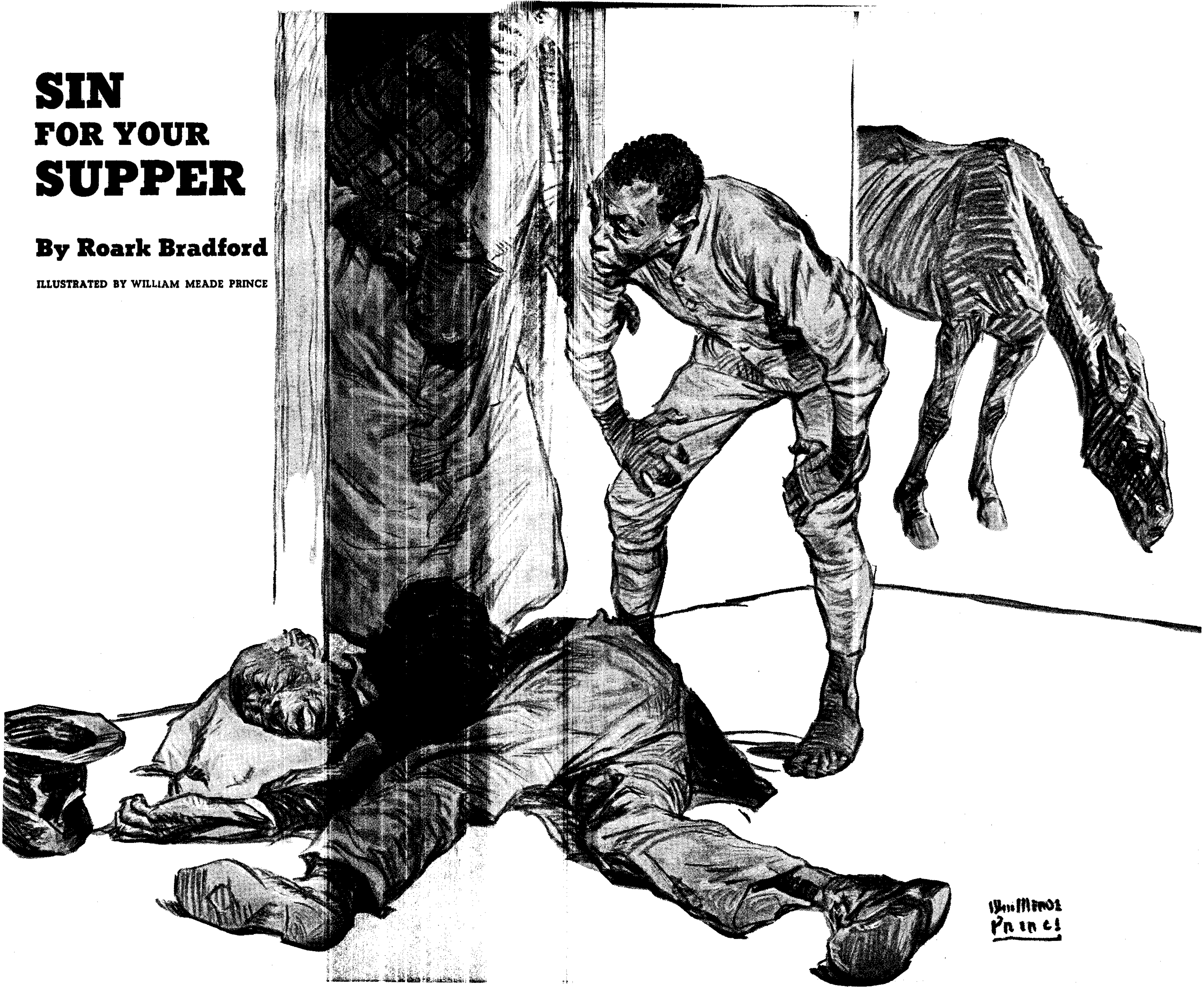
The whole thing, of course, was optional. If you wanted your children with you and preferred to cook at home

(*Continued on page* 38)

SIN
FOR YOUR
SUPPER

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



Next morning, Big Mag and Luther were surprised to see old Balaam grazing in their yard and the Sin Splitter curled up asleep on their porch

"He who giveth a preacher food he liketh not is a sinner!" says the Sin Splitter

THE Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel knew very little about doctrinal theology and even less about the science of sociology. But he knew a heap about sin and even more about people. And he knew that bad luck was fixing to overtake the good people of Bossier Parish if the government news was true about free rations for the people who wouldn't work.

The old northern Louisiana evangelist arrived in Dry Prong early in July. He had been free-willing about the low hill country, slapping Satan down here and reviving sinners there, when Balaam pointed his long ears accusingly toward the little community of poor Negro farmers.

"Sin in Dry Prong?" The Sin Splitter surveyed the countryside. "Don't look like many tools around hyar for Satan to stirreth up evil wid," he told Balaam.

Nevertheless, he sought out Sister Big Mag Tulcy, the mainspring of righteousness in the community, drummed up a meeting and preached a rousing sermon.

Afterward, he repaired to the good sister's home where she and her husband, Luther, were expected to feed the preacher. The church meeting had been largely attended and was received with great spiritual enthusiasm. But the collection was bad. Luther, who passed the plate, had turned in only thirty-one cents and a handful of buttons.

The Sin Splitter looked reproachfully at Balaam. The aged sorrel mule was trying to round out a meal on wild fox grass and water. A preacher's mule ought to be eating hay and corn and Balaam was certainly not getting that. "Dat ought to 'a' been a fo'-dollar-and-a-half meetin'," the Sin Splitter mumbled, "but hit wa'n't worth but thirty-one cents. Balaam, you sho hit's sin in dis place?"

His own meal was long in coming and when it finally was served it consisted entirely of stewed okra. The meal was offered without apology for its scantiness, and the preacher accepted it with tactful silence. He knew that okra grew wild along every fence row in every cotton field, and though it was a moderately palatable vegetable in small lots, it was certainly no delicacy to serve a preacher.

"Maybe," he thought when he stretched out on a pallet for his night's sleep, "Luther will git about and pick up a chicken for my breakfast."

THERE was no chicken for breakfast. Just stewed okra. The Sin Splitter had been a polite guest the evening before. This morning he was hungry.

"Efn a *preacher* got to eat okra all de time," he told his hostess, "he'd never git de devil whupped. 'Bout de time he'd git set to slap ole Satan, well, all er dis okra'd make him slide outn de pulpit."

"Ain't hit de trufe!" Big Mag agreed.

"Okra," Samuel continued, "ain't sech bad victuals when you kin mess hit up wid cabbages and greens dat's been b'iled down wid a slab er side meat and is got some subster. But pyore okra by hitse'f gits powerful tiresome."

"Hit do now," his hostess admitted.

"And you ain't fed me nothin' but okra ev'y since I got hyar."

"Us ain't got nothin' but okra."

"Ain't you got no credicks?" demanded Sin-Splitting Samuel. "Can't you credicks up a piece er meat f'm de sto'?"

"No crop, no credicks," Big Mag recited. "And us ain't got no crop."

The preacher was astounded. Not planting a crop was beyond his understanding. "How come you ain't got no crop?"

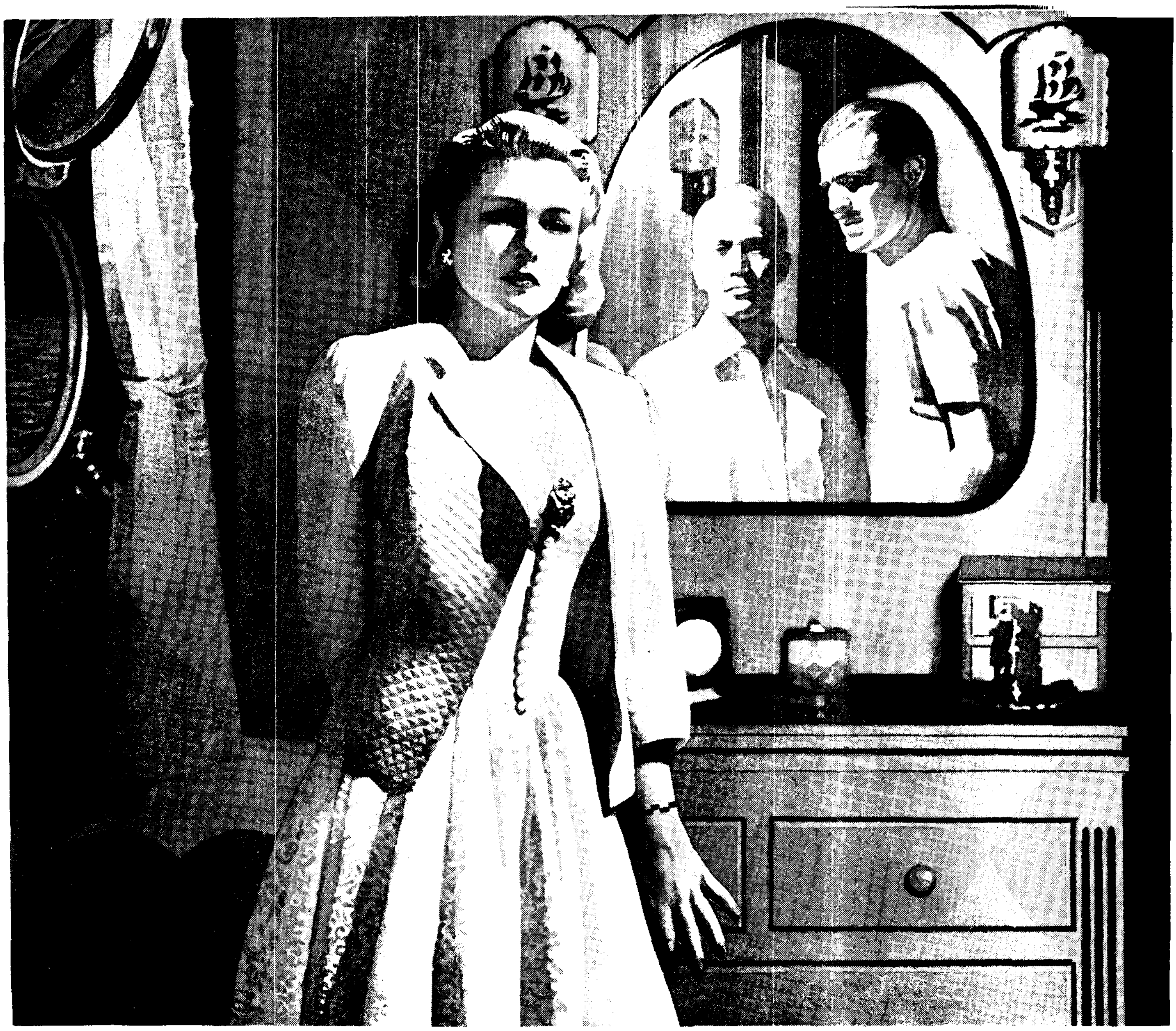
"Us didn't plant," Big Mag explained, "on account er Miss Mildred won't pass out no rations efn you's got a crop."

"Who Miss Mildred?" Samuel wanted to know, "and how come she gonter pass out rations?"

"She de guvmer lady over at Benton. De word is, she fixin' to pass out hard rations to folks which ain't got no crop. So us didn't plant."

The idea was so fantastic, the Sin

(Continued on page 30)



The door of Chuck's cabin jerked open. He looked at Alan—at the girl. He said, "What goes on here?"

Masquerade in Miami

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEW YORK CITY, Lewis ("Lew") Hart*ley and Wayne Hamilton, his lawyer, evolve* a plan which, if followed successfully, will enable Hartley—a crooked promoter who is on the verge of indictment—to escape the law. All they need is a "double" for Hartley—someone who will submit to a facial operation that will make him resemble the promoter, and pretend to be Hartley. Once such a double is found, Hartley will have *his* face altered; he will slip away to California; and the double will be murdered!

In Alan Douglas, a young mining engineer, Hamilton finds just the man they want. Douglas is engaged to a lovely girl: Gail Foster. He is a thoroughly honest man. But, believing what the lawyer tells him (that Hartley needs a double simply to trick some business rivals), he agrees to co-operate—for one hundred thousand dollars. And a short time later, he is comfortably ensconced in Hartley's Miami Beach estate. There a surgeon alters his face; and there—flanked by a bodyguard ("Chuck" Williams) and "Sunny" Ralston, the promoter's glamorous mistress—he begins to play his perilous role. . . .

Weeks pass. Alarmed when she receives no word from Douglas, Gail Foster (in whom her fiancé, pledged to secrecy, had not confided) trails him to Miami. To facilitate investigations, she goes to work as a reporter on a little society magazine. And—assisted by Vance Crawford, an old friend—she keeps an eye on Lew Hartley (*who, she feels sure, is Alan Douglas.*) . . .

Suspecting that Jimmy Conley, Hartley's trainer, is "getting ideas," growing suspicious, Chuck Williams murders the fellow.

Meanwhile Hartley has slipped away to California. Responding to an urgent telegram from Hamilton, he goes to Atlanta, meets the lawyer. Hamilton tells him that Sunny has fallen in love with Douglas (which is true); he says that Chuck Williams is in love with Sunny and, jealous of Douglas, may cause trouble (which is likewise true); he says that *Hartley must hurry to Miami and there attend* to Douglas—before Chuck or Sunny can spoil the plot.

Hartley listens. Then: "I'm playing it your way," he says. "We've got to get Alan Douglas killed off in a hurry."

VIII

VANCE CRAWFORD was waiting in his car when Gail finished her day's work and left the office of Surf & Sunshine. She climbed in beside him and said, "I don't know what I'd do without you, Vance."

"The same things," he responded, "only perhaps not so easily."

He started toward the causeway. "Beach club or drive?" he inquired.

"Drive," she suggested. "I'm in the mood to talk."

She leaned back against the upholstery and let the subtropical breeze rumple her soft, light brown hair. He glanced at her as she relaxed there with her eyes half closed, her thighs outlined against the thin material of her skirt.

She spoke suddenly, and snapped him into the mood which she—and everyone else—seemed to expect of him. She said, "Big doin's at Lew Hartley's place tonight. Sunny Ralston is flinging a party."

"Should be fun," he commented. "Bookmakers, dice dealers, touts, prize fighters, jockeys, dancers, chorus girls and other assorted screwballs."

"And Gail Foster. I'm covering it for Surf & Sunshine. Also as the special guest of Miss Ralston."

He slowed the car long enough to light cigarettes for both of them. "What particular sort of wackiness are you cookin' up now, Miss Foster?"

She said, "Alan will be there."

"That's a debatable point, but you aren't going to trick me into any more arguments. You say it's Alan—I say you're nuts—"

"So it's Alan. And I'm playing it that way. By tomorrow morning I shall be a sadder or a wiser gal. Maybe both."

"When you feel like gettin' around to what's on your mind, sugar—let me know."

"I'm there right now." Gail puffed reflectively for a moment and then spoke with an earnestness which indicated that she was trying to convince herself. "Sunny tells me that Alan . . . oh, all right, call him Lew Hartley . . . that Hartley will only be at the party for a little while. Then he's going off on that yacht of his for a full day of fishing. He's shoving off late tonight so he can start hauling the big ones in early in the morning."

"Sounds romantic."

"I've been aboard the Blue Gull," stated Gail. "Aside from the crew's quarters, it's got four cabins."

"Your nautical knowledge astounds me."

"You're about to be astounded even more." She looked straight at him. "When that yacht glides majestically out of Indian Creek and into Biscayne Bay, I will be in one of those cabins."

Vance stepped on the brake and the car jerked to a halt. He said, "You win. I'm groggy." He snapped off the ignition. "Who invited you?"

Her answer seemed quite matter-of-fact. She said, "Nobody."

"Then how . . . ?"

"I'm stowing away. When the sound of revelry begins to be heard by night, I intend to slip out of the grounds onto the Blue Gull. I'll hide in one of the cabins and await developments. Now what do you say?"

There was *no* hint of lightness in Vance's eyes. He said, "You know what I think. And I'm going to tell you something that maybe even you don't know: You're scared to death!"

She blinked rapidly and her voice wasn't very steady. "Yes, I'm scared. That's why I'm trying to kid it off."

"You'd better talk seriously, honey. That's what I'm here for, isn't it?"

She turned in the seat so that she faced him squarely and said, "Why am I such an awful fool, Vance? Why am I so terribly in love with Alan?"

His face was white. "I reckon it was written in the stars that way, honey. Now suppose you tell me exactly what's on your mind."

HER voice was low and tense: "You think one way, Vance—and I think another. But I'm pretty close to Alan. I'm sure he's this man you call Hartley. Oh, don't ask me *why*. If I knew that I'd know all the other answers, too. Maybe it's because no matter what they did to his face, they couldn't change his little unconsidered mannerisms. I see them every time I see Hartley.

"I admit that I haven't gotten anywhere. The few times I've been close enough to speak to him, he's bitten my head off. He's been everything that Alan couldn't possibly be and everything that you say Lew Hartley is. My common sense tells me that I'm wrong. But, Vance . . . I still know I'm right. Or anyway, I'm so nearly sure that I've got to find out definitely one way or the other."

"And so you're going to make a mad move like stowing away on Hartley's yacht. Do you know what happens if you've made a bad guess?"

"What?"

"He might have you arrested."

"That wouldn't be too serious."

"He could make things exceedingly unpleasant for you on board."

"I'll risk that, too. No matter what he does. I'll have been alone with him and I'll know the truth."

"Do you suppose for a minute, honey—that after he's acted this way, he'll suddenly admit he's Alan? Figure it out for yourself. Whatever motive was strong enough to get him started on this fantastic course is still there. You're stickin' that pretty chin of yours awful far out, Gail."

"I've got to do it."

"Suppose you find out it isn't Alan?"

"Then I'll know I'm more of a fool than I was born to be."

"And also you'll be just as worried as you are now."

"Oh, no . . ."

"I think different, honey. You'll still know that Alan never went to South America. You'll still know he got off in Havana and flew back here . . . and that he hasn't gotten in touch with you. You'll still know that he had a letter mailed from Valparaiso so you'd think

(Continued on page 41)

Topper buys a hat…

By Roland Young

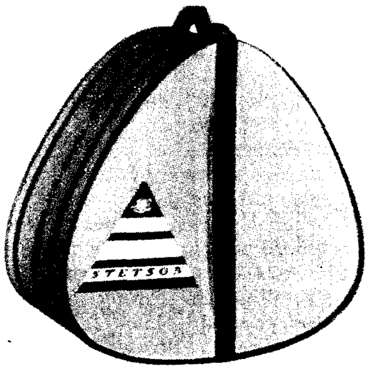
TOPPER: "Yes, I must say I rather like this hat snapped down in front. Gives a chap a touch of worldliness, don't you think? . . . Say, what's the matter with you? You act like you'd seen a ghost."
SALESMAN: ! ! ! X ? X X X ? ! ! X !

TOPPER: "Hmmmm. Like it down all around, too! Suggests a bit of dash . . . a slight touch of swagger . . . a sort of 'come-what-may' effect. Now, be a good fellow. Stop that nonsense and show some interest."
SALESMAN: ! ! X ? X X ! ?

TOPPER: "Well, isn't this something! Brim up all around. Here I am a respectable citizen, with that backbone-of-America look! Why, this hat can play any role! Amazing, isn't it? *Will* you stop gaping!"
SALESMAN: X ! ! ?

SALESMAN: "Jeepers, Mr. Young! You certainly gave me a start! Now that I've got my breath, I can tell you it's one hat specially designed to be worn equally well three different ways . . . a hat that's bound to add a lot to a man's appearance . . . and I'm not trying to be funny!"

"Three-Way" Hat Box: Handsome…triangular… specially made for the Stetson "Three-Way"… an ornament to any closet shelf…you can set it up this way.



ANOTHER STETSON ORIGINAL

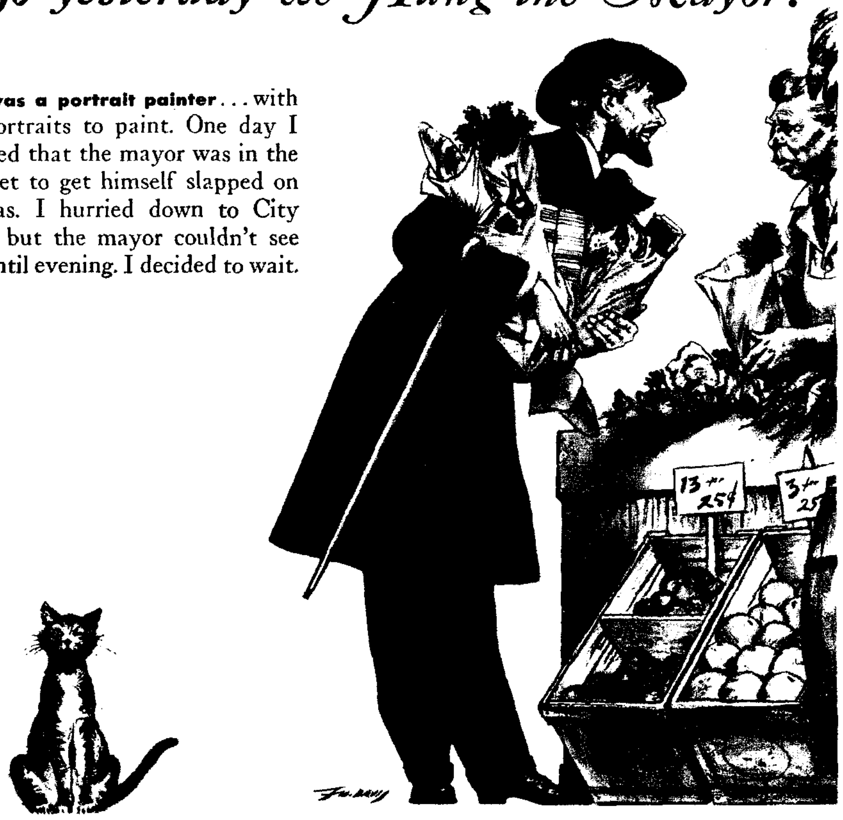
Stetson "Three-Way" $8.50

New Stetson design, specially constructed to look equally smart, no matter which of these three ways you choose to wear it: **1** *Snap Brim* **2** *Brim Down All Around* **3** *Brim Up All Around*

STETSON HATS ARE ALSO MADE IN CANADA

For Victory—Buy United States Savings Bonds and Stamps

"*So yesterday we Hung the Mayor!*"



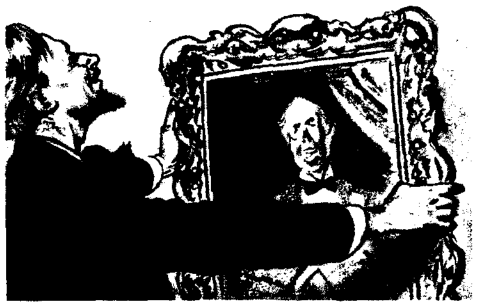
1. I was a portrait painter... with no portraits to paint. One day I learned that the mayor was in the market to get himself slapped on canvas. I hurried down to City Hall, but the mayor couldn't see me until evening. I decided to wait.

2. About 6 o'clock, a waiter lugged a tray of dinner into the mayor's office. A terrific howl went up. "Take it away!" bellowed His Honor, and the waiter came running out, looking scared half to death and clutching a coffee pot.

3. "The Mayor never touches coffee!" yelped His Honor's secretary. "He wouldn't sleep a wink!" That was my cue, "He should try Sanka Coffee!" I said, "What's that?" shouted the mayor, "Whoever said that, come in here!"

4. "What is Sanka Coffee?" the mayor said, as I came in. "And why should I try it?" "Because, Mr. Mayor," said I, "Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . 97% caffein-free and it *can't* keep you awake!" "Can't, eh?" he grunted. "But is it *good* coffee?"

5. "Delicious!" I told him. "Sanka Coffee is a blend of fine Central and South American coffees . . . and the caffein is removed so carefully that none of Sanka's rich flavor is disturbed." He was impressed. "Thanks," he said. "I'll try it!"



6. Next day he phoned me. "You are appointed official portrait painter of this city!" he said. "I drank two cups of Sanka Coffee and never slept better! A lot of officials need their portraits painted...but begin with me!"

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Make Sanka Coffee *strong*. Use a *heaping* tablespoon per cup. If percolator is used, "perk" Sanka Coffee a little longer.

TUNE IN...... two great radio shows are now on the air for Sanka Coffee: *Tuesday night:* **"We, the People"** ● *Sunday afternoon:* news by **William L. Shirer,** the famous author of "Berlin Diary." See your local newspaper for times and stations.

Keaney's Couriers

Continued from page 17

reverted to first principles, to wit: A straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

At guard on last year's team was Warner Keaney, the coach's son and one of the biggest men in college basketball, standing six feet four and weighing 240 pounds. When he took the ball off the backboard—and he invariably got it—he simply wheeled around and heaved it up the floor. Some of the passes went the length of the court; others only halfway—but all of them *went*. Up there they were grabbed either by Stan Modzelewski or Bill Rutledge or Bud Conley, who wasted just as little time with the ball as Keaney had done. Acting on the theory that the place for a basketball is in the basket, they hurried it along in that direction. In an astonishing number of cases, the thing popped in.

High-Scoring Circus

The same procedure was followed when Rhode Island took the ball out of bounds. They passed in fast and, when it was possible, they passed for distance. Also they ran for keeps, all but Warner Keaney, more familiarly known as Flip, who played the standing guard of old, a figure supposedly lost to the game. The dribbling was done near the basket and most spectacularly by Modzelewski, who repeatedly wheeled around guarders, held them off with his body and finally worked himself under the basket for a pop shot. They shot from close in; they shot from far out; they shot with one hand and both hands; they tipped the ball in after other tries.

The Garden press department was running about excitedly with statistics.

"Ten times in the last three years this team has scored ninety points or more a game," they cried.

This was all true enough and it was also established that Rhode Island had on two occasions scored a total of forty-six field goals in a game and had made as many as twenty-nine foul points in a game, proving that shooting is shooting, whether standing still or done on the run.

Nobody can testify truthfully that Mr. Keaney was conducting himself with grace and aplomb through this hubbub because Mr. Keaney is not on the impassive side. However, he is a man of good sense and he knows exactly what he has at Rhode Island State. The college is situated at Kingston, a tiny, white-housed town of three hundred inhabitants south of Providence. It was formerly the capital of Rhode Island, and the beautiful houses of the early period remain, but the college is one of the smallest and poorest of state institutions. It has 1216 students, 887 of them men, 329 women, and there is no money for athletic scholarships.

"If those boys didn't play over their heads every time they went out there," says Mr. Keaney, "we'd never win a game."

That is something of an exaggeration but it has a basis of truth. When Keaney arrived in 1920 to coach football, basketball, baseball, track and cross country, the place had around 400 students who seemed to run almost exclusively to midgets. The players were small and frail, and Keaney put his hopes on basketball and baseball, his football teams achieving a record which he likes to forget. It would have been plain even to a man of less intelligence that if Rhode Island wanted to beat anybody they had to learn to use what they had. Hence the Keaney basketball method of getting the ball up there as rapidly as possible and shooting it as often as the other side allowed.

"Form?" says Keaney, when writers question him on that subject. "Just let us assume that the word has never been mentioned. Just as long as the ball goes in the basket, a player of mine can lie on the floor on his stomach and shoot back over his head. All I care about is the final score."

Keaney was graduated from Bates College in 1911, taught a year at Putnam, Connecticut, High, the next five at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, three at Everett, Massachusetts, High, the home of great athletic teams, and then came to Rhode Island. However, although he played all sports at Bates, his real love was baseball. He was enough of a third baseman to get as high as the American Association and played in so many lesser leagues that he forgets them himself. He is proud of his baseball record and a bit touchy about it. When it is suggested that perhaps because of his lack of height and weight, an absence of hitting power kept him from the big leagues, he bristles.

"Never hit under .350 in any league in my life," he cries indignantly.

When pressed further, he admits that it was his arm that kept him from baseball fame.

"I could kick that ball farther than I could throw it," he says, still a little resentful at fate.

Anyhow, he landed at Kingston in 1920 and is even more firmly established at the present day, a record not equaled by many coaches. In 1925, he passed on the track and cross-country job to Fred Tootell, the former Olympic weight champion, and Tootell has been a ring-tailed bazoo with it ever since, his cross-country team winning the I.C.4A. championship last year for the second successive season and the National intercollegiate title for the first time.

A Collector of Scores

Mr. Keaney is a collector of old glass, having taken up the hobby as a way of getting his mind off his troubles, and the press department at Rhode Island makes a great to-do about this fine aesthetic departure from the normal, but there is no record of the ebullient Frank W. ever dashing off the bench during the first half of a tight game to go in search of a mustache cup allegedly utilized by the famous Increase Mather or any other.

What he really collects are basketball records and he has them to display. Rhode Island's most celebrated victory was the 102-81 triumph over Connecticut in 1939-40. Keaney's young men rang up sixty points in the first half of that contest and found themselves in a battle all the way. The year before, they had trimmed Maine, 100-56. They licked Providence College, 98-71 and Worcester Tech, 96-67. They nicked New Hampshire, 89-70, and Northeastern, 90-61.

"The Connecticut game was too close for comfort up to the last few minutes," says Keaney sourly, when people try to josh him about that game. As a matter of fact, Connecticut is the closest rival of Rhode Island and gives them fits every year.

However, not even Keaney maintains that "Rhody" is the class of the nation. He merely states that ever since he formed a team around the great Chet Jaworski, he has an outfit that will trouble anybody and beat most of them. Even when their scoring punch is halted, Rhode Island is tough. Last year at

Philadelphia, Temple had them 24-10 at the end of the first half, the boys from Kingston getting stage fright in the big town and heaving the ball into the balcony instead of the basket in the excitement. Rhode Island finally caught up near the end of the game, tying the count at 38-38, missing two foul shots that would have won the game in regular time and finally losing in overtime, 42-38.

"A tough one," says Keaney, "but it proved to a lot of people that those boys were basketball players as well as heavers."

The team this year is led by Stan Modzelewski, better known merely as Stutz. He came to Rhode Island from Worcester Classical High, a protégé of Chet Jaworski, whose one-year total of 475 points was exceeded by Stutz in his sophomore year. He turned in no less than 509 points, an all-time college mark at that time. The famed Hank Luisetti's best one-year mark was only 465 points. Modzelewski added 463 points to his total last season.

With Flip Keaney absent, this year's team seems somewhat short of perfection and there have been losses to Temple and Providence, but the boys are still heaving with effectiveness. There have been prophecies that a good zone defense would halt Rhody but Keaney scoffs at that.

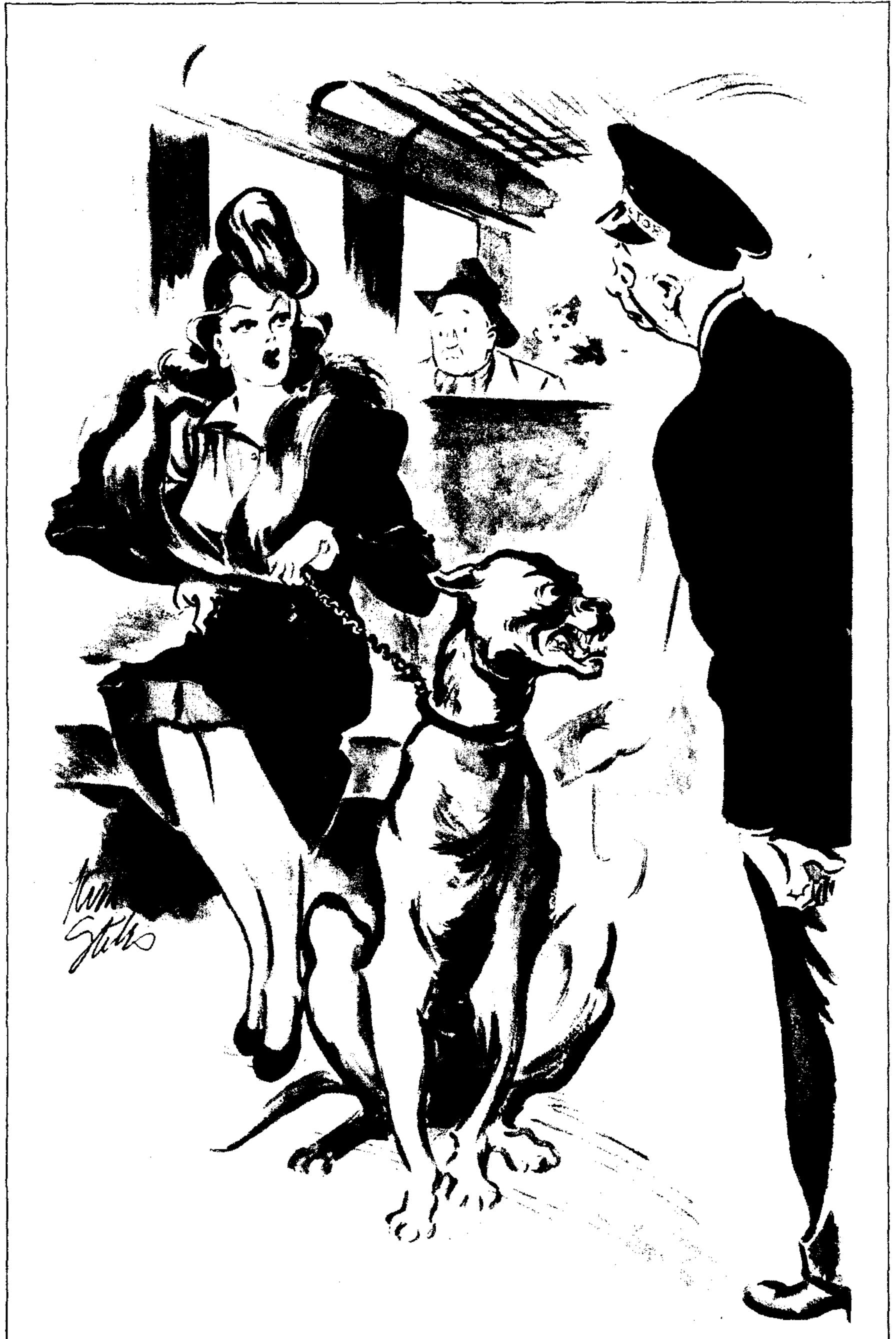
"No zone ever stopped us," he says flatly. "We've been running through that nonsense for years."

The fact that Seton Hall eliminated Rhode Island in the Madison Square Garden tournament at the close of last season by a score of 70-54 was an indication to some experts that the Keaney bubble had burst, but that feeling is not held at Kingston. The people up there have never used the alibi, but three of the first team got up from sickbeds to make that trip and this year's team is not in the slightest worried about Seton Hall competition or any other.

As for high scoring ruining the game, there is something to be said on both sides, but the crowds that are kept away from the small gymnasium in Kingston by the state police are all on one side. They want that ball to move, and it certainly flies when Modzelewski and his gang get hold of it. The one chance that high scoring may ruin the game comes from comparison. After Rhode Island swamped St. Francis in the first game of a double-header in the Garden last year, Long Island University and Butler College came on to play.

The game was high-class, the ball handling was skillful, the maneuvering was astute. It was all so wonderful that the spectators started walking out in the first half. After a glimpse of the Keaney team, these others seemed to be playing in slow motion. It was summed up by a Broadway wit who looked at the Long Island-Butler perfection for the better part of half an hour and then said wonderingly:

"What strange new form of cricket is *that* they're playing out there now?"



"All right, go ahead and put him in the baggage car!" KIRK STILES

Fathers Are the Funniest People

"SON," says the head of the house one morning, "never make a fuss about doing what's good for you. If your insides need a bit of attention, do like your Dad and take a good stiff, old-fashioned purge."

"BUT, FATHER!" says the young idea. "That's positively ancient! The latest way to deal with faulty elimination is to seek its *cause* and *correct* it. And all too often such a condition is due to nothing more than a shortage of 'bulk' in the diet. You come to breakfast; I'll show you."

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

"WHAT NOW, my learned offspring?"

"Well, Father, if your difficulty is the one I've described, this crisp, crunchy breakfast cereal may be the very thing you need. It is KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, and it will go right to the *cause* of your trouble and *correct* it. Just eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and 'Join the Regulars.' "

ALL-BRAN
Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
WITH SUGAR, SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
GOLDEN SOFT

"STOW THE LECTURE, DOC!" says Father. "If a swell breakfast food like this can make you 'Join the Regulars,' I'm signing up right now. Thumbs up for ALL-BRAN!"

Join the "Regulars" with
Kellogg's All-Bran

TRY IT TOMORROW WITH CALIFORNIA PRUNES

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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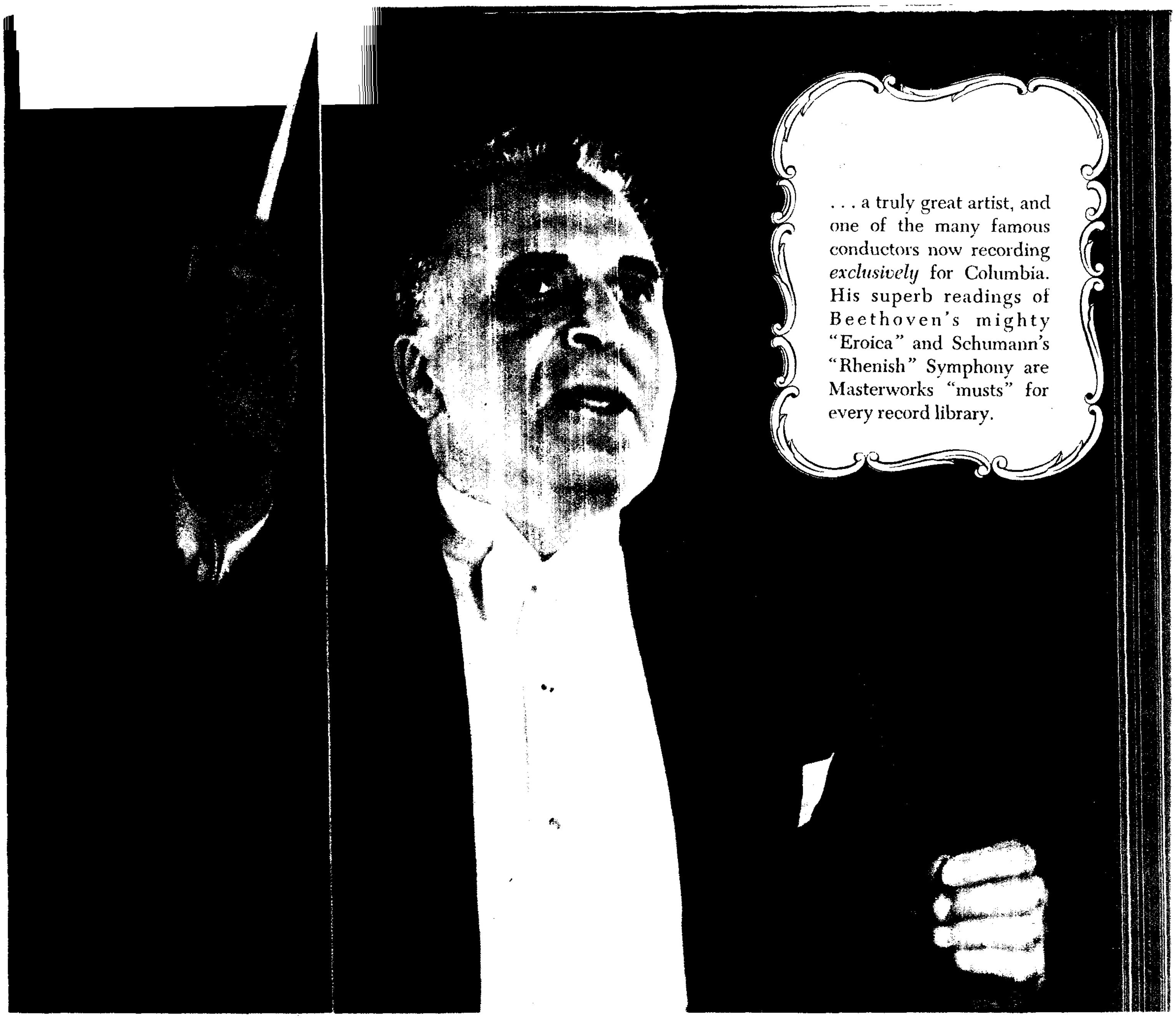

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gives you quality where it counts—on the surface!

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Imagine a record made in layers, like a piece of plated silver! Inside is the "core"—outside, on the surfaces, a heavy plating of precious, highly sensitized material that would be *prohibitively* expensive if used in solid-stock records of the usual type.

The result: A tone quality never before achieved . . . radically lowered surface noise—independent laboratory tests prove *at least 55.3% less!**

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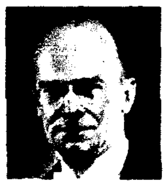
CRITICS, TOO, APPLAUD LAMINATION PROCESS

Mr. Deems Taylor says of Columbia's new laminated records: "Naturally a musician's ear is keenly aware of the way these new Masterworks have lowered surface noise . . . have captured so fully the range and richness of the original performance. The completeness and brilliance of the tonal effects are magnificent!"



DEEMS TAYLOR

*These measurements were taken by the head of an independent, non-commercial communications laboratory.

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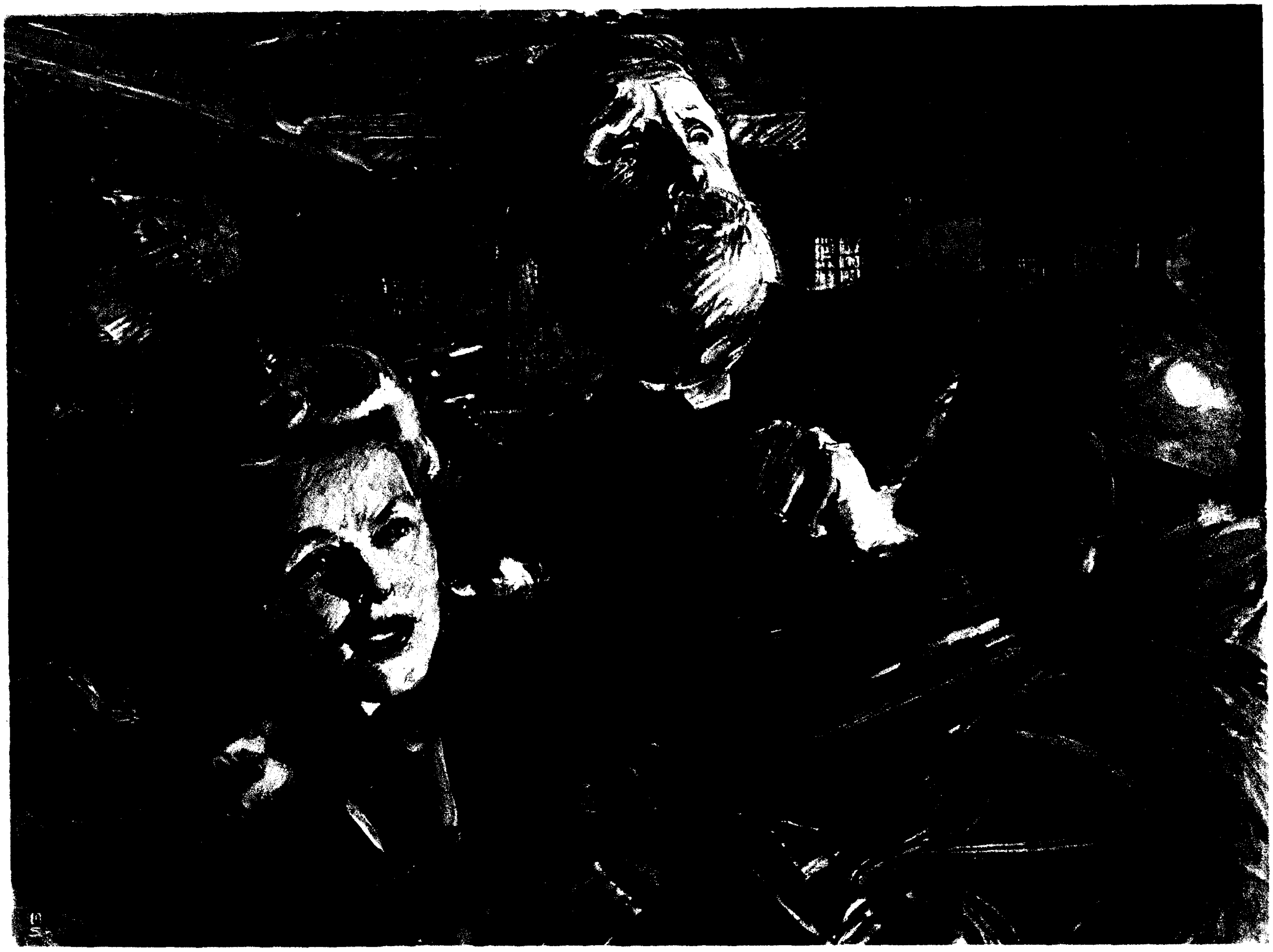


With the girl between them, the two tall men drove their way through the gendarmes. "This way!" Father Valerian said

The Story Thus Far:

ELAINE BRIAN'S lovely mother—"the richest woman in the world"—dies in her New York City home. Never happy with her husband, she leaves her entire fortune, with the exception of a few minor bequests, to Elaine.

Missing her mother dreadfully and realizing that she must have a change of scene, Elaine recalls that her mother, while under the influence of opiates, had once spoken of a man—"Father Valerian"—who had been her best friend, and who had gone to China. She makes inquiries, learns that Father Valerian is still alive, and is doing a great work in a place known as Ta-ming. She decides to visit him!

Quickly making arrangements, she flies all the way to China. On the way, she meets a very charming, *and very worldly,* man: Elton Field. For ten years, Field has had a mistress in Shanghai—Helen Kung, a Eurasian, who adores him. Nevertheless, when he learns who Elaine Brian is, he implores her to marry him. Elaine makes it clear that she is not interested. . . .

Arrived in Shanghai, with Elaine, Field receives a rapturous greeting from Helen Kung. Then he informs her, bluntly, that he loves Elaine Brian; that he will give Helen a million dollars (which he hopes to extract from Elaine) if, with her co-operation, he finally succeeds in becoming Elaine's husband.

Helen Kung promises to try to persuade Elaine not to go to Ta-ming, and advises her to remain in Shanghai. But Helen resolves to prevent the marriage, at any cost.

To Field's disgust, Elaine takes a train bound for Ta-ming. She is unaware that Li-hua, Helen Kung's male servant, is on the train, with orders (given by his mistress) to follow her and help her, if he can. . . .

In the mission house at Ta-ming, a priest is enjoying a simple supper and watching the setting sun. He is the man for whom Elaine Brian is looking—Father Valerian. Father Valerian is awaiting the return of a friend who lives with him—Rudolf Helgel, a German, who has refused to return to Germany to fight for Hitler.

IV

LAO LING came in with hot rice.

"Half a bowl," Father Valerian said. "Where is my brother Rudolf?"

Lao Ling pursed his withered lips. "He went out an hour ago to walk himself up and down, and he has not returned."

"Keep his food for him," Father Valerian said.

"Do you need to tell me?" Lao Ling replied courteously. Then he went on to say what he had said thousands of times, "You do not eat enough for a great tall foreign man. You are thin as a beggar. It is a shame to be so thin. People will say I steal the food, or that I do not know how to cook."

Father Valerian looked up with a smile covered under the grizzled eyebrows overhanging his bright blue eyes.

"All men know you are not a thief, and am I to get fat only that they may know you are a good cook?"

Lao Ling stood with his legs wide apart. "You eat what a child eats, or a woman, a bowl, at most two bowls. But you ought to eat five bowls of rice at a meal."

"I, a man of God?" Father Valerian exclaimed. "But my conscience would not allow it."

"I also have a conscience," Lao Ling said with belligerence, "but it is not like yours. Mine says eat that you may be filled, for why else did God give us food?"

Father Valerian put down his chopsticks and roared with laughter. When he threw back his head, he revealed the short grizzled hairs of his beard, which covered his chin and sprinkled his throat like silver powder.

"Get thee behind me, into your kitchen," he said.

"You pray too much," Lao Ling said severely, without a smile, "the knees of your new trousers are already wearing through."

"I will remember to fold my cassock over them," Father Valerian said.

HE WAITED until Lao Ling was gone, and still smiling, he took up his chopsticks again. But now the sun was very glorious and he forgot to eat, gazing at that magnificence in the west. It was the only magnificence in his life. All day long he struggled with the poor and tried to heal the sick, and, now since the Japanese had come, to care for the wounded and the women who had suffered at the hands of cruel men. His personal possessions were of the fewest and the barest, and in the little whitewashed church there was no magnificence even of the cross, no cloth of gold, no golden candlesticks. Plain pewter, and a couple of red candles made of cow's fat, a brick floor crookedly laid, and benches without backs or paint—thus he and his people worshiped God. But the craving of his soul for beauty was daily fed by this glory in the sky. It was there in the morning too, but at sunrise his eyes were closed in prayer. He *felt* he ought not to take the time twice a day to indulge his secret joy in magnificence.

"Father—an extraordinary thing!"

In the door behind him which was open to a small court he heard Rudolf's voice shouting to him. He dropped his chopsticks and turned his head, and saw Rudolf in the doorway, his blond hair blown by the wind and on end above his sunburned face.

"There is a white woman at the Japanese barracks—an American!"

Father Valerian leaped to his feet. "A white woman—where did she come from?"

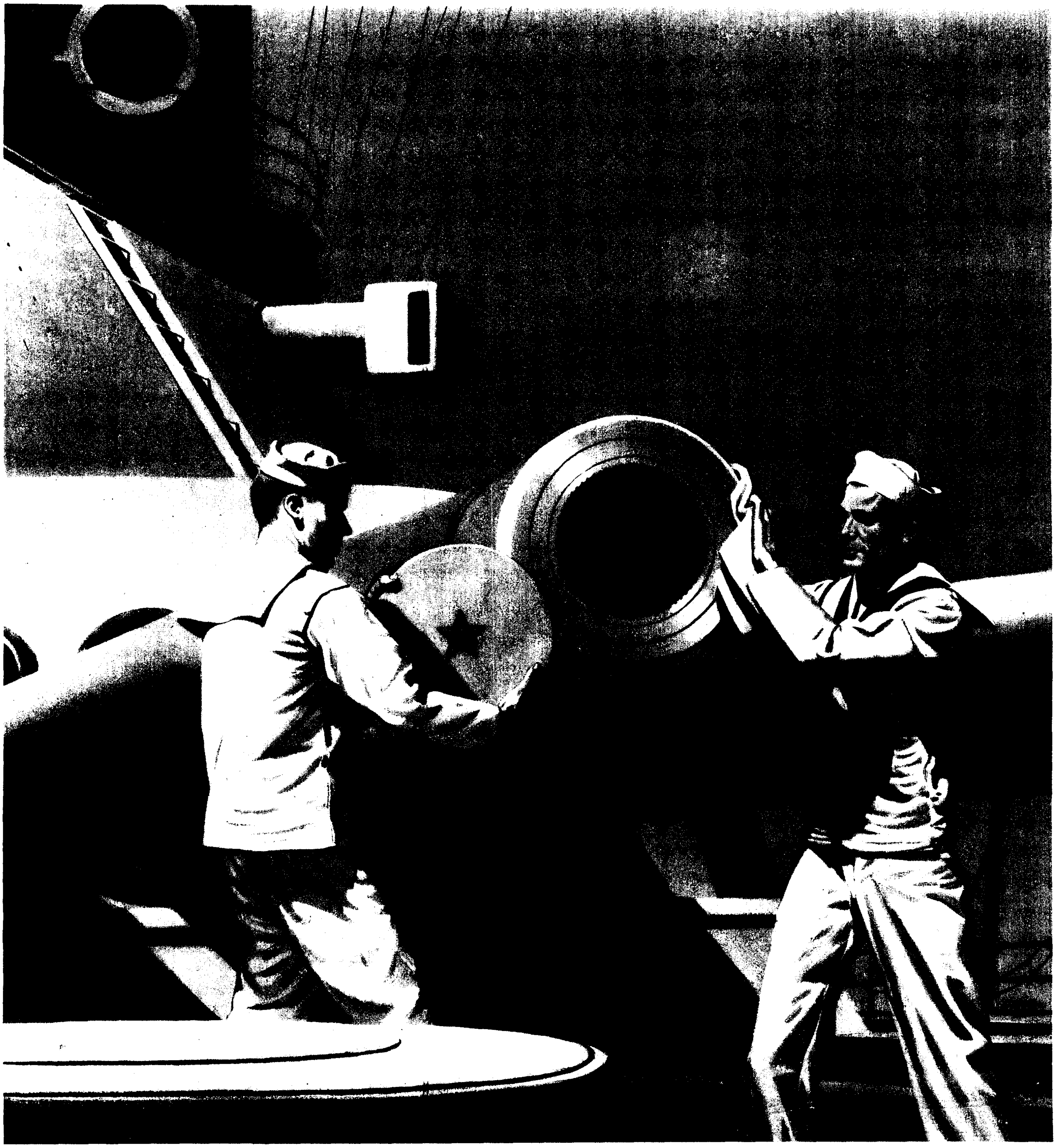
"I have not seen her," Rudolf said. He sat down on a bench panting and wiped his face on his handkerchief. "I ran—I was coming home through the streets, as usual, anxious that I am so late, when I heard the people talking that there is a white woman come in on the train and the Japanese gendarmes took her to headquarters to inquire of her."

"We must go instantly," Father Valerian said. All the ecstasy of a moment ago was gone from his face. It was grim. Now that he stood up it could be seen that he was very tall, taller even though he stooped than was Rudolf, who stood erect because he had been a soldier since he was eighteen.

Thus a moment later the people of

(Continued on page 46)

Throats to speak



our nation's piece

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There's a voice that speaks for the men who stood to their guns at Midway and Wake. It's the don't-tread-on-me roar of an aroused America—given voice by the Navy's big guns!

Another problem tackled by Westinghouse: How to make sensitive, delicate equipment tough enough to withstand the shock of gun blasts, shells, and aerial bombs.

At cities far from the oceans, in brand-new, Westinghouse-operated factories, will be built much of the Navy's ordnance which will sound our nation's determination to preserve this freedom we have worked so long to build.

Here, in 143 days, plants were built, machines were installed, craftsmen were trained, in an outstanding example of the way Westinghouse "know how" is working three shifts a day for our War Program.

Westinghouse craftsmen have been able to impart their "know how" to many new Westinghouse employees working on wartime production.

What is this Westinghouse "know how" that brought these plants so rapidly from blueprint to production? It is the hard-earned skill of our craftsmen, trained in the Westinghouse tradition. It is experience and industrial ingenuity. It is the ability to get things done in the best possible way.

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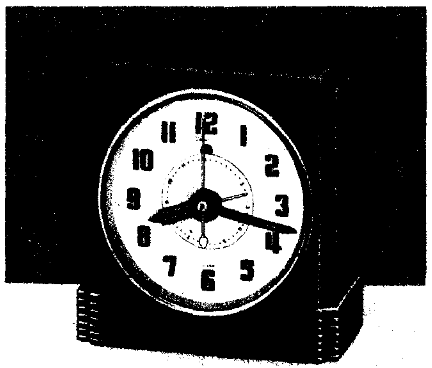

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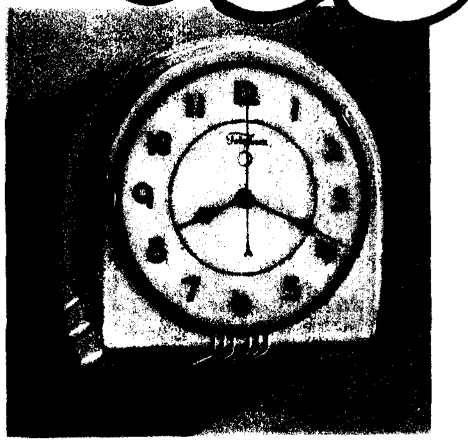

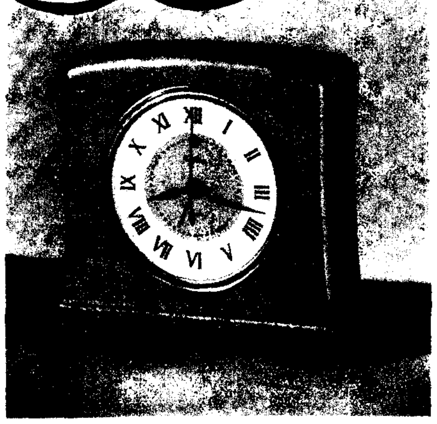

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Sin for Your Supper

Continued from page 21

Splitter was slow to get it fixed in his mind. He glanced at the pot of okra and grimaced. "You ain't had no crop and no credicks, so you ain't had nothin' to eat but okra since last spring?"

"Us had berries for a while," Big Mag told him. "Den de volunteer tomatoes last long enough to git right tiresome. And den come de volunteer okra."

"And dat's all you et?" the Sin Splitter asked. "You looks mighty fat and greasy to be livin' on dem rations."

"I done a little fishin'," Big Mag confessed. "And Luther come on a shote, jest befo' June 'teenth, and us had hog meat for de big day."

"Ain't you hyared no news about nobody losin' dat shote?" the Sin Splitter asked.

Big Mag grinned. "Luther found him way over yonder in de bottoms by Willow Chute bayou. Luther say he swear efn he wa'n't so tired er eatin' tomatoes and fish, he'd 'a' never toted dat hog home."

The Sin Splitter thought the matter over carefully before saying anything. A community that had contributed only thirty-one cents for a fine sermon and was forced to live on okra because it was too poor to buy hard rations required some thought. It seemed to the Sin Splitter that the old saying about money being the root of all evil needed some revision. For here, if he knew his business, was sin. Satan was working in two directions simultaneously.

Not even making an effort to raise a crop was a sin; and hog stealing was a sin. Furthermore, the Sin Splitter was hungry.

"Y'all got any er dat hog meat left?" he asked suddenly.

Big Mag squirmed. "Hit might be a middlin' left in de salt box," she admitted reluctantly.

The preacher was indignant. "You got meat!" he yelled, "and you been feedin' me okra! What kind er way is dat to treat my rev'ence?"

"Well, you's so holy and all—"

"I'm holy, all right, but I'm hongry, too. You go cook me some er dat meat!"

A bait of fried salt pork, supplemented by slabs of hoecake, stayed the Sin Splitter's hunger and soothed his anger. "Efn I figgered Luther had rogued dis hog like a thief in de night, den I'd be too holy to eat it," he argued. "But I knows good as de next man how a hog is li'ble to git lost. And eatin' a lost hog dat's been found agin is might' nigh as holy as de lamb in Abraham's bosom."

"Amen," said Big Mag fervently. "Say on."

THE Sin Splitter was conscious of the fact that the hoecake was made of corn meal which had to be bought, begged or stolen. It couldn't have been bought and he doubted it had been begged. But there was a time to quibble and a time to eat. He held up a large piece of bread high in the air and observed: "Efn you was a widow woman and I was ole 'Lijah, well, I'd keep yo' meal bar'l full. But you ain't and I ain't. You got a no-crop husband dat ought to be out shaggin' a rabbit for yo' dinner and I'm got a hongry mule dat can't live on wild fox grass and drinkin' water." He swallowed the hoecake and stood up. "So I'm gittin' about," he finished. "Good-by all. Pray hard and let yo' light so shine."

And soon, the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel, astride old Balaam, was traveling the dusty road away from Dry Prong. The mule's ears flopped loosely and his unshod feet plopped rhythmically in the red dust. The preacher, hunched over the straw-filled tow-sack saddle, sang his battle cry to the tempo of Balaam's hoofbeats:

"I'll whup de devil around de stump,
And give him a lick at ev'y jump!"

The road twisted and turned through the low hills. Balaam kept up a steady running walk, his head down, his ears swinging. After a while, the Sin Splitter pulled on the cotton-rope rein. "Whoa, Balaam," he commanded. "Too fast travelin' on a empty belly ain't no good. Stop and git yo' wind."

Balaam stopped and turned his head around toward the settlement of Dry Prong. He pointed his ears forward and brayed.

"Dem sinners ain't got me fooled, neither," the Sin Splitter laughed. "P'intin' out dat place wid yo' sin-p'intin' years ain't no news to me. Brother Luther didn't jest find dat hog and I knows Sister Big Mag didn't beg dat cawn meal. And I bet ev'y lastin' hyppercrit in town got money hid away 'mongst de bricks. Thirty-one cents! Humph!"

AFTER a brief rest, the preacher turned his mule and once more Balaam began his running walk, up dusty hills and down in the white sand of the creek bottoms.

A few miles farther on the country suddenly changed. Live oak, hickory and ash lined the roadside, and spread out ahead lay the flat, lush plantations of the Red River bottoms.

"Now!" said the Sin Splitter, and Balaam quickened his steps. Down a mile-long, black-top road, across a bayou bridge, around a sharp turn up a footpath and old Balaam came to a halt before a freshly whitewashed cabin.

"Well, dad blame my hide!" exclaimed the Widow Duck, seated on her cabin porch. "I was jest settin' hyar thinkin' 'bout sin and ole Satan, and up come de Sin Splitter! Slide off dat jackass and drap hit hyar on de po'ch whilst I rustles you up some grub. I never knowed you to come to my house onless you was hongry."

The preacher dismounted. "I'm is sort er on-fed," he admitted, "but I et since my mule did."

"Well, slap him wid de rope and run him twarge de lot," the Widow Duck invited. "Somebody'll turn him in, efn you ain't too skeered a real bait er Little Bee Bend cawn and hay won't kill him."

The Splitter drove the mule lotward and returned to the porch. "I been preachin' up in de hills," he began.

"You looks hit," the Widow Duck said unflatteringly. "But you kind er caught me flat-footed. Efn I'd 'a' knowed you was comin' I'd 'a' choked a chicken. But I wa'n't expectin' no company and I ain't got much on hand. A pot er cabbages and a kittle er snap beans and onions b'iled down wid a slab er side meat and some cold cracklin' bread is about all I got cooked up. Efn you kin wait, I'll stew up some okra—"

"No mind de okra." The Sin Splitter shuddered. "I'll make out wid what you got ontwell supper time and den you kin choke dat chicken."

While the Sin Splitter devoured heaps of boiled vegetables, rich and tasty with the flavor and substance of salt-cured pork, he and the Widow Duck discussed current news, religion and sin.

"Paul say," the preacher quoted, "'Efn yo' belly is empty den yo' soul ain't free.'"

"Amen," said the Widow Duck, no mean authority on spontaneous to-the-point Scripture. " 'A crumb on de flo' is worth two on ole Rich Man Dives' table.' So say de Sperrit, Sin Splitter. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

"Say on, soul," the preacher agreed. "You got de Word wid de bark on hit. A hongry man sho need to eat. And what I'm tawkin' 'bout, he ain't too particular whar his somethin' to eat comes f'm. A rich man's table or a po' man's meat box, hit don't make him no diff'unce."

"Efn de po' man's got some meat in hit," the Widow Duck reminded him.

"A po' man might git out and lift a shote f'm somebody, efn he got raley hongry."

"You been eatin' rogued meat?"

"Well," the Splitter evaded, "when a man git hongry—"

"You a holy man and eatin' rogued meat!" the Widow Duck was horrified. "Hit ain't natchal!"

"Maybe hit was on account er I was hongry," the Sin Splitter reasoned.

" 'Twon't do," the Widow Duck ruled. "Efn you all dat hongry, whyn't you go to Miss Mildred for one er dem guvmer suppers?"

"You means de guvmer lady which passes out hard rations to people which ain't plant no crop?"

"Dat ain't de way I hyars hit," she said, "but hit must be de same."

"How'd you hyar hit?"

"Well," the Widow Duck explained, "I don't know, on account I ain't fixin' to git hongry enough to find out for myse'f, but I hyared de tawk dat Miss Mildred put out supper for anybody dat git too hongry. F'm what I hyars, hit's a special kind er supper made outn dis stuff dey calls 'commod'ty.' "

"I never hyared tell er dat."

"I ain't never et none and I don't know nothin' 'bout hit," the Widow Duck said. "De tawk around hyar is dat hit grows over in Texas."

"Humph!" snorted the preacher. "Don't sound like hit'd be fit to eat!"

"Maybe not," she admitted. "But I ain't never seed nothin' I couldn't eat, efn hit was pareb'iled down and den smothered up wid onions and a slab er side meat to give hit some subster."

"Hit don't taste so bad, cooked up like dat," the preacher agreed. He sat in contemplative silence a while. Then he stood up. "You know, de Sperrit move me to git on over to Benton and see dat guvmer lady. So farewell, Sister Widow. Pray hard and let yo' light so shine!"

"Ride on, Sin Splitter," the Widow Duck said. "Be like unto de eagle wid a can er coal oil on his tail, cryin' in de wilderness and lightin' up de world."

IT WAS only a short ride to the little town of Benton where the Sin Splitter had no trouble finding Miss Mildred. Her office was in the parish courthouse and over her door was the sign:

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Surplus Commodities Division

She was half buried in papers and did not look up when she asked, "What can I do for you?"

The Sin Splitter was not certain. "Well, you see," he began, "de folks at Dry Prong claim you's fixin' to feed 'em hard rations efn dey don't plant no crop. So dey didn't plant—"

Miss Mildred looked up. "You're a preacher, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yas'm. Name er Rev'und Samuel."

"Good!" said Miss Mildred. "You can help me. I need somebody that the people will believe to explain about this surplus commodities. The parish is filled with wild rumors and nobody knows what to believe. Have you got a way to travel through the country?"

"I'm got a mule, name er Balaam."

"Oh, yes," Miss Mildred said. "Reverend Samuel—you must be Sin-Splitting Samuel."

"Dey calls me sech."

"Well, sit down," Miss Mildred told him. "I've heard a heap about you. I really am going to put you to work. Now tell me everything you've heard about this surplus-commodities bureau."

The Sin Splitter explained the viewpoint of Sister Big Mag in Dry Prong and added he thought it was pure laziness. And that was a sin in his Book. He carefully avoided mention of the stolen hog because white people just naturally did not understand those things. Then he outlined the Widow Duck's version and added a few ideas of his own.

"It doesn't work like that at all," Miss Mildred said. "We don't give rations to people for not working, and a commodity is not some strange thing you eat for your supper. A commodity is any kind of food; and surplus—not supper—means that there is too much of it. Do you understand?"

"No'm," said the Sin Splitter.

"NOW suppose," Miss Mildred began again, "the people in Texas raised a lot more meat than they could handle. The government would buy all the extra meat and send it to places where there was not enough meat. Then the government would sell it to the poor people at a very low price. Those who had money enough to pay the regular price for meat wouldn't be allowed to buy it."

"But y'all don't gi' hit away free?"

"In some cases, where a family is certified as being too old or too sick to work, the government gives it away. But not very often," Miss Mildred explained.

"Jest meat f'm Texas?" the preacher wanted to know.

"Anything from anywhere."

The Sin Splitter lapsed into deep thought. "Maybe okra f'm around hyar?" he inquired.

Miss Mildred laughed. "Okra is certainly a surplus commodity, right now," she said, "but it isn't on our list."

"S'posin'," the Sin Splitter said, "hit was a man name Luther and his woman name Big Mag comed up hyar and axed you for a sack er rations, on account er dey ain't got no crop and dey's hongry?"

The government lady explained in detail the process of certification through which relief clients obtained food orders.

"Den you all ain't got no rations, hyar? You jest gi' 'em a paper to take to de man?"

"That's right."

"S'posin'," the Sin Splitter continued, "I went out and got a sack full er rations and brung 'em hyar tonight. Den, sposin' Luther and Big Mag comed by tomorrow and axed for some rations, could you gi' 'em dat sack er rations jest like hit come f'm de guvmer, instid er f'm me?"

Miss Mildred was touched by his generosity. "I reckon I could," she decided. "Not officially, of course, but what people down here don't know, Washington won't hear about. If you want to bring the rations, just set them inside the door and tomorrow send your people here and I'll see that they get them."

"Thanky, ma'am," the Sin Splitter said and started off.

"And don't forget to explain about surplus commodities to all the people," Miss Mildred called after him.

"I'm gittin' started off right now!"

The Sin Splitter rode straight back to the Widow Duck's house on Little Bee

How to enjoy Lent
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Bend plantation. "You kin choke dat chicken, right away," he called out to her. "But befo' you chokes him, I'm fixin' to ax you one question: Did you hyar about anybody gittin' a hog stole f'm 'em round hyar jest befo' June 'teenth?"

"I ain't hyared er none," the Widow Duck replied.

"Anybody sell off a hog 'bout dat time?"

"I sold one," the Widow Duck told him. "A fat shote, and got eight dollars and six bits cash money for him."

"A long greasy-lookin' hill nigger buy him?"

"Dat's about him."

"Name er Luther?"

"Didn't speak his name," the Widow Duck recalled. "But he was a hill nigger all right. You c'd tell by de way he h'isted dat shote, belly up, on his shoulders and wawked off wid him. Nobody but a hill nigger kin handle a hog like dat. De hog ain't squealed ontwell yit."

"I figgered hit must er been like dat," declared the preacher. "You leave dat chicken-chokin' go jest now, and git two croker sacks. I and you got some twilin' in de Lawd's vineyard to git done."

The Widow Duck got the sacks and she and the preacher toiled until after dark. He refused to answer her questions. "Dis is de Lawd's business," he told her gruffly, "and de Lawd ain't got time to git axed questions. Nor neither me. Drap hit in de sack and keep pullin'."

THE next morning, Big Mag and Luther were surprised to see old Balaam grazing in their yard and even more surprised when they discovered the Sin Splitter curled up asleep on their porch.

"Don't argy wid me," the Sin Splitter awoke to greet them, "and don't try to feed me on no okra. Go slice me six slices er dat side meat and cook me a juicy hoecake on de hearth. I missed a good supper last night findin' out about dem guvmer rations and I don't aim to miss breakfast."

Big Mag wanted details but the Splitter refused to talk until he was fed.

"Now," he said, when he had finished eating, "efn you do's like I tell you, you'll git yo' rations. And efn you don't do like I say, bad luck sho gonter swarm all over you."

"Speak on, Rev'und," Big Mag said meekly.

"First off, y'all got to go git yo' rations," the Sin Splitter said. "But on de way to Benton, y'all got to stop at a lady's house name er Widow Duck, on Little Bee Bend plantation. You ax around and you kin find her. Den you got to speak certain words to her, like dis: 'Dis day shall de prophet come to wail in de wilderness. Prepare ye tharfo' a feast unto him.' "

Big Mag repeated the message until she had memorized it.

"Den y'all got to drap over to Benton and see Miss Mildred," the preacher instructed further. "And hyar whar hit gits *rale* hard. Luther, you got to say, 'My name is Luther,' and Big Mag, you got to say, 'My name is Big Mag.' And den y'all bofe got to wail in a loud voice, 'Sin-Splittin' Samuel sont us.' "

Luther and Big Mag rehearsed their lines until the Sin Splitter was satisfied. "Miss Mildred gonter p'int out two croker sacks," the preacher said. "Luther gonter pick up one, and, Mag, you gonter take de yuther. Den y'all bofe got to drag hit on back hyar, fast as you kin. You ain't got to stop and open up de sacks and you ain't got to figger what's in 'em. Jest git 'em on back hyar fast as y'all kin shake hit. Onderstand?"

"Hit sound mighty skeery to me," Big Mag said. "What gonter be in dem sacks?"

"Hit ain't skeery, hit's holy," the Sin Splitter said. "And dem sacks gonter be filled up wid some mighty fine stuff dat dey calls suppers commod'ty. Now git. Efn y'all hustles you kin git home befo' de sun go down."

As soon as Big Mag and Luther were out of sight, the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel went to work. After lifting all the bricks from the hearth, he dug with his long fingers into the sandbox. Presently, he drew forth a rusty old coffeepot and dumped its contents on the floor. Money! Wrinkled bills and loose change!

"Liars! I knowed dey had a coffeepot!" the preacher told himself. He found almost forty dollars. "I ought to take hit all," he growled, "but dat might be roguin'." He drew out his own money sack and counted out thirty-one pennies and dropped them into his battered hat, and put the collected buttons into the coffeepot. Finally, he counted out four dollars and nineteen cents from Big Mag's hoard and dropped it, too, into his hat. He grinned. "Dat look mo' like a collection, now," he said. "Thank y'all kindly."

The transfer made, he replaced the bricks carefully and mumbled a prayer of thanks. Then he repaired to the cool porch and relaxed into a long, peaceful sleep.

It was midafternoon before Big Mag and Luther returned. They were both hot and tired but Big Mag was still eager.

"Kin us open de sacks now, Sin Splitter?" she asked.

"You done like I tole you?"

"Yassuh."

"Den open 'em."

Big Mag hurriedly untied the knots. "Okra!" she yelled.

"What you reckon you gonter git for nothin'?" the Sin Splitter countered.

"Hit's a humbug!" Luther roared. "I toted dat stuff eight miles and hit wa'n't nothin' but a humbug!"

"Nawp," the Sin Splitter pointed out. "De humbug come when you gi'ed me thirty-one cents collections when I knowed hit was fo'-fifty."

"Hit wa'n't but fo' dollars even," Luther blurted.

"Hit's fo'-fifty now," the preacher told him. "Cause I done dug up yo' coffeepot and tuck hit."

"Dat's roguin'!" Luther howled. "Hit wa'n't—"

"Maybe de yuther members didn't gi' me but fo' dollars, but you gi' me de yuther fo' bits. I thank you."

Luther subsided to think. Big Mag was still struggling with the fact of her long trek for a sack of okra. "Dis sack er okra is a humbug," she said brilliantly.

THE Sin Splitter had his answer ready, too. "Nawp," he said. "Feedin' de Lawd's prophet okra when you got better in de house is humbug. Totin' a sack er okra f'm Benton is a fool's job. Don't you know what de Good Book say? 'When a man thinketh he's gittin' somepin for nothin', wharfo' hit shall be strickly no dice.' I didn't say dat. De Good Book say hit, daughter."

"You means us ain't fixin' to git no hard rations f'm de guvmer lady?"

"Efn you buys 'em for cash money, maybe," the Sin Splitter told her. "But hits a heap er stuff you got to do. You got to pick cotton for wages, quick as hit opens up, and you got to hunt rabbits and all. And den you got to git yo' flesh certified and yo' soul sin-free. And den Miss Mildred might sell you a few hard rations for cash money, maybe."

"Dat's de way, hunh?"

"Yeah, and don't spend all dat coffeepot money on rations, neither," the Sin Splitter warned them. "Cause I'm li'ble to drap by hyar agin and I wants me a seven-dollar collections outn dis place."

"Amen," said Big Mag lamely. Luther, still sunk in thought, remained silent.

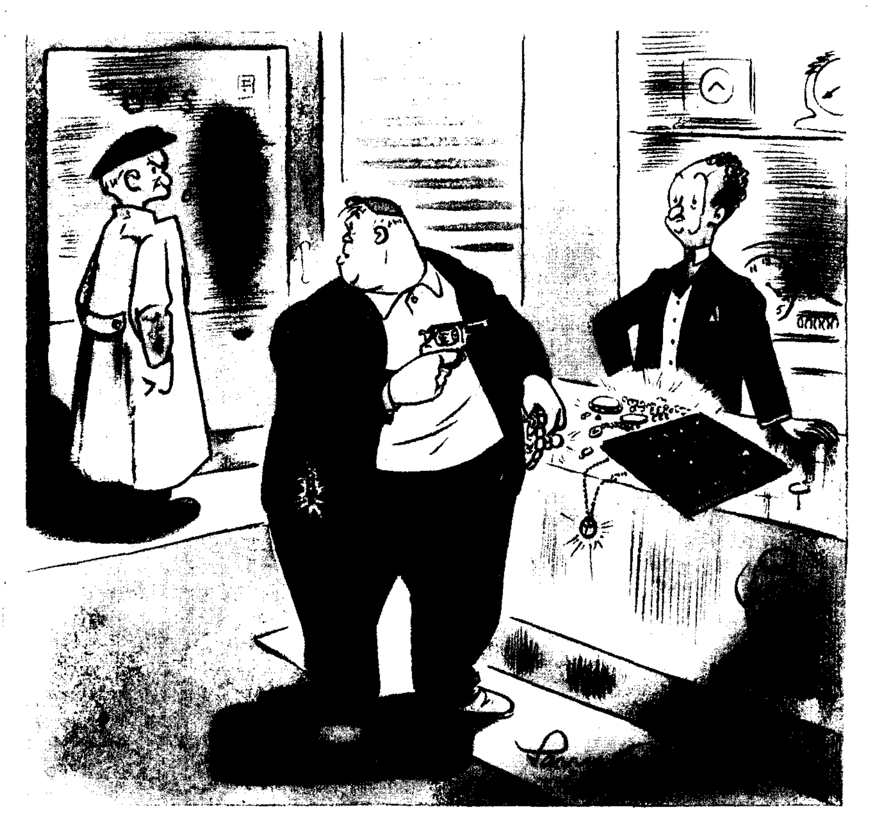
The Sin Splitter mounted Balaam and turned him toward the road. "And no mo' okra!" he shouted to Big Mag.

"Hit shall be so, Rev'und," she called back. "Ride on."

Balaam hit his usual stride and the Sin Splitter's mind began to make delightful pictures of the chicken feast awaiting him at the Widow Duck's house. He sang happily:

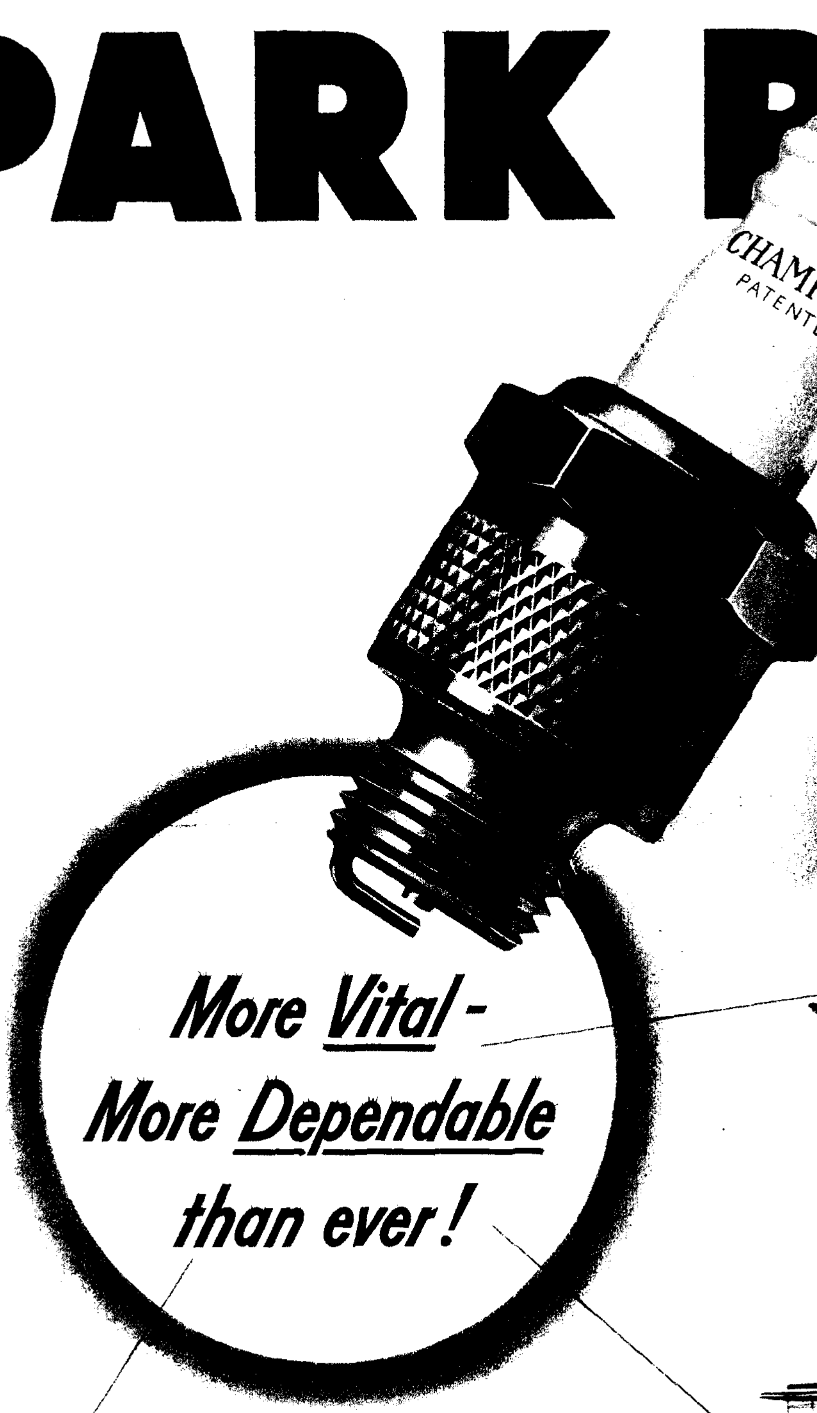
"I whupped de devil around de stump,
And gi'ed him a lick at ev'y jump!"

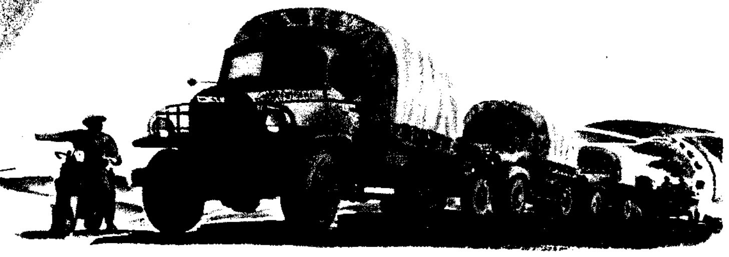
BUTCH By Larry Reynolds



"What'll we do, Slug? He says if we prefer, they'll gladly deliver"

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS





"Keep 'em rolling"—that's the primary purpose of Champion Spark Plugs. Their many patented features include the Sillment seal which banishes troublesome leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* Leaky spark plugs overheat, preignite and cause rough, wasteful engine operation.

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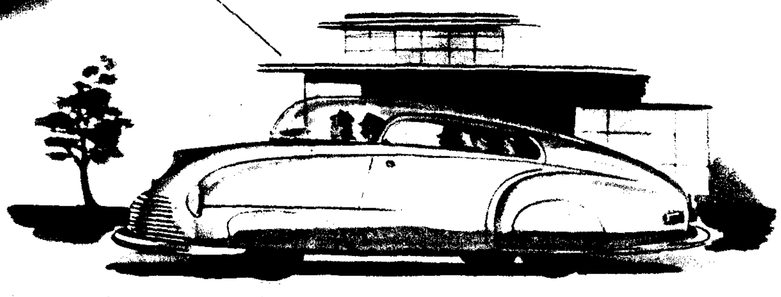


We probably won't have "tomorrow's car," for some time, but that's no reason why your present car can't be kept performing efficiently and economically. Old, worn-out, or dirty spark plugs make a car act old before its time. Have yours checked and cleaned regularly. For greatest gas economy change all spark plugs every 10,000 miles. New ones quickly save their cost.

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Obstacle courses simulating difficult terrain offer good training. This section of the course at Camp Wallace, Tex., resembles the familiar football-team conditioner except that tires are set on posts. Note to civilians: Tires are worn out

LETTER from a cavalry officer (whose identity must remain secret, for more than one reason): "We have been shoved around from pillar to post since our return from the South, with resultant confusion. Fifty per cent of our officers were transferred to the Air Ground Forces, and, whereas I was once the gay commanding officer of a horse troop, I am now the glum commander of a mechanized troop. Next week I'll probably have the band on my hands. Incidentally, I served some time on the staff as Intelligence Officer, a job at which I excelled simply by refusing to tell anybody anything I knew. It saved a lot of trouble all around. Anyhow, after our return from maneuvers I suggested a leave in order to orient myself, and after a few weeks' delay it was, much to my surprise, granted. I went on a binge and my sanity was on the point of returning when the leave was peremptorily cancelled and I reported back to be told I was to take a troop overseas. This engaging surprise lasted fifteen minutes; then the Army changed its mind and put someone else in charge. That suited me fine and I took two extra days holiday. Every now and then you can thumb your nose uphill if you know the system. We don't have much fun but we have it often. If they'll only let us have enough target practice and the arms to which we're entitled, we won't care what the opposition adds up to. It's a swell Army in the making."

MASSACHUSETTS

26TH DIV.

CAMP EDWARDS, Falmouth. Yankee Division brass hats were temporarily stymied, the other day, when the War Department ordered them to supply a cadre of twenty-two for a new division headquarters. Ten of the men had to be sergeants of assorted grades and the officers had to do a lot of plain and fancy thinking to obey the order without stripping their own headquarters of the noncoms who made it tick. A huddle produced a plan. Speedily, eight of the division headquarters' ablest sergeants were busted to privates, and eight brilliant privates were raised to three-stripers. For two days the new noncoms strutted their stuff, then were transferred to the new division as the old sergeants got their stripes back. The latter gentry laughed heartily about the whole business until pay day came around and they discovered that, for two days of the month, they rated only a buck private's salary. For the record it must be disclosed that the eight privates were fully qualified for their new jobs and rated promotion anyhow.

"I'LL bet," declares Pvt. Albert W. Eckhart, of Hartford, Conn., "that it'll fit better than some the women send here." He refers to a sweater he's knitting for his wife. It's white, with a V-neck.

SGT. ANTHONY RIZZA, of the 101st Qm. Medical Detachment, has a fifteen-week job any man in camp would like: Teaching first aid four days a week to officers' wives. It's a vicious circle, sort of. He orders around the gals who order around the gents who order him around.

YANKEE Division bandsmen are tougher than their instruments. When the temperature gets below 30° the musicians can't take their horns outside because, as it was explained to us, "the instruments may freeze or crack." The boys must be getting awfully tired of drum solos, these cold days.

DELAWARE

FORT DuPONT, Delaware City. Members of the 70th Engineers waited a long time for those eight new trucks and the boys were only too willing to spend several days breaking them in, slowly and carefully. What put the drivers back on their heels, after the trucks had been thoroughly seasoned, was the announcement that the vehicles shouldn't have been delivered to Fort DuPont in the first place. Somebody came along, mumbled something about "a slight error," and had the smooth-working, undented trucks trundled off to another post. The engineers' opinions of this particular Army maneuver are not military secrets but nevertheless cannot be revealed here.

NORTH CAROLINA

CAMP DAVIS. The mail must, and does, go through. A letter that recently arrived at the post office of the 96th C. A. was addressed to "Pvt. John Thompson, Balloom's Garage, Camp Davis." Clerks showed it around for a laugh, then redirected it to the Balloon Barrage Center.

TEXAS

8TH ARMY CORPS

CAMP BOWIE, Brownwood. The Bowie boys have read about those thermostatically heated barracks but they're still sleeping in tents and trying to stay defrosted with gas heaters. On occasional cold nights some of the lads tote their bedding to the latrine, where a gadget controls the all-night heat. The

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!" IS OUR BATTLE CRY!

★ Stirred and united, the nation moves forward today with unshakable faith and a single purpose. Already the men of our Air Force are fighting back with courage and skill — proving the power of an aroused America. *This is your chance* to do some real fighting for your country. We are going to win this war. *You can help* to win it as a Flying Officer in the U. S. Army Air Corps.

SIMPLIFIED REQUIREMENTS—NEW OPPORTUNITIES

Today we are swiftly building an American Air Force that will have no equal in planes or in personnel. The U. S. Army needs thousands of young men to apply each month for the world's finest aviation training as Aviation Cadets — to become bombardiers, navigators and pilots. Commissions as Second Lieutenants are waiting for these men at the end of their seven-and-one-half-month training period.

18 TO 26 — MARRIED OR SINGLE

If you have passed your 18th birthday and are not yet 27, you are eligible under the new regulations for Aviation Cadet training. Good physical condition is necessary, of course. Married men are now eligible.

SIMPLIFIED EDUCATIONAL REQUIREMENTS

New, simplified tests determine the applicant's ability to complete the Aviation Cadet Course successfully. Diplomas or credits from educational institutions *are not* required for training as bombardiers, navigators, and pilots, "The Three Musketeers" of the Army Air Corps. Examination boards have been set up in key cities where you can take your mental and physical examinations *the same day you apply,* and be enlisted immediately.

It's time for action. Call at the nearest Army recruiting station today. You will be given full information on how you can serve your country best — how you can defend that freedom which is your birthright.

★ ★ **U. S. ARMY** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
RECRUITING SERVICE

Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area........Boston, Mass.
Second Corps Area........Governors Island, N. Y.
Third Corps Area........Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Corps Area........Atlanta, Ga.
Fifth Corps Area....Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area........Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area........Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area......Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or write to:
Enlisted Division, F-3, A.G.O., Washington, D.C.

Full information at your local branch of the Junior Chamber of Commerce; B. P. O. E. (Elks); Veterans of Foreign Wars or the American Legion.

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Our signals tell a story
Of richer smoking glory!
YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!
R
A great new briar stuffer
That never bites the puffer!
YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!
U
This pipe-thrill of your life'll
Just set you back a trifle!
YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!
M
If pleasure's what you covet,
Then, Mate-try FRIENDS! You'll love it!
YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!
Try FRIENDS the NEW Rum-Cured Smoking Tobacco
ONLY 10¢ IN THE HANDY SOFT POUCH
Friends
SMOKING TOBACCO
Rum Cured
FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE
Friends

Club LaTrine, they call it, and the joint is no place for guys whose sleep is easily disturbed. The lights never go out, and right after pay day there is the *incessant sound of the inevitable ivory* cubes rolling through the night.

RANDOLPH FIELD, San Antonio. This showplace among Army flying schools is first stop for all Latin-Americans to be trained as fliers by the U.S. Since Randolph opened eleven years ago, 121 "Latinos" have seen Army flying schools from the inside out; but the good neighbor training program started modestly, didn't get into second gear until 1939 and just now is working up a real head of steam. Only five trainees went through the first year; a batch of twenty-two has already checked in for 1942, with more to come. Instruction is handled in English, with a little hand-waving now and then to get the idea across.

Up to now, all Latin-Americans at Randolph have been Army officers, already trained to fly, who took special refresher courses simply to get the hang of our training methods. Members of the current group (the first to include civilians) will get the same program dished out to any U. S. air cadet. Only difference is the Latin-Americans don't have to nurse rifles. Boys in this group, veterans of a several-day orientation stay at Randolph, are now up to their necks in work at the primary school at Uvalde. They're tagged next for Randolph and the basic course, which will be topped off with ten weeks at an advanced school, probably Kelly. After this grind most of them will serve as flying instructors in the armies of their respective countries. The Latins get along fine with the North Americans but are perhaps getting a little tired of being egged on by our cadets to give lessons in the rumba, the conga and that Brazilian import, the samba.

DUNCAN FIELD, San Antonio. Manned a year ago by 1,500 employees, this field, the largest Air Corps supply depot in the country, today has more than 10,000 Army and civilian workers, operating on a three-shift, twenty-four-hour, seven-day week. Having already lured virtually every able-bodied civilian machinist and mechanic who wasn't nailed down in this area, Duncan bigwigs have cooked up a traveling "medicine show" to recruit eligibles from surrounding Texas towns. A twenty-ton trailer has been rigged up with small machine tools, electrical equipment, aircraft instruments and a public-address system and has been staffed with a medical officer, civil service representative, public relations man, machine shop superintendent, electrical superintendent, Duncan post adjutant's officer representative, a string trio and one gal (clerk-stenographer) in the Air Corps civilian uniform. The whole shebang will take a twenty-day 1,200-mile tour of twenty-five towns having from 2,500 to 300,000 population, to drum up mechanics.

In the manner of circus advance men, Pvts. Leonard Darnell and William Troutman, of the public relations office, plan to precede the caravan by five days, plaster the town with advance publicity and arrange place and time for appearances. The troupe then pulls in, parks in front of some public building and the string trio (guitar, string bass and violin) goes to work. Interested guys from the ensuing crowd are given civil service examinations on the spot, and the applicant's knowledge of machines can be tested in a jiffy. The medical officer then has a look-see and the successful recruits are told they have a job waiting for them at the field.

Anyway, that's the general plan. It can't get under way, though, until the Air Service Command gives it the nod. At the present moment, the enlisted men at Duncan Field are pretty busy repairing planes and transporting technical supplies, and nobody's quite sure when the junket will begin.

OKLAHOMA

WILL ROGERS FIELD, Oklahoma City. There are two things Lieut. Roscoe C. Miller, chaplain at this new bombardment base, likes very much to do. One is to marry soldiers; the other is to talk them out of getting married. It's perfectly okay by him if soldiers want to wed, but they have to have some pretty good reasons for getting married or Chaplain Miller says no. The chaplain must be a pretty convincing talker, because he has married only nine soldiers since reporting for duty at the field some ten months ago.

CALIFORNIA

CAMP CALLAN. Soon after the shooting began, Willie Dockray, who's an inch shorter than five feet, said goodby, old pal, to his cow pony in New Mexico and headed for a recruiting office, where he was told, of course, that he was too short to be a soldier. Willie went through that twice. To the third recruiting officer he put a question that couldn't be answered both reasonably and negatively. "I'm as big as a Jap, ain't I?" asked Willie. Since then he has been giving quartermasters fits. His shoe size is four, so he has to wear fives (Army's smallest) with three pairs of socks to help hold them on. Two inches have to be hacked off the shortest pants, four from the shortest-sleeved shirts. Willie tried the infantry first, but the infantry gave up trying to teach him to handle a rifle and bayonet. Now he's doing fine, learning to be a coast artilleryman, and Callan officers claim he's the smallest soldier in the Army. Any argument?

CAMP ROBERTS. Men over 28 were sent home from this basic training camp a few months ago because they were too old, but Roberts now boasts a 50-Year-Old Club, comprising a dozen boys over 50, who volunteered since last December. Most were officers or noncoms in the last fight and some of the camp's younger officers wondered how they'd respond to training as buck privates. Fifty-five-year-old Pvt. Carl C. Snead, a captain in 1918, broke the ice. "Lieutenant," said he to a twenty-four-year-old instructor, "you know a lot more about modern soldiering than we do. Give us the works." They're getting it and not squawking, either.

PRESIDIO OF SAN FRANCISCO. The don't-say-anything-that-might-help-the-enemy campaign is at its peak here. A soldier received a letter he had been expecting for a week. "Guess the mail is a little off schedule," he commented. "We don't," snapped a sergeant, "talk about things like that, soldier." A corporal tried to get a story out of a public relations officer for a post paper. All he got was, "No comment . . . And don't say I said 'No comment'!" Heavy emphasis is laid on refraining from writing about the weather. A private wrote home about a show he'd been in: "I sang It Ain't Gonna —— No Mo'. Sorry I can't be more specific. There's a war on."

FORT ORD. A new arrival decided to make a sightseeing tour and so rented a car for a six-hour leave. Some hours later he was back in camp, not having seen much of anything. Three minutes after he started his evening jaunt he was weaving in and out of an Army convoy. Sirens suddenly wailed a blackout and the highway went black. Not daring to try to pull off the road without headlights, the soldier stayed put in the procession, fairly certain he'd be telescoped by the fast trucks ahead of and behind him. After nearly two hours the all-clear came; and much later, the non-sightseeing soldier wearily wound up back at the fort, having overstayed his leave by a considerable margin. Well, it was possible, his company commander agreed, after listening to explanations. The man at the auto rental emporium was unimpressed by the exigencies of the evening. "Seventeen bucks," said he.

GENERAL

SOLDIERS have always known that G.I. clothes came only in two sizes: Too large and too small. Now the boys have added a new size to the issue: Too soon (1917).

AN ENTERPRISING corporal at Fort Jackson, S. C., points out that Army Regulations provide that every enlisted man must carry with him in the field a toothbrush, comb and a cake of soap, but that for the officers these items are purely optional.

WITH nearly 2,000,000 new men affected by the Selective Service Act, somebody has proposed that the familiar names Selectee, Draftee, Inductee, etc., be replaced by Durationee. Okay with you?

AS a matter of precaution in the national defense the Army has discontinued announcing the names of companies to which it awards supply contracts, but the good old Office for Emergency Management has taken up the burden, in case there are any interested foreign agents. The OEM has just put out a nicely printed volume carrying a list of all contracts from June, 1940, through September of last year, with a supplement for October. Besides, the Office of Government Reports is helping out by distributing the volume.

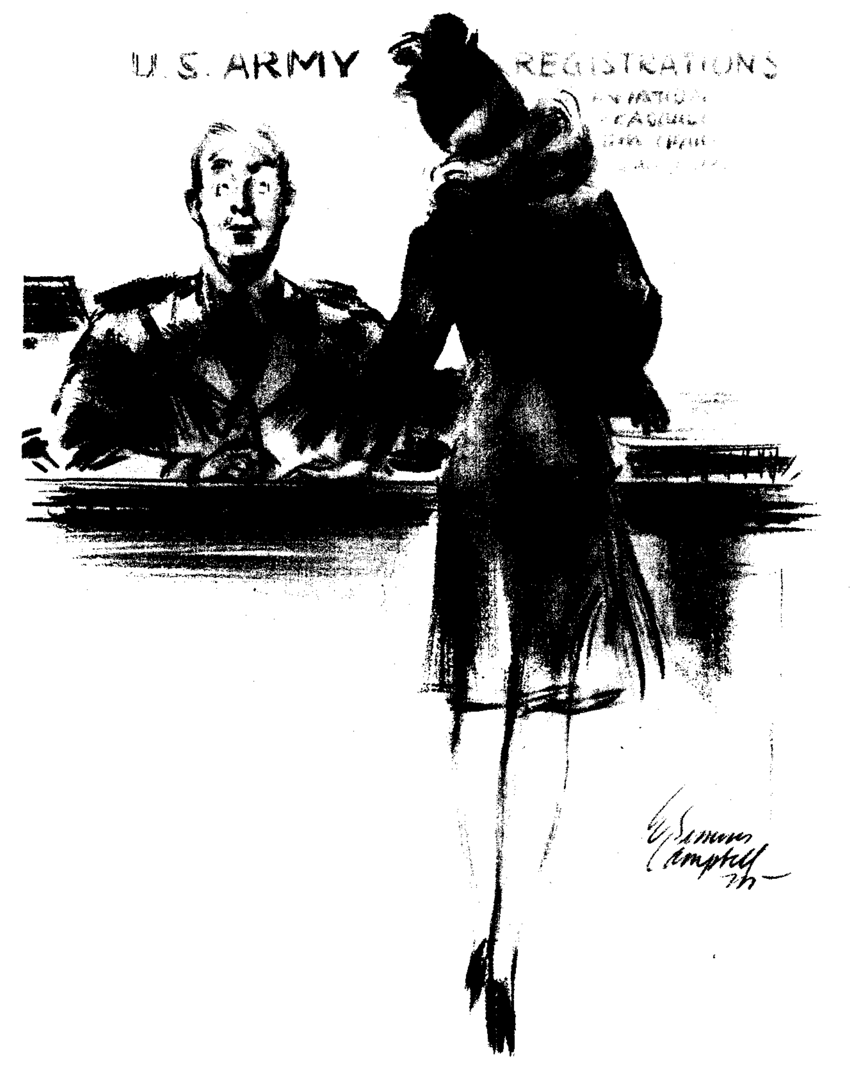
WE'RE glad to pass along to the boys at Camp Pendleton, Va., a suggestion tendered us by Mr. P. J. Delain, of Cleveland. If you'll recall, we reported here, January 17th, that the coast artillerymen were having some difficulty keeping track of their firing-range scores because mice were nibbling .30-caliber holes out of the target bull's-eyes at night. Seems they liked the taste of the paste used to hold the targets to the muslin background. "A small amount of red pepper mixed with the paste," writes Mr. Delain, "will keep the mice away. Some sprinkled on the floor will help, too."

ARMY purchasing agents lead a dizzy life. Recently let was a contract for $1,080 covering the rental of saddle horses for the Columbus, Mississippi, flying school . . . and the contract went to the Waters and McCrary Gravel Company.

CIVILIANS want the Army to have the best and plenty of it, but many citizens who have had ample opportunity to observe Army trucks in action on city streets wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to acquaint Army drivers with some of the tire-conservation and safe-driving rules the motorist at home is having to follow.

MAKE that rubber s-t-r-e-t-c-h.

G. W.



"I'd like to sign up as hostess. I've just completed a course in jujitsu"

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★ 91% Moisture-free!

JUST ADD WATER—AND SERVE
NET WEIGHT 2 LBS.
GAINES
MEAL

This Alaskan Malamute, "Lag", is one of more than 150 hard-working, Gaines-fed sled dogs that knew Dog Town, Antarctica (above), as their home for nearly 2 years. The U. S. Army has taken over these dogs, feeds Gaines, too!

Official Photo—U. S. Antarctic Service

● Since day-in, day-out savings are the ones that count most in the long run, it's no wonder that more and more dog owners are turning to Gaines. Gaines may save you up to 50% due to the fact that it is a DRY food. You merely add water—nothing else—and you have a basic daily ration that contains all the nutrients normal dogs are known to need.

COMPARE GAINES

● Compare the cost of feeding Gaines with what you now are feeding. Compare also what Gaines brings your dog in food value. Besides being a scientific combination of energy-yielding ingredients, Gaines contains ADDED Vitamins, A, B_1, B_2 (G), and D.

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• Gaines was the food chosen by the U. S. Antarctic Expedition. Gaines is the food chosen by world-noted professional dog breeders for their champions. Choose Gaines for your own dog. Feed it for 30 days and if you are not entirely satisfied, Gaines will refund your money without question. Start feeding Gaines today. Buy it at your dealer's. You need not risk a single cent.

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• Mail coupon today for this FREE gift package! Contains 2 types of Gaines Food and a useful illustrated dog food booklet. Get yours now!

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Character study of a pumper in the Pennsylvania Grade oil region—one of thousands of production workers who help create a steady supply of Pennsylvania Oil for our vast war needs and for civilian use.

Sure . . . a good cook can do a good job with any steak, but with absolutely the best cut to begin with . . . M-m-m!

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Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

How Red is Russia?

Continued from page 20

you could do so. If not, a trained nurse looked after the babies in the crèche upstairs, and the older ones slept and ate in dormitories and sunny dining rooms with gaily decorated walls.

Here for the first time since the revolution, was the realization of Lenin's promise to relieve the worker's wife of the burden of children and cooking, which seems so slight to people of means but can be such a curse in a single crowded room.

I don't for a moment pretend that all Russia has reached this stage. In fact, it is just the opposite. Only the newest plants and the best collective farms have solved the "Problem of the Worker and his Family," as the Russians pompously term it; but things move fast in Russia nowadays—or would, save for the war—and what at present is the exception will soon become the rule.

Ivan Vasilyich came in grinning like a schoolboy, caught up his little son and threw him into the air.

"New shoes for the baby," he said in English, "is that right? Did you know I was learning English? But I don't yet speak him good."

Good News for the Comrades

The conference at the Commissariat of Finance had been, he told me, a triumph. The first quarter's full operation of the refrigerator plant showed so handsome a profit that a bonus of a million rubles had been awarded.

Half of the money was devoted to improving the sports stadium attached to the factory, and to other social service; but the rest was distributed pro rata according to salaries among the three thousand employees—which worked out at some thirty per cent on everyone's monthly pay check, thus five hundred rubles for Ivan Vasilyich.

"Did you go to the doctor, Sasha?" he asked the little boy.

"Oh, yes," said the child; "and he weighed me on the machine and said I was quite all right and could go back to school on Monday. But he gave me some more cough medicine and told me to take it every day for a week. I said it didn't taste nice but the doctor said, 'Never mind, if you're a good boy, Sasha, and take it regularly, perhaps your daddy will let you have a spoonful of ice cream after every dose.'" He looked at his father roguishly.

"He had whooping cough," said his father, smiling, "which kept him away from school. There's a lot of it about, but I suppose kids have to catch these things when they're small, and get them over with."

"They used to say that in our country," I told him. "But now we've a different idea: that kid maladies can and ought to be prevented because sometimes they leave traces after them."

"I know," he replied. "Our doctors are saying that too, but we can't cross that stream so quick and the villages are still backward."

Do you get the implication: that all state employees in the U.S.S.R.—almost everyone in the U.S.S.R. is now a state employee in one sense or another—get medical treatment free for themselves and their families? They also get dental and prenatal care, although they pay a small sum of money for cough medicine and other prescriptions. Which makes Ivan Vasilyich's eighty dollars per month stretch further than you'd think.

I have another friend named Petrof, who works for the Moscow Izvestia (News), the official mouthpiece of the Soviet government. All newspapers in Russia are mouthpieces of something or other. The Pravda speaks for the Communist Party; the labor unions have an organ called Trood (Labor); the railwaymen their Signal; the Army has its Red Star and the Navy the Red Fleet.

This young Petrof has a job so like my own that you wouldn't know the difference. He's been foreign correspondent in Spain and France and England, and last March was doing a feature series about the collective farms.

When I worked for the New York Times they paid me fairly well; but I didn't own the Times nor even the smallest bit of it.

Sometimes I did something they liked and they sent me kind words by cable or even a bonus in cash. And sometimes—alas—I fell down and got smacked on the nose by cable.

It's exactly the same with Petrof. If he's good they say "fine" and reward him. If he's bad they say, "What's this; how come?"

Does it matter to him or to me whether the Soviet State or the Ochs-Sulzberger family take profits or pay the losses of the paper for which we work? It doesn't matter to us, except for the not unimportant difference that Citizen Petrof, as an employee of the Soviet State, is entitled to and receives a pension after so many years of work. And I do not.

You see what I'm trying to say; that the U.S.S.R. today is run on a basis of State Capitalism or State Socialism—whichever you wish to call it; the difference I think is slight—and Ivan Vasilyich and Petrof live in much the same way as their "opposite numbers" in this country or in England.

It's true, as I said before, that automobiles and houses and similar "luxuries" of present-day Russia are tied, so to speak, to the job. But everyone in Moscow knows that it's only a matter of time and increased production—forgetting the war for a moment—until the upper and middle brackets can buy their cars outright and hire their own drivers, as today they hire housemaids or cooks.

Literally Ready for Anything

Another interesting point: the Party retains the right of call on the life of all members for life or death. To send them hither or yon to any work, anywhere, any time, paid or unpaid, peril or comfort—that is the Party's right.

These two friends of mine know that and are ready but in peacetime they understand quite well that they won't be called upon for such sacrifice.

They know that there are Party "actives" to do special Party work and pinch hit on urgent jobs wherever their work is needed, from Archangel to Astrakhan, or from Riga to Vladivostok.

The "actives" are sort of shock troops who do only Party work; but the rank and file, like my friends, go ahead like American Elmers with the thing for which they have been trained. The only difference between them and American Elmer is that they know the Party can call on them any time for anything, whereas Elmer is free as air.

In earlier days there was set what was known as a "Party Maximum" salary for all Communists, at I think 350 rubles per month, which meant that any pay over this amount went automatically to the Party Fund.

I am not aware that this rule was formally changed at any time, although it may have been; but in any case the practice nowadays is that everyone, Communist or not, obtains his full salary or wage without deductions save for labor union fees, social insurance, and in the case of the Communist, Party dues—all of which together may total as high as ten per cent.

In addition, all "good" Russians, and certainly all Communists, are expected to subscribe at least one month's salary per annum to National Defense Loans, which pay four per cent interest, and against which it is possible to borrow up to 75 per cent from the banks.

It is in banking and finance that the retrogression from the initial phase of Communism is most marked. During that phase, which lasted from the early part of 1918 until Lenin introduced his New Economic Policy (N.E.P.) in August, 1931, there really was an attempt to abolish money and monetary distinctions.

Instead of wages and salaries, men and women received food and housing tickets; and travel everywhere, from streetcars to trains, was theoretically free.

They Learned About Money

The result was hopeless confusion. Even the most devoted of Marxists came to see that the institution of money, like that of marriage, which they also tried to abolish or radically modify, was not an accidental growth, much less a vicious appanage of capitalism, but a convenience which had been adopted by humanity as it rose from the brute or Stone Age era.

The Marxian dogma, "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his needs," was seen to be impractical. For it meant in theory that my friend Ivan Vasilyich would get the sort of house he now has, and the rank-and-file workers of the refrigerator factory would live in the same sort of tenement as they do today, in both cases without salary or wage.

This dogma remains as a goal for the future and is not, as some think, abandoned. But for the time being, the national slogan is "Greater rewards for greater service," and although Communist leaders still speak of the present period as an intermediary stage on the road to Communism, they do not hesitate to admit that the existing system can best be described as State Socialism or, as I said before, State Capitalism.

They do not like the latter phrase, which they consider a contradiction in terms, but it adequately describes the facts.

The war has of course changed everything, as wars do in all countries, and it is still too soon to foresee whether the effects of war legislation and war economy will be temporary or permanent. I am therefore taking it for granted that everything I say about the Soviet system refers to the pre-war period.

Despite the Soviet's great advance toward industrialization, it still is true that seventy-five per cent of the Russian people are engaged in agricultural work.

Almost all of Russian agriculture—97.3 per cent is I think the official figure—is now run according to the Collective Farm system, or in other words is socialized. Every Collective Farm, whether it raises stock or poultry or horses or wheat or rye or flax or tobacco or sugar beets or cotton—all of them, I say, have an inalienable right of property in fee simple to the land they work. They cannot sell it or mortgage it, and it can't be taken away from them.

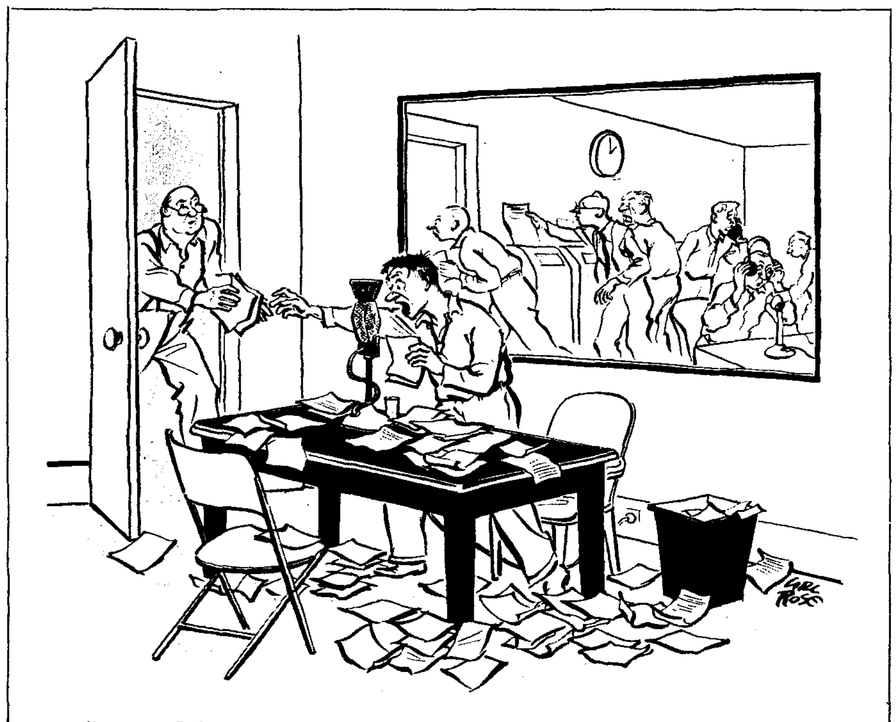
The Collective Farm is the owner, but not the individual peasants who comprise that Collective Farm. Individually they have no right save membership, although they do own their cottages and a block of garden, generally averaging about an acre, around the cottages. There they can raise pigs or sheep or goats, keep a cow or two and grow fruits or vegetables.

They can sell the produce of their lot in the open market at whatever price they can get. But they have to sell it themselves—I mean themselves or their families. They are not allowed to deal with or through middlemen or agents, unless it is a co-operative, to which they may belong if they wish.

Collective Farms pay their workers by a method of "labor days," which means that every six-hour shift per individual member is marked down on the books of the farm as one day for said member.

At the end of the fiscal year, results are tallied up, and the members receive so much per labor day, paid in cash and kind.

If the year has been good, the labor day may run as high as five rubles, with say five pounds of grain or its equiva-



". . . and four warships have been sunk and 58 enemy planes have been downed. There'll be more news in just a moment, but first, ladies, have you looked in your mirrors lately?"

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From this package...
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APRICOT SHORT CAKE. Gingerbread, whipped cream and apricots—food for the gods! *And no work.* Add water to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix, bake in layer pans. When cool, add whipped cream and fruit. Your family will devour every crumb.

Made from the private recipe of George Washington's mother.

DROMEDARY
GINGERBREAD MIX

Try cup cakes, cookies, and piping hot squares topped with whipped cream! They come out perfect . . . utterly delicious . . . with this guaranteed mix. Wholesome too . . . a valuable energy food. *And actually costs less than home recipes!*

NEW!
CHOCOLATE STUDDED
"GINGIES"
2-MINUTE RECIPE

Whole pieces of chocolate in each delicious bite! Simply stir 1/3 cup water into Dromedary Gingerbread Mix. Add 7 oz. package semi-sweet chocolate pieces (or cut up 7 oz. bar). Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased pan. Bake 10 to 12 minutes — 350° (moderate oven).

HURRAH! A MIX FOR RICH CHOCOLATEY DEVIL'S FOOD TOO!

Makes dark, velvety cake. Or crunchy, chocolatey cookies. *Always* comes out perfect!

JUST ADD WATER AND BAKE

One-way street? But officer, I'm only going ONE WAY!

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This is no time to be misunderstood when you ask for PennZoil motor oil to help your car live through the "duration".

Nor is it a time to trust to luck that you will get the safest oil without asking for it by name. There are too many widely different brands for that—more than 700 Pennsylvania oils alone!

There is only one way to be sure of getting PennZoil protection—whether it is the sludge resistance and tough film of PennZoil motor oil or the superfine quality of PennZoil lubricants...

Stop where you see the yellow oval sign shown below. Ask for PennZoil—and be sure to sound your "Z"!

HOW TO FIND YOUR NEAREST DEALER
Just call the number listed under *PennZoil* in your phone book, give your address, and ask for the names of convenient dealers.

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OTHERS STOP HERE →
REFINING OF PLAIN OIL ENDS HERE →

Cars CAN Last 7 Years!
The average car is driven 10,000 miles a year. Experts say modern engines are built to run *at least* 75,000 miles before needing costly repairs. PennZoil is refined especially to resist sludge and engine-varnish, and to protect vital parts with a tough, long-lasting film. It helps engines live long!

GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

lent in the form of vegetables and fruit.

Hard-working collectivized peasants often rate as high as five hundred labor days per adult member of the family, with something thrown in for the little ones, even down to babies of three, who are parked in the summer grain fields to yell and scare off the crows. So that a family of seven persons may get three or four thousand labor days, which means more money and food than any save the "kulaks"—the richest of Russian peasants—ever reached in the course of a year. In addition, as I said, they have the sale of their own produce.

The Collective Farm system, which was begun in 1928-29, at first functioned with enormous difficulty and against opposition of the "kulak" and middle peasants.

They did not like it at all and killed their cattle and horses and sheep and goats and pigs, rather than pool them in the Collective. They sabotaged the whole program, by open revolt in some cases; but the Kremlin stuck to its guns.

The High Cost of Socialization

Soviet agriculture would be collectivized (i.e., socialized) no matter what the cost might be. The total was five or six million lives, but Soviet agriculture was socialized and now is beginning to like it.

I suppose the percentage of Collective Farms which are really well managed is still not much higher than thirty. Say another sixty per cent are managed so-so to poorly, and ten per cent are badly managed. These figures are far better than ten years ago, and every year they improve so definitely that it is already clear that Collective Farming has not only come to stay in the U.S.S.R., but is a successful practical method.

They work the farms by brigades. One brigade does the work in the fields; another looks after the cooking; a third takes care of the children and old folks; a fourth has charge of the livestock.

Each brigade, as I said, works six hours for its labor day, but there is no restriction on extra work. Nor is there any extra payment, as there would be in urban factories, for overtime; in the villages three hours extra simply means another half labor day.

The result of all this has been that in 1939 and 1940, which were years of good harvest in Russia, the purchasing power of the peasants increased far beyond the supply capacity of the cities in consumers' goods.

During each of the last two winters, peasants flocked into Moscow and Leningrad and Kiev and Odessa with their pockets full of money to buy clothing and furniture and utensils and everything else they could get. But the goods weren't there to be bought, which annoyed the peasants no end.

They bought what they could and went home, grumbling, as farmers always grumble the whole world over. The answer, of course, was war-danger, which forced the Soviet State to create the nonproductive instruments of war instead of consumers' goods and the machines to make consumers' goods.

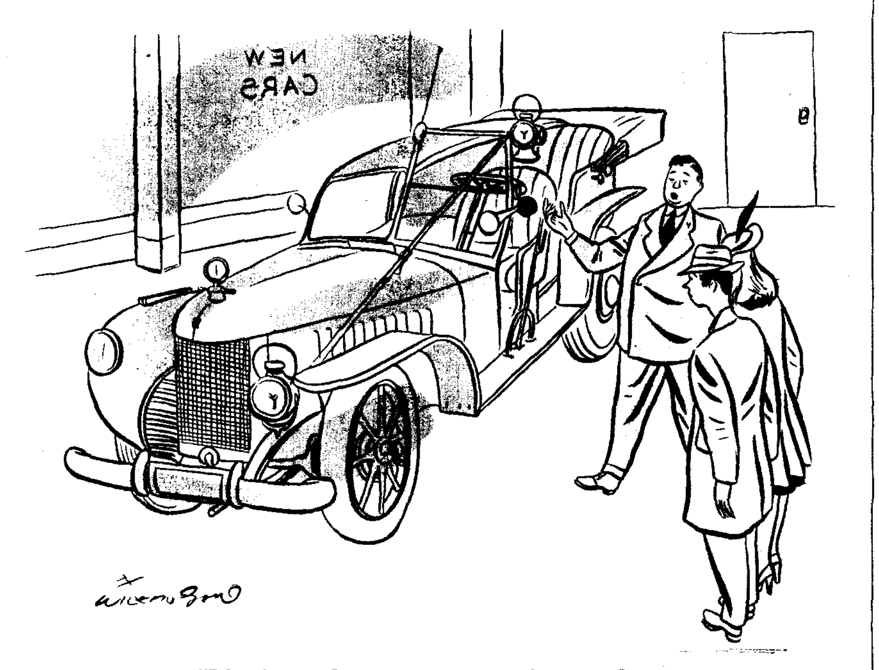
Thus it is clear that the peasants, no less than their brothers in the cities and towns, are really operating on a Capitalist basis in a Socialist framework. For them too the rule applies of "greater reward for greater effort," and even if they are not always able to spend their wages, their money still has purchasing power which could have been exercised normally if war had not intervened.

Meanwhile, the Soviet Collective Farms are taking steps to solve the age-old problem dividing rural and urban communities. The rural community wants dear food and inexpensive goods. The urban community wants cheap food and high goods prices.

In Russia prices are fixed by government commissions, but the peasants still get the short end in that they *do* produce the food in adequate quantities, whereas the production of goods—consumers' goods I mean—is still inadequate and expensive.

There are also construction works like the big new dams in this country, or TVA. On such jobs, free workers, mostly peasants, are paid as they would be here, a fair wage for a seven-hour day. It used to be only six hours but last summer they made it seven—with time-and-a-half for overtime.

On such jobs, alas, there are millions of "forced workers," sorry aftermath of the purge and the fight for collective farming. They live like dogs in ditches, in dugouts or flimsy barracks, live hard, with poor food and small pay—like soldiers fighting for freedom in stinking lice-ridden trenches—without risk save the risk of disease, nor any enemy but a dreadful and cruel life. Except for one encouragement: that when a good job is done—like the White Sea Canal six years ago, linking Leningrad to Archangel—they get amnesties by the hundred thousand, cash bonuses and even decorations . . . to mitigate their lot and give them a glimpse of hope.



"It's the only new one we have. Our spare parts department put it together"

FRITZ WILKINSON

Masquerade in Miami

Continued from page 22

he was there. And you'd start thinkin' in circles all over again . . . tryin' to find the answer."

She said slowly, "I can't really say what I'm thinking."

"Why not?"

"You'd say I was both stupid and stubborn."

"Try it anyway."

"It's this: I *know* I'm right. I argue the point with you, but I never argue it with myself."

He tried to make light of it. "The man that marries you is sho goin' to have a hardheaded wife."

"I'm probably no bargain at any price."

He hesitated, but only for an instant. Then he covered her hand with his. "How's about takin' me to the party tonight, Gail?"

"I knew you'd suggest that. But . . . no soap."

"Afraid I'd cramp your style."

"Wouldn't you?"

"Maybe. . . ."

"You watch the marine news, Vance. See if there's a report of a lovely feminine figure found floating in the Gulf Stream. If it answers to the name of Gail—that'll be me."

"Unless they've changed you," he said not unsharply, "to look like somebody else."

"I deserved that one."

"Sorry . . ." His face flushed. "But you can make me madder than anybody else in the world."

He started the car and swung back toward the city. "You'll want to start dressing pretty soon, I reckon."

"Yes . . ." Her voice held a pleading note. "Don't be angry with me."

"I'm not. I'm just worried."

"There's nothing to worry about."

He said, "Look, honey . . . I'll say this, and then it's your party. On your own showing, there's plenty to worry about. If this really is Alan . . . don't you reckon there's some big, important reason behind it? Do you suppose a man has himself made over to look like Lew Hartley without Lew being in on it? And if that's the case . . . and somebody found out that you were threatening to mess up whatever it is they're doing this for . . ." He sighed. "That's as clear as I can dish it out. So, having heard me—and being you—you can tell me you're going through with it anyway."

She looked at him steadily.

"Yes," she said. "I'm going through with it."

GUESTS circulated through the grounds and the downstairs of the Hartley home. They said to one another, "This is sure one wow of a party," and the person addressed invariably answered by lifting the right hand and touching the tip of the forefinger to the tip of the thumb so as to form a circle. It was the gesture of the moment which indicated unqualified approval, social success, the real McCoy. It was that kind of party.

The band, backed up against the patio wall, was delivering solidly. The full moon tried futilely to compete with the lighting effects concocted by Sunny Ralston in collaboration with a decorating firm. There were two bars, six bartenders, and a cold buffet which looked like a Hollywood production. The costumes ranged from sports clothes to the most formal of evening raiment. The guests—necessarily liberal in their views since they were the friends of a young lady whose status in this ménage was slightly left-handed—had never concerned themselves about the Social Register . . . but were having an elegant time just the same.

Sunny was hugely enjoying her role of hostess. Her dramatic blondness was high-lighted by a gown of shimmering metal cloth which clung intimately to the lines of her luxurious figure. She moved from person to person and group to group, greeting guests by their first names, having a smile or a cheery word for each, picking up conversations on the fly, dropping a pungent comment or two and then moving on again. The talk was chiefly of jockeys and horses and track odds and night clubs and winnings or losings at gambling houses.

SHE encountered Gail Foster and said, "Hiya, Gail. How you making out?"

"Nicely, thanks."

"Need any help?"

"Not now."

"Hoist the distress signal when you need me. I'll drop anything for a little extra publicity." Miss Ralston then became the solicitous hostess. "How come you're alone—not dancing?"

"Working girl, that's me."

"That's no good for a femme with your looks." She waved her right hand in a curving gesture and moved to the vicinity of a tall and rather handsome young gent with slick, shiny hair. Sunny addressed a few well-chosen words to this individual, at which he nodded, smiled and swung confidently toward Gail. He said, "Wanna dance?"

"Thanks . . ." Gail's smile was radiant, if rather forced. "I'm busy right now. How about a rain check?"

Gail was glad to be left alone again. She'd figured this thing from every conceivable angle, but she was still nervous. Smuggling herself aboard Alan Douglas' yacht was one thing: intruding on Lew Hartley was something else again. And that last-minute telephone call from an apprehensive Vance Crawford hadn't bolstered her morale.

"I'm not trying to make you change your mind," he said. "But I want you to remember one thing: If you've made a bad guess . . . *if* this is not Alan, but Lew Hartley . . . don't forget that he isn't going to like it. And he's got a rep for being pretty nasty when he gets sore."

Vance had been worried all right. Gail couldn't get his warning out of her mind . . . but she made an effort to forget it. She circulated through the crowd, her simple afternoon dress lost amid the glitter of evening gowns.

She was looking for Alan. She knew what to expect because Sunny had explained it. "Lew hates parties. He doesn't care how often I fling 'em, or what they cost, but when there's a lot of people making hi-hi . . . Lew wants out."

"You mean he won't show up at all?"

"Oh, he'll be here. Ten minutes. Maybe fifteen. He'll say hello to a few fellers and girls and then scram. He's slipping away on the Gull so's to get an early start tomorrow morning on some deep-sea fishing."

That had started the whole thing. Now Gail moved toward the gate. Nobody noticed her. No one cared what she did, and that suited her fine. She crossed Collins Avenue and traversed the pathway leading to the dock at which the Blue Gull was moored.

She had seen a couple of the men from the yacht cross the road and enter the Hartley house. She came close now and listened. There was somebody on board . . . she could hear sounds, as though a man were fiddling around with

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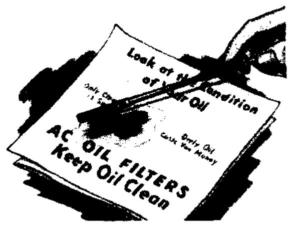
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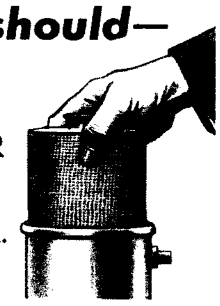

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machinery. Walking softly, she moved up the gangplank. Maybe the man on board would intercept her . . . maybe not. If he did, she'd make it sound natural: Friend of Sunny's . . . just wanted to look around. . . . It'd be a heap better, though, if she were not seen.

She wasn't. She descended the aft companionway into the compact lounge. She knew exactly where she was going. To the cabin which adjoined Hartley's. She'd seen it the day Sunny had so proudly exhibited the yacht to her.

The cabin had not been made up. So far so good. That indicated that it was not to be used tonight. She tried the door which led into the owner's cabin. It opened readily and she peered into the handsomely furnished room. She clicked the door shut and then seated herself on the edge of the berth in her room. She waited.

Shortly before midnight the captain and steward came from Hartley's house and went on board. She could hear them talking, but couldn't distinguish their words. She continued to stare through the open porthole and a few minutes later saw two other men approaching the Blue Gull. One was the slim, wiry, laconic, unpleasant little person called Chuck. The other was Alan.

Or Lew Hartley, she thought in sudden panic.

Alan and Chuck came aboard. She could hear footsteps on the deck overhead. She heard other subdued sounds, a few quiet orders from Captain Swanson. Then came the purr of the motors, the lines were cast off and the yacht nosed into the calm waters of Indian Creek.

Well, she reflected—here she was. The chips were down. "I'm not scared," she told herself with a tremulous smile, "I'm petrified!"

THEY glided into Biscayne Bay. She could hear faint sounds from shore . . . distant wailings of dance bands, auto sirens, the *thrrrrrr* of an occasional motorboat. They were moving toward the channel leading to deep water when she heard Alan and someone else in the corridor just outside her cabin. He was talking . . . obviously to Chuck. The voice was muffled. Alan's voice. She was sure it was Alan's voice. She heard him say "... yes, early. 'Night, Chuck." If Chuck answered at all, she did not hear him.

She heard the door of Alan's cabin as he closed it. He was moving about the cabin. She heard the scratch of a match and the walking stopped, and she figured he'd settled himself in a chair and was smoking.

She waited, taut as a violin string, for about fifteen minutes. Then, frightened but courageous, she turned the knob, flung open the door, stepped inside Alan's cabin, closed the door behind her and stood with her back against it.

Alan was sitting up in bed. There was no light in the room save the bedlamp by which he'd been reading. He was clad in blue-and-white striped pajamas. He stared at her, and in the half shadow, his face looked startlingly unlike Alan's: the jagged scar over the left eye, the prominent nose, the mustache . . . the shock was intensified because she'd been thinking in terms of Alan Douglas. In that first frightening instant her confidence was shaken. She had the feeling that she was here with a stranger, that Vance Crawford had been right.

She was keyed to concert pitch. Frightened as she was, she made her play boldly. She said tensely, "Alan! I've got to talk to you."

She could see that he was thinking fast. He kicked off the sheet and lowered his bare feet to the floor. He reached for a gaudy dressing gown and slipped it over his shoulders. When he spoke it was in a low tone, as though he preferred not being overheard . . . but the rasping voice, and the words it used: they added up to Lew Hartley.

He said, "What the hell are you doing here?"

His brutality aroused an anger which did something to allay her fear. She said, "You know what I want, Alan."

HE OPENED his lips to say something; then closed them. When he finally did speak, it was carefully, as though measuring every word. He said, "Look here, Miss Foster, there seems to be some man named Alan who is an obsession with you. Now let me tell you a few things. First, I don't know where I fit into the picture. Second, I don't give a damn. Third, you're making a nuisance of yourself."

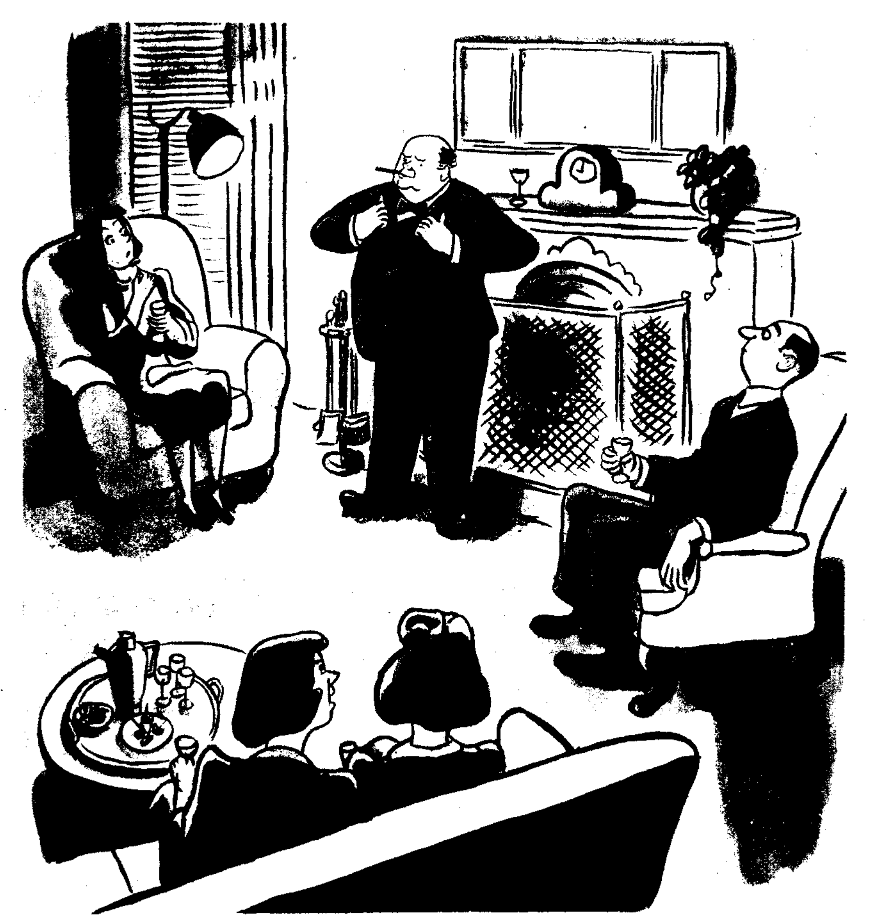
She spoke with a confidence she no longer felt. She said, "No soap, Alan. From the first, I've known who you are. Now I'm asking—*why?*"

His voice was harsh. "You're a friend of Sunny's. So I won't have you arrested. Otherwise—"

"Just a minute." She tried to keep it steady. "I'm here because there wasn't any other way of seeing you alone. I've tried, and you've brushed me off. What's wrong, Alan? Why have you done this to yourself? Why won't you trust me?"

He said, "I'm giving it to you straight. I'm not taking much more of this."

"That would be the right answer if you were really Lew Hartley. But you're not. I knew it before and I know it now." Her voice was filled with a desperate urgency. "This thing is all tied up somehow with the money you gave me for my father. Believe me, Alan—no matter why you're doing this, I'm grateful. I'll play things your way . . . if you'll only tell me the truth."


"Say something about the remarkable resemblance, or my father will stand that way all night"

ROBERT DAY

He was thinking, "She's asking for the one thing I can't do. I can't tell her. I can't trust her because that would violate Hartley's trust in me."

But Alan Douglas realized that the situation was getting out of hand. Never before had he loved Gail so desperately, never before had he so despised the necessity for acting as Hartley would act. He knew that if he let things ride . . . he'd be the one to break. His courage could not match hers.

She was talking again. She was staking everything on her belief that he was Alan Douglas and not Lew Hartley. She was tearing herself to pieces, so that he could not fail to understand.

He was thinking: "I'm Hartley. What would Hartley do?" And then the answer came to him, and he did it—because to do otherwise would have caused him to betray himself.

He strode past her and flung open the door of his cabin. Gail shrank against the wall, her eyes wide with disbelief. This, more than anything else he could have done, was shaking her confidence.

Alan bellowed for Captain Swanson. His voice was loud and unpleasant. But before Swanson appeared from above, the door of Chuck's cabin jerked open, and the slender, agate-eyed bodyguard stepped into the corridor. He looked at Alan—at the girl—and he said, "What goes on here?"

Alan said, "This woman smuggled herself on board."

CHUCK'S eyes were hostile. He stepped past Alan and into the cabin. He reached out toward Gail, and suddenly her fear vanished and she was coldly angry. She said, "I wouldn't advise you to do that." He dropped his hand.

Alan said, "You've met her before, Chuck. She's a friend of Sunny's. Works for a magazine. Maybe this is her idea of journalism."

"It's a lousy idea," said Chuck.

Swanson, who had waited until the sailor relieved him at the wheel, came lumbering down the companionway. Alan said, "We have an uninvited guest. We'll put back to Miami and drop her off."

Swanson blinked, said, "Aye, aye, sir," and went back to the wheel. Alan said to Gail, "You'd better go up on deck."

She looked at him, long and hard. She said, "That's how it is?"

"Yes," he answered, "that's how it is."

She flicked him with her eyes. In them he saw anger and bewilderment. But he saw something else, too.

He saw that he had hurt her—deeply and terribly—and he hated that.

GAIL FOSTER'S apartment was inexpensive, attractive and cozy. It was on the second floor, rear, of a long, narrow building which had been designed strictly from a utilitarian angle. It consisted of a single room, not unlike her efficiency apartment in New York. It had a couch, an easy chair, two straight chairs, a table, a mirror, and a bed that appeared out of the wall. There was an infinitesimal foyer and an even tinier kitchenette.

This afternoon she came home early. That had been at the insistence of Niki Thorpe. The rotund, jolly, dynamic co-owner of Surf & Sunshine had descended upon her and made gestures. "Get out," she exploded. "Go home."

Gail looked up in surprise. "What causes this, Niki?"

"I don't like the way you look. You give me the creeps with those dark rings under your eyes."

Gail tried to smile. "I didn't know I showed it."

"You do. What's the matter? You look like the subject for a bad portrait to be entitled Lady with Hangover."

"It wasn't liquor," said Gail.

"Emotional," snapped Niki. "That's worse."

SO GAIL was home. She relaxed in the easy chair and stared through the open window at a patch of azure sky. The afternoon was warm and pleasant, the air fragrant with roses which clambered about the apartment building. But Gail was in no mood for the delights of the senses.

"No use kidding myself," she thought. "I'm whipped."

She scarcely heard the knock on her apartment door. Not until it sounded a second time did she connect it with herself. She walked indifferently across the room. She opened the door.

Alan Douglas stood there. Alone.

Of all things which might have happened, this was the most unexpected. She stood motionless for a few seconds. She stared at the hawklike nose, the scar over the left eye, the mustache, the keen brown eyes. Then she was aroused from her stupefaction by the sound of his voice: "Aren't you going to ask me in?"

She stood back and he walked into the apartment. She closed the door and turned so that her back was against it. He stood in the middle of the room regarding her gravely.

She felt dizzy. Her back was tight against the door, and the palms of both hands were pressed against the panels. She was prepared for anything . . . except what happened.

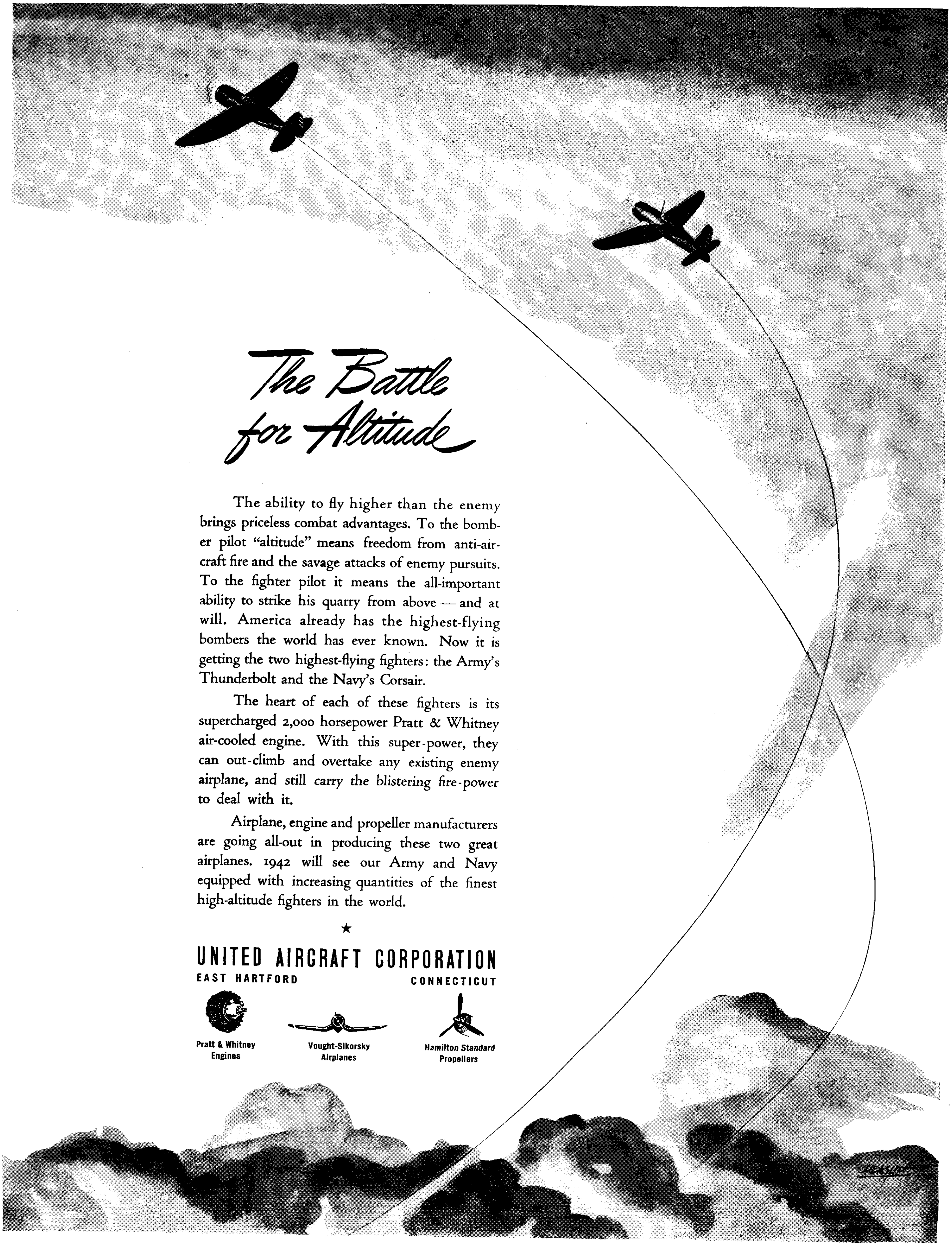
His voice was gentle. "You were right, Gail," he said, "I am Alan."

It came suddenly. Like that. No warning. No preparation: "You were right, Gail. I am Alan." It hit hard. It left her shaken and voiceless because it was so unexpected.

He was speaking again. "I've been awake all night, thinking. I decided that I had to trust you. So here I am."

Questions. Countless questions flashed through her mind: silly questions, obvious questions, eager questions. But she asked none of them. Out of all the things that she wanted to know, she could find no one single question that demanded to be asked first.

He said, "I shocked you. I'm sorry. But this is the only way I could do it." He moved forward, took her arm and led her to the easy chair. "I feel like an



The Battle for Altitude

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COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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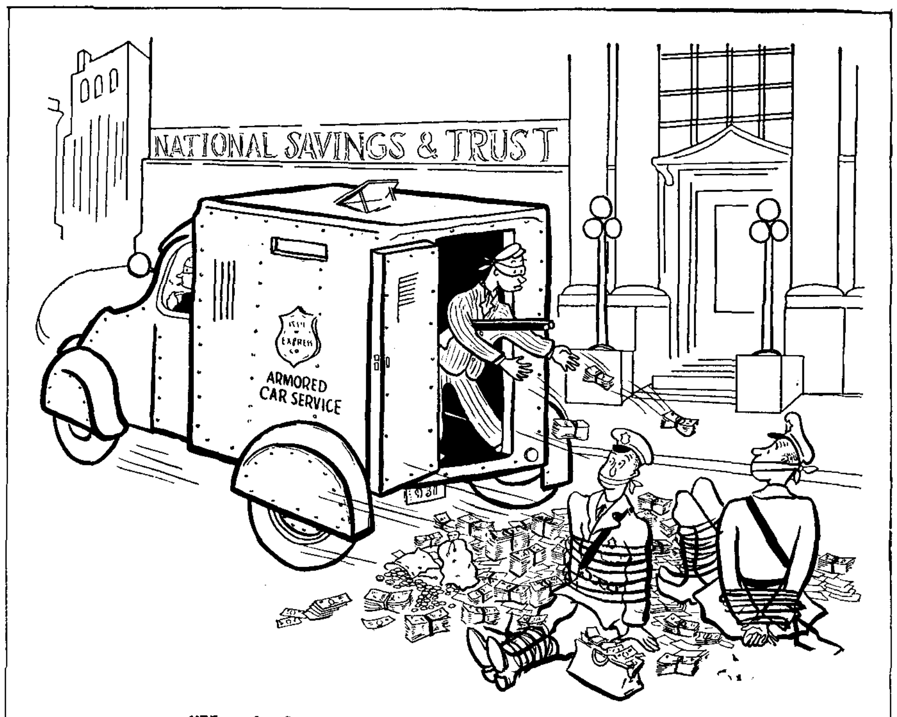

"Here's the money—all we want is the truck!" SCOTT BROWN

awful heel," he said. "But it wasn't my fault."

Again she felt that sensation of there being no question big enough or comprehensive enough to ask at a moment like this. She kept her eyes on him, studying him, taking in every detail—and, perversely enough—more convinced that this could not be Alan, now that she knew that it actually was.

He drew up a chair and sat close to her. He did not touch her. His gentleness was incongruous behind the mask of Hartley's face. He said, "Whenever you think you can take it, Gail—I'll start talking."

She moistened her lips. "Please do, Alan. Slowly . . ."

He talked. He started at the beginning, picking up the loose threads of the story that age-long night ago when they had gone skating on the pond at Rockefeller Center and he later had encountered Wayne Hamilton. He talked simply, as one might talk to a child who was groping for the answer to a bewildering problem.

He carried his story through to last night. "That jarred me," he said. "After you had been put off the boat, I went back to the house. I spent the night thinking. I was debating a single point: Of the courses open to me, which was the most fair to Lew Hartley?"

He took out a jeweled cigarette case which bore the initials L. H., handed her a cigarette, selected one himself, and lighted both.

"There was no one with whom I could discuss it. Wayne Hamilton has gone away. I had a feeling that neither Chuck Williams nor Sunny Ralston could be relied on for advice. It narrowed down to this question: Which was better . . . for me to violate the letter of the trust Hartley had placed in me, or to let you continue to investigate until you discovered the truth. I decided that even Hartley would approve what I'm doing."

She had herself under control now, but still she did not speak.

He went on: "My reactions last night when you walked into my cabin decided me. You caught me with my guard down. I knew I couldn't hold out much longer. You see, Gail . . . I had almost forgotten how much I love you. What reminded me was the hurt look I saw in your eyes. I knew I couldn't stand that gaff very long. But there was no time to think, then. That was why I called Swanson, because I didn't want to be swamped by the problem until I'd had time to think it over."

His lips expanded into a smile, and it seemed sardonic on his face which was not his. "Later, you can tell me how you happened to be in Miami . . . what aroused your suspicions. I haven't doped that out any more than you could cook up an answer to why I was playing Hartley. But this was clear to me: If you continued snooping around—and you gave every indication of doing exactly that—you'd be bound to learn the truth. You'd logically tell someone . . . and that seemed unfair to Hartley, who has something tremendous at stake. He had pledged me to play straight with him . . . but there was an unforeseeable condition which had to be handled on the dot. I had to take it for granted that he could trust my discretion as well as my honesty.

"I knew something that Hartley could not know. I knew that I could trust you. You reminded me of that last night. So long as you were ignorant and inquisitive, you might cause trouble. Knowing the truth, you'd play it my way." His voice trailed off, and he spread his arms wide in a gesture of surrender. "So here I am, sweetheart. And that's the story."

She said, "Would you mind holding me very tight for just a minute, Alan?"

THEY rose and his arms went about her. And now she closed her eyes and relaxed, now her worries vanished—however momentarily—because this was her Alan. She pressed her face against his coat. Everything was all right now. It had to be all right. Yet—oddly enough—she hesitated as she felt his hand under her chin, tilting her head back for the kiss which she so desperately wanted and needed.

He kissed her. But she kept her eyes closed. Then he said, "I was right to trust you, wasn't I, Gail?"

"You know the answer to that."

"You won't interfere, now that you know everything is all right?"

"I won't interfere, Alan." She hesitated briefly before going on. "But I don't feel that everything is all right."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know. Intuition, I suppose."

"Darling . . . you mustn't let an archaic thing like intuition knock your common sense out of the ring."

"No?" She gave a worried little laugh. "It was intuition that brought me this far."

He shrugged. "That was guesswork. But now you've got facts. And you mustn't put me in the position of having been unfair to Hartley."

"Has he been on the level with you?"

"Certainly. First, the money. Then, the setup here. Everything has been exactly as Wayne Hamilton told me."

She said, "But it isn't finished."

"If you mean the supposed danger from the rival manganese moguls . . . I think that was a lot of boloney from the beginning. The risk, I mean." He smiled. "And I've got Chuck. He's a crummy companion, but I fancy he's a most efficient bodyguard."

"It isn't that, Alan. Maybe I'm letting my imagination run away with me. I used to do that when I was tiny . . . when they'd read Alice in Wonderland to me. My imaginings carried beyond the story: I always saw more than Lewis Carroll wrote."

"You'll be good?"

"Cross my heart."

"And you won't imagine the White Rabbit getting into any serious scrapes?"

"I'll try." This was more like the old Alan, and so she became more like the old Gail. "How did you manage to slip away to see me?"

"Just walked out. Like a big boy," Alan said."

"No one followed you?"

"Certainly not. And even if they had, what difference would it make?"

Her voice had tightened up again. "I was trying to figure that," she said.

He put his arms around her and drew her close. When she came up for air it was to say, "That was worth waiting for, darling . . ." and then as he rose to go she said, "You'll be careful, won't you?"

"I'll be whatever you want me to be."

HE SMILED with Lew Hartley's face and waved goodby. The door closed behind him and she heard him walking down the hall.

She waited. Then she left her apartment and walked the entire length of the public corridor so that she could get a final glimpse of him.

She saw him leave the building and walk off down the street. And she saw something else.

There was a car parked near the corner. In it was a slender, pasty-faced man with cruel, agate eyes. Chuck Williams.

So Alan had been followed. She saw Chuck drive past the apartment house. Against all the dictates of logic and common sense, her fear returned.

Gail Foster spent a sleepless night. Her attempt to rationalize things got her exactly nowhere.

Now she knew the truth, and by all the rules of common sense she should be content. But she wasn't. She believed that Alan had told her the facts as he knew them, but somewhere within her a warning gong was sounding: instinct impelled her to ask questions which neither he nor she could answer.

She was even denied the satisfaction of telling Vance Crawford that she now knew she had been right. Alan had tied her hands. He had insisted that no one must know . . . and then a thought came to Gail just before the first gray finger of dawn crept across the Atlantic.

She had promised Alan not to tell anyone, but it was logical to presume that she might discuss the thing with someone who already knew the truth.

She caught a little sleep before her alarm clock buzzed at eight. She was at the office of Surf & Sunshine before nine o'clock, banging out routine stuff on her typewriter, checking over dates for social functions which she had been assigned to cover. At ten o'clock she telephoned the Hartley home.

Her ring was answered by Philip, the ebony butler. He said, Yassum, he thought he mebbe heard Miss Ralston movin' aroun'. He'd find out right away would she make talk with Miss Foster.

Gail waited nervously until she heard Sunny's sleepy voice—and then the click of the downstairs telephone as Philip put the instrument back on its stand. She said, as brightly as possible, "I hope I didn't wake you, Sunny."

"Nobody can wake me this early. And anyway, I was already." Sunny took a deep drag on a cigarette. "What cooks?" she asked.

"Nothing important." Gail hoped her voice sounded casual. "I'm merely overcome by a desire to buy you a lunch."

"Where, when, and is it fattening?" Sunny asked.

"Seaspray Club, twelve-thirty, and it isn't."

Sunny said, "Check. I'll be there on time or slightly late."

(To be continued next week)

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

M. E. Midkiff, of Lodwick Aviation Military Academy, at Avon Park, Florida, which is giving primary training to future Army pilots.

"In point of years, most of our instructors aren't much older than we are—but, oh, what a difference in flying experience and ability! There are times when we wonder whether we will ever get to be fifty per cent as good as the men teaching us—and lots more times when we would be willing to bet that we won't.

"There are varied and colorful careers behind these men. Already commercial pilots, crop-dusters, even former Army fliers are teaching Uncle Sam's eaglets. Our instructors have to do an awful lot of talking to us. But the thing they like best to say and we like best to hear is:

" 'Well, think you can do it alone?' "

THERE are still some people left, including pilots, who will not use the safety seat-belt in airplanes. Latest and official tragic results of this negligence show how three persons—the pilot and two passengers—were killed when their open-cockpit plane went into a sharp dive at 2,000 feet, catapulting the pilot into space and carrying the passengers to instant death. No one aboard wore parachutes, and all evidence points to the failure of the pilot to have secured himself with the very handy and easily operated safety belt.

We know of one pilot who will never neglect this precautionary step. He is Col. Ford O. (Tex) Rogers of the Marines.

Tex was a bomber pilot in the last war and has been flying ever since. Can't reveal where he is now, but he's in an important tactical post. Well, one day Tex was flying an experimental open-cockpit pursuit ship with nose-heavy characteristics. He had his belt on all right, but he needed to know the time and his watch was securely lashed down in his watch pocket by the safety belt. Forgetting for a second that the plane was very nose-heavy, Tex let go of the stick and unfastened his belt to dig out his watch. Next moment he was tearing along into space headfirst while the fighter was diving earthward. Tex got the rip-cord pulled while still traveling in horizontal flight and floated safely to the airdrome below. But he never did succeed in finding out what time it was.

F. R. N.

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China Gold

Continued from page 27

Ta-ming, always with an eye to what happened on their streets, saw the two white men they knew so well because they were the only white people in the city, striding toward the enemy barracks. By now everybody knew that a white woman had come in on the train, and that she had, after being sprayed with some disinfectant, as the "devils" sprayed everybody, been taken to the barracks. What was happening to her there could only be guessed. But all heads leaned out of the doors as the two white men went by.

Of the inhabitants of Ta-ming only these two dared to go to the enemy with bold words, for the enemy did not dare to kill them. Chinese they killed as easily as though men were lice. There were great mounds against the city wall which had not been there a year ago. These mounds were covered with fresh earth, and a few weeds were beginning to sprout upon the earth. But when they sent down their roots those weeds would feed not upon earth but upon the bodies of men and women and children whom the enemy had killed. Silence therefore was ready everywhere, and when Japanese came out into the streets, the whole town was silent.

TOWARD the barracks the two men marched, the German stiffly as he had been taught. But Father Valerian loped along like a wolf, his cassock swinging away from his legs. Rudolf had often laughed at that wolflike pace—"a sheep in wolf's clothing," he had said. "That is what you are, so fierce-looking when angry and the heart so gentle."

"When did the train come in?" Father Valerian asked sharply. If it had come in only a little while ago he might yet be in time. But these enemies of God were so quick with women! He had not often been in time.

"Half an hour ago," Rudolf said. "I heard the whistle of it. I know what you are thinking, but this, remember, is a white woman."

"What difference does that make?" Long ago Father Valerian had ceased to see the color of skins.

"I think it makes a difference sometimes," Rudolf said.

Father Valerian did not answer. He quickened his pace to something that in a short-legged man would have been running and in a few moments he saw the crossed Japanese flags above the gate of the great house which had once been the home of the P'an family, the richest house in Ta-ming. The whole family had fled before the enemy came and so their house was waiting. A few slaves, left behind in the haste, had been used and killed.

Thinking of this, Father Valerian's lips tightened. "Our Savior!" he muttered and passed under the crossed flags. Two small guards leaped and clung to him, but he seemed to pick them off between his thumb and forefinger and they fell into the dust and before they could clamber up, he was striding into the courts with which he was perfectly familiar. Father Valerian, had he been told that he had knocked down two men, would have denied it with utmost honesty. "I never put my hand upon a fellow creature," he would have said.

Close behind him Rudolf marched, a smile upon his ruddy face. Japanese soldiers fell in, scolding, but no one put out a hand. Now Father Valerian had come to the main room where he knew the captain was to be found, because here he had found him on his many visits. The great hall which had once been the center of a family life hundreds of years old was now the headquarters for a small bandy-legged man with a thick underlip and spiky black hair above his yellow face. He was sitting at a carved table drinking tea and smoking a cigarette, his uniform unbuttoned over his little fat stomach when Father Valerian swept up to him on a wind from God.

"The white woman you have here you must release to me at once," Father Valerian said. All the sternness of an angry deity was flaming out of his blue eyes.

"You are mad!" the little captain said sullenly. He knew Father Valerian from many such visitations, and courtesy was not necessary. After this long-legged white priest was gone he would storm at his guards that again they had allowed him to pass.

"Will you bring her out or must I find her and deliver her out of your hands?" Father Valerian demanded.

Behind the priest the German stood like a rock. Had it not been for this German, the captain thought, he would have found ways of dealing with the American priest. But he could never make up his mind about this German. Why had he chosen to stay in China when he could have had a safe passage home? These queries he had put to his headquarters, and had added that if there were any scandal against this German, if, for instance, he were a traitor, it would be very convenient. But all records showed Rudolf Helgel a loyal German who had fulfilled his duties as a military adviser in the cadet school in Tientsin with the utmost fidelity to the German ideals. Why, then, was he in Ta-ming? It was necessary to believe that he was here for some reason—a spy.

The captain spent much time uncomfortably in trying to unravel the mystery of why a German spy and an American priest should live together. They must both be spies. To have believed the simple truth would have been beyond his powers. Therefore he had never dared to fulfill his wishes upon their persons. He could only be loud and quarrelsome, and so he now was.

"What has this woman to do with you? I merely hold her and prepare to send her on to Peking. She should never have come here."

"It is better, if she is to be held, that she come to the mission," Father Valerian said. His face took on a sort of luminous light that was terrifying. It was only the blood in his veins rising under his sunburned skin, but a qualm went over the sullen little captain. The taunt that rose to his lips hung there and he did not speak.

BUT he did not need to speak. There was the clatter and crash of a lattice shattered. They looked around. Across the court a girl in a tweed suit was climbing through the lowest window. She righted herself, shook back her curly blond hair, and came toward them calmly. Behind her, two Japanese guards were clambering and they ran forward and caught her at her arms. She turned on them and pushed one and then the other away from her and quickening her step she came into the room, and went straight toward the tall priest who was staring at her as he stood. She came toward him as though there were no one else in the world, her vivid face shining like a child's, her lips parted, her eyes bright as though with tears, until she stood before him, looking up at him.

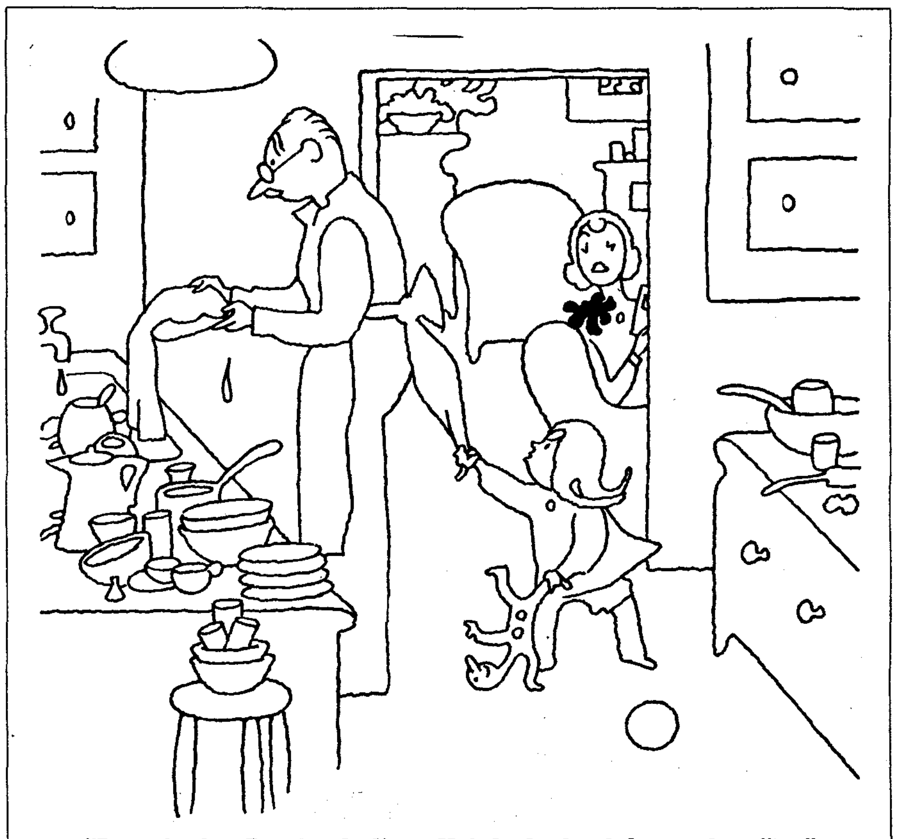
"Father Valerian!" she cried.

She saw the anger drain out of his face, and under the windburn of his skin a pallor like death crept up. Solemn as death his grave blue eyes looked down on her.

"Who are you?" he whispered. "How do you know me?"

Elaine searched that kind bearded face. This was the man who should have been her father! "You knew my mother," she said.

"Your mother," he repeated. It had been so long since he had thought of any woman that a dark red came creeping up under his close beard. Any woman?



"Don't bother Daddy, darling. He's had a hard day at the office"

GARDNER REA

There was only one woman of whom he had ever thought. "You aren't—you couldn't be—" he faltered.

"I am Mary Hatcher's daughter," she said.

She felt the startled gaze of his blue eyes grow dark and strong. "Why have you come here?" he demanded.

"My mother sent me to you," she answered.

"Is she—she is—" his voice faltered and stopped.

She perceived that he had heard nothing and so she must tell him. "My mother died almost a month ago."

"She is dead!" The darkness and the power faded from his eyes. He sighed and passed his hand over his beard.

"Now it is better you both come away from here," Rudolf Helgel said gently. He had stood silent, looking at these two, listening. By one of the strange chances of which life was capable he thought in his German way, these two had come together for some reason. He knew that Father Valerian could not have seen this girl before—she was too young. But he perceived that there had been perhaps another young girl, this girl's mother, and at once he told himself that he would now begin to understand the priest in whose house he lived.

"Yes," Father Valerian said, "yes." He gazed about him half-blindly. The Japanese gendarmes stood scowling around them.

"You walk on the right hand of her, Father, and I will walk on the left," Rudolf said.

Father Valerian obeyed as a man in sleep obeys a strong commanding voice, and thus with the girl between them, the two tall men drove their way through the gendarmes. Then Father Valerian came to himself for a moment.

"This way!" he said. "We will not again go before the captain. There is a side gate which I remember."

The Japanese parted before them shrieking refusals, and followed them chattering. One man put out his arm and snatched at Elaine's sleeve. Father Valerian saw that yellow hand and he lifted his own hand and struck it off suddenly.

"Come," he said, "we must go more quickly!"

THE guards pressed closer and he threw out his long arm and swept them aside, and Rudolf when he saw it, put out his arm, and so they crossed a wide court and came to a barred wooden gate. That gate Father Valerian opened and in a moment they were in the street. It was dark. The fearful people had put up the boards at windows and doors—only the moon shone down.

Elaine thought, "Now I am with him, I am perfectly safe."

But Father Valerian did not slow one whit of his pace, nor did he speak. When he had this girl in the mission house he would ask her what were her proofs. No, she did not look like Mary—she was more beautiful than Mary was. One of the reasons he had loved Mary so much was that she was so honestly plain. He had thought to himself when he first saw her that here was a young girl who had no beauty of face. In the south where he had come from, nearly all women were beautiful and his first impulse had been to be sorry for this one who had all riches except the one women wanted most. Then he had admired her because she made no pretense at beauty. Other girls who were plain, he remembered even now, contrived themselves toward grace or charm. Even his mother had used tricks as she grew older and youthful beauty left her. But Mary who had been so young had used no tricks. She had carried her head high, and her plain face was honest and itself, and for that he liked her first—no, loved her, first. He loved her very soon. "You are good," he had told her before he said he loved her. "I feel you altogether good."

"Is that enough?" she had asked after a moment.

"For me it is the first necessity," he had replied.

Yes, he had always loved goodness above all else, and it was the clear diamond quality of her integrity that drew out his heart toward her. He had loved her, but he had not known how to tell her how much he loved her. At least, she had not loved him.

THE mission gate was before them, and they went in.

"Draw the bar of the gate," he said to the gateman, and waited while he saw the bar drawn. They had not been followed and yet he wanted the gate secure. Then he passed his hand over his beard again and stood, his eyes upon the girl's face, as though he forgot to go on. She was not looking at him. She was gazing about the garden and then at the house.

"This is where you live," she said.

"I have lived here for twenty-two years."

"Then you came here before I was born."

"Before you were born," he agreed. Yes, he was thinking, this might be Mary's daughter. This girl had something of the same diamond-clear look—fearless, unpretending. The moonlight fell upon her fair hair and her fair skin.

"Where is your hat?" he asked suddenly.

She shook back her short curling hair. "I must have dropped it," she said. "They took me so suddenly. I had just stepped off the train and I was looking for someone who might speak English. There was a funny old Chinese on the train who had fetched me some bread and hot tea, and he came off with me—I mean, he seemed to be coming here, too. But when the Japanese came running up he simply disappeared."

"We had better go in the house," Rudolf said. He stepped back and let the two go ahead of him. The girl's back was very graceful and she held her head high. She was blond with the sort of delicacy which one saw only in American women, delicate and yet sturdy—the air of freedom, he thought. But he was experienced enough to know that her garments had cost a great deal of money, simple as they looked, and upon her hand there flashed rings which were dangerous to wear in a city like this. He must tell her that when he could. Now, of course, he could only follow into the house. The oil lamp was burning in the room where Father Valerian had been eating his supper.

"Where is your baggage?" Rudolf asked the girl. It had suddenly occurred to him that she had nothing in her hands except her pocketbook.

"I suppose it is still at the station," she said. "They took me away before I had any time to get it."

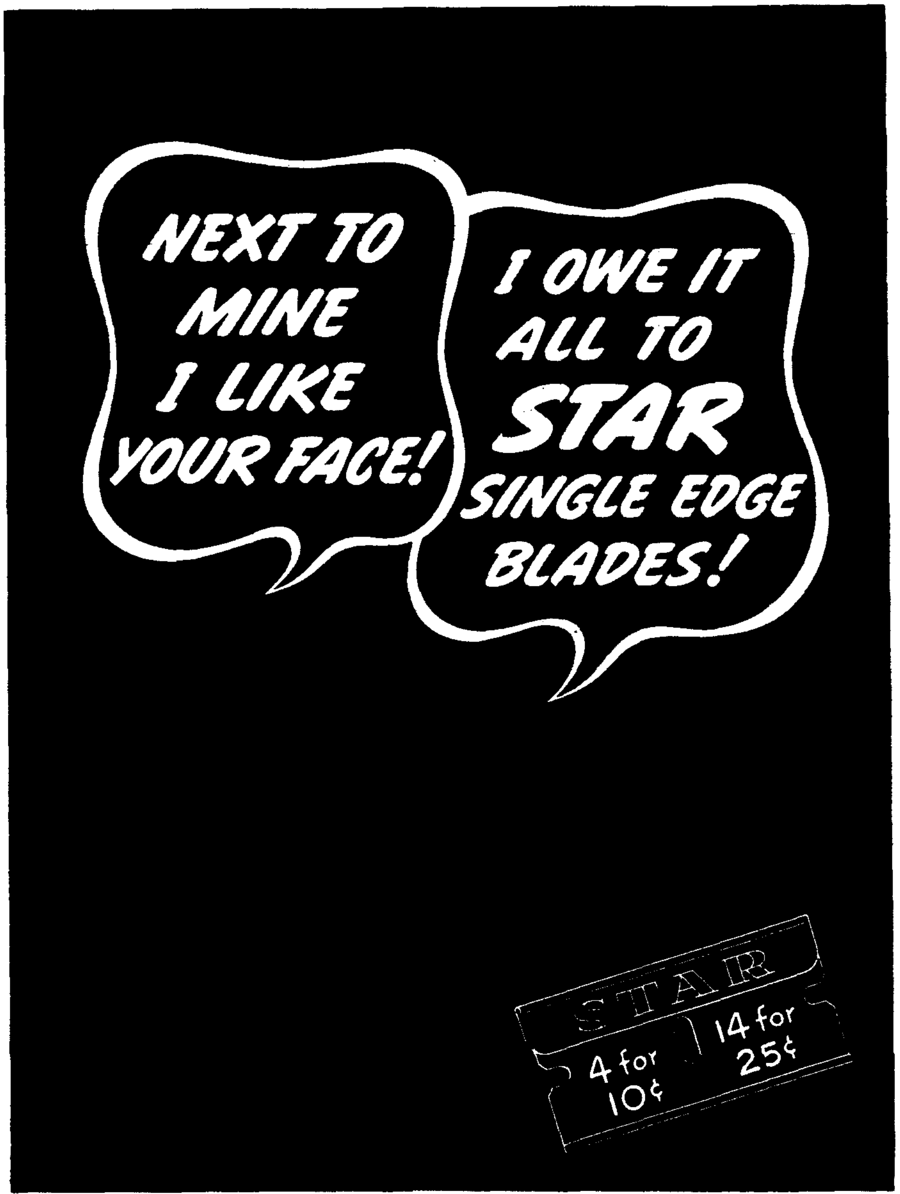
"That is lucky," Rudolf said. "Now I will myself go and see that it is brought here. Where did you leave it?"

"On the platform," she said. "I had only two bags. They told me in Shanghai I had better not bring trunks."

"On the platform!" Rudolf cried. "Ah, then, I cannot be sure! What is not watched here is soon gone. But I will see."

"That will be kind of you, Rudolf," Father Valerian said. He was standing in the middle of the bare floor, looking as though he did not know what to do next, and Rudolf seeing him took his arm.

"Now you must sit down and she will sit down too, and while I am gone you will drink some tea together and you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will talk," he said. "You are both very excited and tired."

He pressed Father Valerian into the most comfortable chair and saw that Elaine sat down in a small wicker seat. Then he shouted "Lao Ling!"

Lao Ling appeared so quickly that he knew the man had been waiting at the keyhole. But it did not matter. "Pour tea!" Rudolf commanded him and waited until Father Valerian busied himself with the pouring of the tea into small blue bowls of peasant pottery. Then he went away.

"It is only Chinese tea," Father Valerian murmured. "We—of course here there is no cream—or—or sugar, though perhaps in the kitchen there might be some Chinese red sugar."

"Please, no," Elaine said quickly. "Sit down—let me see you. Let me tell you how I came here."

She leaned toward him impulsively and he sat down at once. His hand was at his beard again, a big thin hand. She saw the nails were broken and that upon the skin there were curious brown stains.

"Ah, yes," he murmured, "how you came here—"

"Before my mother died," she said, her voice trembling a little. "She told me—you see—what she said was 'Find Mark Chappell'—"

"She remembered!"

"She did remember," Elaine's eyes, fixed upon that gray craggy face, saw it in her imagination grow young. "And she told me—I think she felt—that you had loved her."

The hand upon the beard quivered. "That was—long ago."

"Very long ago. She married—my father."

"I remember."

"It was a very unhappy marriage."

His hand dropped into the lap of his rusty black robe. "I am sorry to hear that. I—always hoped it was a happy marriage. It—it comforted me to think she was happy."

She hesitated, thinking. No, it was too soon to tell him the story of that marriage. He had been so long a priest. She said, trying to speak calmly:

"I think because she was so long unhappy, she turned to you when she knew she could not live. So she told me to find you."

"Did she know where I was?"

AH, HOW often he had longed to write to Mary, to tell her where he was, to tell her that he was unchanged in that deep secret core of his heart! He had fought through nights of longing. No, but he had always won, he, the priest! Around that core of his heart he had built as slowly as a pearl is made, a wall without a gate. It was not safe for a priest to have a gate to the core of his own heart even though he kept it locked. There was always somewhere one hand beside his own that held a key.

"No, she did not know where you were. But she knew what your name is now—" Elaine said, "Father Valerian—it was easy enough to find you by that name."

He hid his eyes behind that long fine hand with its stained skin. His mouth was hidden by his beard. "You must forgive me if I seem—overwhelmed," he said at last. "I somehow have never thought of her being dead."

Elaine began to weep. "I know—" she said, "I can't now—I never shall!"

She had not thought of weeping, and yet her weeping made him come to himself. He was so used to weeping and to the sorrows of others that when he saw her tears he sprang to his feet and came over to her, and fumbling in some recess of his robe, he brought out a handkerchief of coarse Chinese grass cloth, washed soft and very clean, and he stooped and wiped her cheeks and then hurriedly he put the handkerchief into her hand. He had not for years been near a woman.

"Don't cry," he said.

She looked up at him through wet lashes. "It is just—that you knew her," she whispered.

He nodded and went to the window and stood there, his back to her, immensely tall and grave, his hands clenched behind him. She stared at those revealing hands.

"Why are your hands stained?" she asked suddenly.

He turned and spread out his hands and stared at them. "Are they stained?"

She laughed half hysterically. "Of course they are—don't you know your own hands?" She felt so close to this man, so flesh of his flesh now that she perceived he still loved her mother, that she wanted to be childish with him.

"It is the disinfectant," he said in a dazed, far-off voice.

"What disinfectant?" she demanded.

"We have a hospital here—it is only a sort of hospital. I am no doctor, and I cannot hire a Chinese doctor to come to Ta-ming. They will not come—it is too hard for them. So Rudolf and I have some books and we do the best we can."

She laughed, the tears still rolling down her cheeks.

"I shall help you," she said.

He stared at her, his gaunt face all light and shadow in the yellow lamplight. "It is not possible for you to stay here," he said sternly. "We are two men—and I am a priest."

"Certainly I shall stay here," she cried.

"It cannot be."

He saw her face change into a look that startled him. Her blue eyes grew bright with anger, and her small full mouth hardened itself. Her tears dried suddenly. "There is nothing that cannot be," she cried at him.

How he remembered that flashing anger! He had loved Mary so much when he had laughed at her angers, her many quick angers. They had always come like this, with blazing blue eyes and a hardening mouth. When he laughed she grew more angry and then he must comfort her by turning very grave and inquiring into her trouble. But once her anger had broken into weeping. To his terror that day she had leaned her brown head against his arm.

"If only I dared to love you!" she had whispered.

His heart had stopped. "Why do you not dare?" he had asked.

But she had shaken her head and never answered. The day after that day she had been engaged to Paul Brian.

"Where is your father?" he asked, "Why does he not look after you?"

But Elaine turned her head away. "I feel as if I had no father," she said. "I can look after myself."

THUS they were in unresolving silence, he helpless and she stubborn, when the door opened and Rudolf came in with her two bags.

"You were born with luck, I think," he said gaily. "At the station were your two bags, protected by an old Chinese. He sat on them in the darkness staring this way and that, and refusing to give them to anyone. Of course he may himself be only an old thief, wanting to make sure that no one else claimed them. I gave him some money and my thanks, and asked him his name, and he said, 'My poor name is Li' —that is to say, in America Smith, or in Germany Schmidt. And he went away."

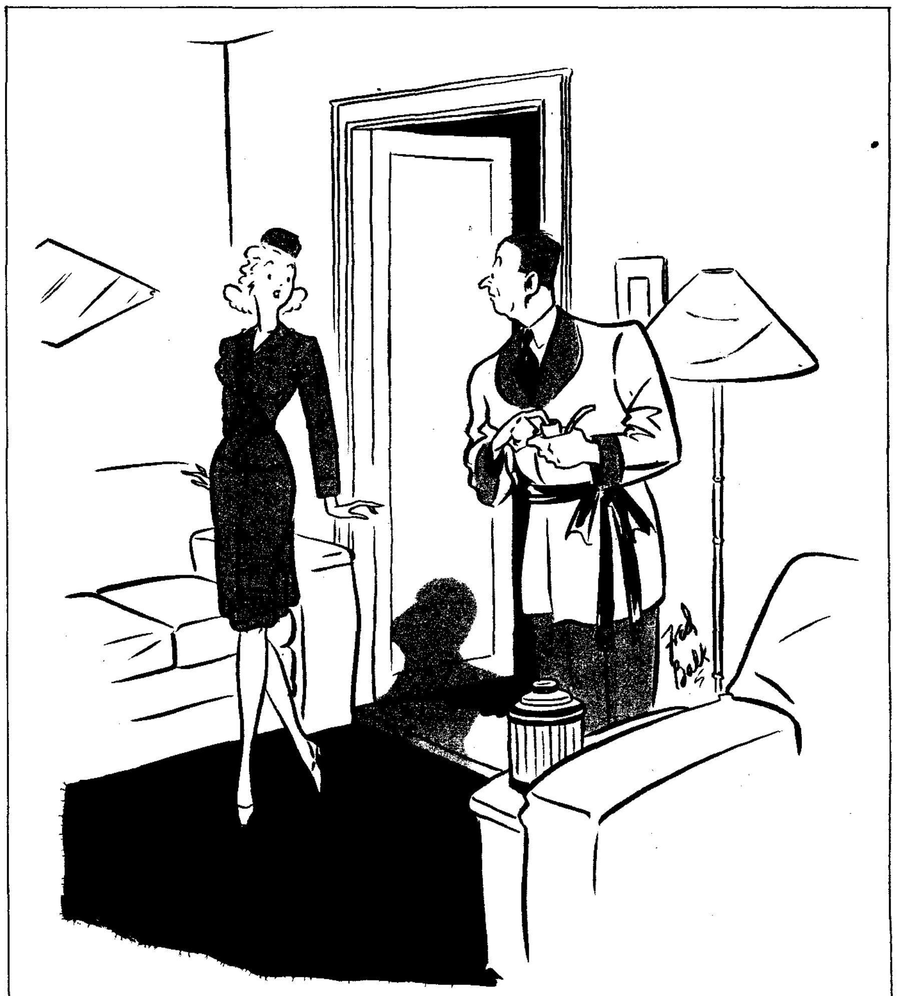
"It must have been the old man in the train," Elaine said.

She was relieved to have the German come back. The tie between her and Father Valerian had drawn itself too quickly close. She wanted now to cut the tie her mother had made and make her own with him.

"I hope nothing is gone from the bags," Rudolf said politely.

"It does not matter," she said. "There is nothing but clothing, no, except one thing."

She had risen but now she dropped to her knees beside the smaller bag and



"Does it make me look masculine?"

FRED BALK

opened it. Rudolf Helgel who had not for six years seen a woman's pretty inner garments stood still, staring down at the gossamers of lace and silk. His heart began to beat slowly and thickly and the blood surged into his heavy neck. Then he moved abruptly and looked up with startled shame to see if Father Valerian were watching him. But the priest had turned again and stood gazing out of the dark window, his hands clenched behind his back, and Rudolf moved toward him and stood beside him, and so the two men stood, their backs toward the girl. She looked up and smiled suddenly and did not speak.

A moment later in the silence Father Valerian felt something put into his hand, a small oval thing, and he turned and looked at it. It was a miniature framed in gold, and he stared down at it. A face looked up at him, a face he knew and did not know.

"That was painted last year," Elaine said softly. "I brought it with me—it's the only picture I have of her. I want to give it to you."

He looked at it a long moment. Then he held it out to her. "I cannot," he said hurriedly. "I—it would be wrong for me."

"Oh, why?" she cried.

"Take it," he muttered. "I could not—bear it."

She took it and at the quivering touch of that strong bony hand, she was struck to silence. She dropped the miniature into her pocket.

"Forgive me—Father," she whispered.

He gave her the look of his priesthood.

"Child, you have not sinned," he said clearly. And then as though he had come back from the past into the certain present that he knew, he turned swiftly to Rudolf.

"It is best perhaps to put her in the girls' school, in a room near the matron."

"It is best," Rudolf agreed gravely. He took the two bags. "Come with me, please, Miss—" He put the two bags down again and laughed his hearty German laugh. "How is it I have not been told your name?"

She smiled. "No one has asked my name. It is Elaine Brian."

"Ah, Miss Brian!" He picked up the bags again. "Come with me, if you please."

She followed him to the door. Then she paused. Father Valerian stood, watching her. He did not move or speak, and his hand was at his beard again.

"Good night," she said.

He bent his head at her voice, but still he did not speak.

HE WAS sitting, his hand still at his beard, when ten minutes later Rudolf Helgel came back into the room. Then he dropped his hand.

"Did you see that she had some food?"

"I told the matron to give her something," Rudolf replied briskly.

Father Valerian sighed and folded his cassock carefully over his threadbare knees. "It is impossible for her to stay here," he said.

"Does she think to stay?" Rudolf asked, amazed.

"She says she has come to stay," Father Valerian replied.

The autumn night had turned chill and Rudolf went to the lamp and held his hand over the heat of the glass chimney. There was no heat in the mission house from year's end to year's end except sometimes in the bitterest of winter an earthen pot of charcoal in this room.

"Of course it is impossible," he agreed.

He looked at Father Valerian. Would the priest speak to explain the coming of this girl? For a moment he thought that he would. Then he saw him rise and gather his robes about him and as though he were alone, Father Valerian strode across the room and out into the court. Rudolf followed to the door and saw him enter the small chapel near the gate, and a moment later from the plain glass window there shone forth the uncertain light of the altar candles. He glanced at the soldier's watch on his wrist. It was eight o'clock, the usual hour of Father Valerian's devotions before he slept. Then he would not speak! Rudolf shrugged his square shoulders and went back to the lamp and stood there, warming his hands over that small heat.

HELEN KUNG paused in the lacquering of her smooth black hair to study the scrawled pencil letter which the day's mail had brought her.

She had taught Li-hua his English letters years ago that they might have a means of communication, and he knew no other way to write. No one except herself could have understood the printed misspelled pidgin English. But she understood. What Li-hua had to tell her was simply that he had reached Ta-ming after a miserable journey, and that the white woman was living with a priest and a German in the mission house, and the only inn where he could find a room was dirty and full of bedbugs and he wanted to come home, although he would not come until he had her command, having always been obedient to her.

She tore the letter into scraps and dressed herself carefully in a long close-fitting green robe with jet buttons. There was no color so becoming to her as green for it brought youth to her face. Youth! She had not many more years of it. She hated her white blood the more passionately because it defrauded her of the Chinese woman's eternal youthfulness. She looked delicately slender until she stood beside a woman who was wholly Chinese and then she looked older than she was. But there was a sort of youth now of which she was terrified, and the white girl had it.

When she was ready she fastened a long black velvet cape over her shoulders and let herself out of her flat, and locked the door behind her. She was prudent and economical in all those places where it did not show, and now since it was dark, she stepped into a ricksha and gave the puller a nod. He knew where she was going.

She sat for half an hour graceful and erect, motionless except for the slight swaying of her figure to the vehicle. The streets were crowded with people, but they were very silent. There had been a heavy bombing today outside the settlement and the silence was terror. Many of the crowd were refugees, but Helen Kung did not look at them. War was nothing to her. She wanted peace only because if there were war too long the white men would leave Shanghai since they could no longer carry on business. She hoped the Japanese would win and win quickly, because Elton had told her often that for his part he preferred the Japanese in authority. He could do better business with the Japanese, he said, than with the Chinese. The Japanese, he said, would keep the country in order.

To this she listened, saying nothing. He hated the Chinese, she knew, and yet his very hatred aroused some sort of hatred in herself against him. She despised her own Chinese blood. But white she hated, too, even while she envied, because white people looked down upon her. She could never forgive her father that into the composition of her white blood which might have been pure, he had, merely for the sake of his own passion, brought Chinese blood. She bore the curse which should have been upon him alone and more and more, as she grew older, she hated her white father. For her mother, that helpless creature, she had only half tender, half pitying memory. At least her mother had taught her what white men were like. It was from her Chinese mother that she had learned how to be a good mistress to Elton Field. But if she had been white, she might have been his wife. For this she could forgive no one.

The ricksha put her down before the big closed gate and she touched a bell and it opened. She nodded to the gateman but he spoke to her in Chinese.

"Does your big-man know you are coming?"

She told a lie. "Yes, he knows."

The gateman looked at her doubtfully. "It is strange that he went away in the car for dinner to the Japanese consulate if he knew you were coming. It is strange he did not send the car for you as usually he does."

"It is not strange," she replied. "I knew he had important business and I begged him to attend to it and I told him that I would come here alone and wait for him."

She went in as she spoke these lies, and left him staring after her. But she did not care. It was true that Elton was angry with her and that he had not sent for her for days. She had waited first in sullenness and then in alarm. Tonight in anger she had made up her mind she would come of her own accord and wait for him.

SHE opened the front door with her key and went into the handsome silent house. She never entered it without a pang. Here she might have ruled in all the calm right of a wife if it had not been for her father's weakness. As it was, she entered as a thief. If there were guests she knew she must come in through the side door. Never, unless Elton sent for her, did she enter this room if there were guests.

But there were no guests now. The servants were in their quarters and she was alone. If he had gone out with the car and chauffeur then he would not be back until late. She had hours, perhaps, alone. But she did not mind. She was tired of her own small rooms and it would be a sad sort of luxury to sit here imagining that here she belonged. She lit a cigarette, chose a dark velvet chair and sat down. She did not lean back. A dignity natural to her kept her always erect. Thus motionless and in complete quiet she sat and smoked one cigarette after another. Once a servant came to the door, opened it, and looked in. The gateman must have told them that she was here. But she only turned her head and said with her habitual composure, "Do not trouble yourself, I am waiting for him. Bring me only a little tea." A few moments later the servant entered again and put down the teapot and two bowls. She felt in her bosom and found a coin and gave it to him. Thus always she took care to buy good will in this house where she could not rule.

It must have been perhaps an hour later that she rose with the smoothness natural to her and put down her teabowl and the cigarette she had been smoking and went toward the door that led to Elton's private study. She went with little intention; merely, she told herself to ease a great secret restlessness that was mounting in her. If she moved about the house a little it would ease her. The curtains were drawn over the windows and if a door opened she would hear it. But she paid the servants so well that she did not fear. They were on her side.

(To be continued next week)

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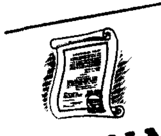

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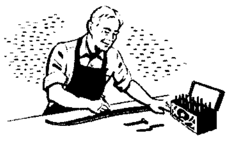

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TEXAS RANGER BELTS

Cossack Wolf

Continued from page 12

seemed to have brought everyone to Kizlyar. But what was Kirdy doing here when he should have been riding his *machine?*

HE WAS lying asleep, wrapped in his coat, on the seat of his truck. Vigorously Ileana shook him. "Your grandfather ruined an air talk. He's been drinking. Take him away somewhere."

Yawning, Kirdy grinned at her. His broad brown face was unshaved.

"Eh, Kirdy," said Yarak, pulling at his mustache.

"Health to you, old one. Don't bother the girls. They're busy."

Again Ileana's eyes blazed. She had a temper, that one. "Can't you do anything but sleep?"

"What's to do? Can't get anywhere without juice."

Striking her fists against the seat door, Ileana stormed at him. "Can't—can't! That's all you say. Nothing will be accomplished unless it is *planned*. First, think of something and then do the best you can."

"You got that out of the book, dearest," grinned Kirdy.

"Dumbhead!"

Fully expecting his grandson to swipe the girl, Yarak stepped back. But Kirdy only laughed. "She bites hard, doesn't she, Grandfather?"

Wiping the mud from her hands, Ileana turned away. "Two men—and all you're good for is to soak up vodka and sleep. You are both as brave as pigs."

Red surged up into Kirdy's face and his grin vanished.

"Pigs are brave enough," objected Yarak, who had had experience with wild boar. "Only they have more sense than men. They smell an enemy's track and they go away, because they want to keep on eating and living. There's a mound of sense in pigs."

But Ileana went on walking away, not looking back.

"Why don't you take a whip to her, and then kiss her afterward?" demanded Yarak. "That's the thing to do!"

"They've taught her too much at school." Kirdy thought for a moment. "Look here, Yarak, you'd better make yourself scarce. There's a lot going on that you haven't caught up with. Ileana thinks we ought to dash up to Novocherkassk without any benzine, and fetch a convoy-load of rifles. You'd better head up to the hut."

"Then you come!"

"Can't leave the *machine*."

WITHOUT a word the old Cossack started back to the hills. He had a feeling that, somehow, he had offended Ileana, and made trouble for Kirdy, and he went away quickly in spite of it being a festival day.

When, about noon, he heard a shot echo, he went to a knoll to look down into the valley.

What he saw interested him immediately. Far down, the ribbon of the road wound through some bare hillocks. On the height nearest him, dozens of Cossacks were coming from town, to throw themselves down and crawl to the edge, by the road. Yarak's keen eyes observed that they all had guns.

Evidently they were setting an ambush, over the deserted road. But he couldn't think whom they'd be after. He was inclined to run down and join them, but reflected it would be better to see what might be at the other end of the ambush.

It was not long before he saw it. A gray truck, crawling along the road. Others appearing after it. Presently he saw that they were filled with men, and he sat down expectantly to watch. Those men also had guns.

The ambush had been set barely in time. Squirts of smoke ran along the hillocks where the Cossacks lay, and Yarak heard the familiar faint thud-thud of the heavy Trokhlini rifles. The first truck on the road stopped abruptly and then began to back slowly. The sharper explosion of rifles came from it. The men in it were kneeling.

Down the road to the west, men jumped from the oncoming trucks and deployed to either side. A large plane appeared from the west following the road, and circled over the hillocks above the Cossacks. After a while Yarak saw the sharp bursts of howitzer shells exploding along the hillocks. But he could not make out where the howitzers were hidden.

The Cossacks changed their position, to escape the bursts, although they kept on firing.

Then Yarak saw the bicycles. They came up, two abreast along a cattle lane extending behind the hillocks. Very fast the bicycles came on, scattering mud. The explosion of their motors mingled with the firing.

Excited, Yarak jumped up. "Look behind your tails, dog-brothers!" he shouted. His voice did not carry to the Cossacks, unaware of their danger. Gray-green figures slipped off the bicycles and ran among the hillocks behind the Cossacks, carrying heavy weapons. And Yarak heard the clatter of machine guns and automatic rifles.

"Tfu!" he grunted. Those Cossacks down there didn't have the sense of pigs. In a few moments they were shot or herded together, to surrender to the bearers of the machine guns. From his vantage point Yarak saw that not one Cossack escaped from the ambush which had turned into a death trap. Yarak was glad he had not hurried down to join them.

He watched, with appreciation, the businesslike behavior of the soldiers from the road. Patrols were sent out from the hillocks. Officers scanned the road ahead with glasses. Slowly the truck convoy moved up and swung out into the grazing land on either side.

The gray-green men placed their prisoners in the center of the truck encampment they were making. They even took time and pains to drive in the herds of half-wild cattle from the neighboring pastures.

When one of the patrols began working toward his observation post, Yarak headed back toward Kizlyar, five miles away. It was sunset by then and he did not think they would make any farther advance.

This was no steppe feud, he decided. It was a raid in strength, with machines. It was war. But who were the raiders?

Hot with his news, he entered Kizlyar by moonrise. And he found that his news had got there before him. No electric lights showed in the streets of Kizlyar. The lines of stalled trucks waited there, stark in the moonlight. *Machines,* it seemed, no longer stirred there. But Yarak could not find his grandson at the trucks. He traipsed into the square where men were gathered, arguing, and looked around for Kirdy. The big Menelitza was talking loud in front of his café. He looked taller and more like a soldier in the moonlight.

"Nothing to do now," he was saying, "but get away. *They* didn't send the rifles. You can't hold the road with pitchforks—"

Ileana's small figure appeared before Menelitza. "Only wait!" she cried at the listening men. "The rifles and cartridges will come."

The crowd fidgeted. Yarak shoved forward, catching the girl's arm. "Where's that cub of a Kirdy?"

When she didn't answer he pulled her along with him. "Look, sparrow, that vodka chap isn't talking through his shirttail. It's true."

"He's sabotaging our morale. And Novocherkassk assigned me to keep up the morale here."

YARAK spat. What words from a girl! This, however, was a danger he could deal with. "We'll find Kirdy," he whispered, "and look around for some salt and bread, and track out to my hut."

"Never!" said Ileana, gulping. She swallowed hard. "Kirdy isn't here."

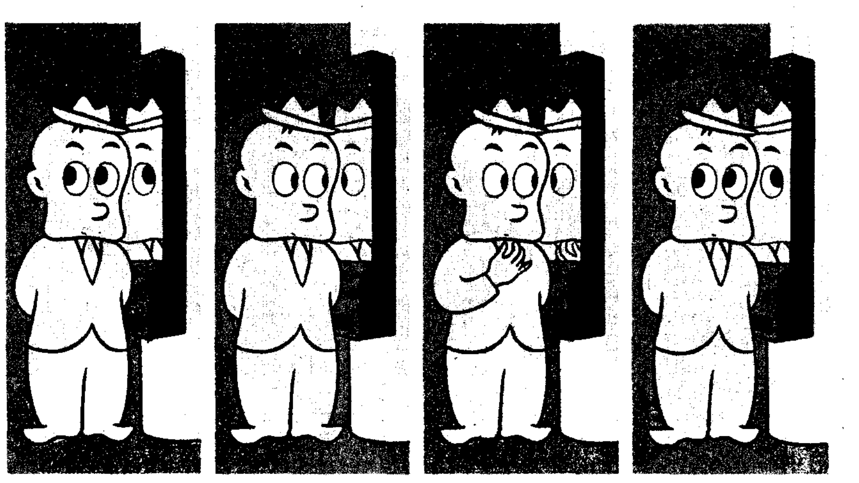
"Where is he?"

"He took a rifle and went down the road with the others."

"Then he's captured!" Yarak wouldn't think that Kirdy, the little devil, could be killed. A Cossack wasn't dead until his head was cut off. Certainly, he would be a prisoner.

"It's all the same." Ileana tossed her head. "Maybe *they* will keep the Cossack boys for hostages for a while. Only they'll stand them up and shoot them afterward, for being guerrillas—no uniforms."

And quite suddenly Ileana began to sob, digging her fists into her cheeks. Leaning against Yarak's greasy sheepskin, she cried away like an ordinary, uneducated girl. For a moment Yarak considered. It would be necessary, he saw at once, to get Kirdy out of the



Mirror

CROCKETT JOHNSON

lines of the gray-green men. Immediately. Pulling at his mustache, he pondered ways and means. A horse was the first thing. No plan could be made without a horse—

"He didn't speak to me," Ileana wept, "when he went away. *Aia-a!*"

Women, Yarak understood, had to cry at a time like this. Gently he shook her. "Listen, dearest girl. Pay attention now. Tell me—are those raiders Turks?"

"No-o," she gulped.

"Austrians?"

Ileana shook her head, miserably. "Worse than that. They are Germans."

RAPIDLY Yarak reviewed what he knew about Germans in that late war. They couldn't be bought. They couldn't be caught napping. They were *educated* soldiers. With Germans there was only one thing to do.

"Wait here," he told the girl.

Germans, he reflected, knew so much that if they saw something that puzzled them they would forget everything else until they found out what it was. They were just like sheep—mountain sheep—in that respect. What he could do after he had caught their attention Yarak didn't know. He muttered, "God gives." But he would need a horse, to get near Kirdy. A Cossack needed a horse above everything.

Heading for the nearest carts, he searched in vain for any sign of a horse.

Then, half-wrapped in a blanket in one of the carts, Yarak sighted a jug. It had a cork in it. Instinctively he glanced around, and pulled the cork. And, as if a miracle had come to pass, he smelled the rich fragrance of corn brandy. "*Tfu!*" he said, and in a second was back in the shadow of a house with the jug. Here in his hand was comfort in the cold of the night, and inspiration. Yarak tilted the jug and drank deep and long.

Immediately inspiration came to him. If there was a horse in town, it would be Ghirei Khan's. That Tatar would not come in, unless in the saddle. Moreover, no one but Ghirei Khan would be likely to know where that horse was put up.

Quickly he searched the square for the Tatar and found him sitting at an empty table watching events.

At sight of the old Cossack, Ghirei Khan reached at his belt for the knife that was not there. Old and enduring as their two lives was the feud between them. Honored now by memory—it had been the high endeavor of their youth and their prime. Yarak chose his words carefully, in the Tatar's speech. "*Yok,*" he said. "No. I come not with steel and fire this time."

The Tatar turned his head a little, waiting suspiciously.

"A son of my son," Yarak urged, "and a grandson of a Tatar woman, is captive down the road."

Ghirei Khan snarled, listening.

"I have never asked a gift from Ghirei Khan," Yarak went on. "Give me only a horse tonight, now." He laid his musket down on the table, and thought of the right words: "Don't you remember? You would have cut out my heart on account of that woman. *Aya tak*—ay, so it was. You came across the Terek like a black storm—you set fire to the steppe grass—you drove off our cattle, and left our outriders lying in their blood."

A grunt came from the Tatar's thin lips. Yarak set the jug down by him, and uncorked it. "Here—drink while you remember. You are full of years and honor now. And why have you such honor with the *Urusse?* Because of our hatred. By it, you became the Lion of the Terek, the avenger. I have on me the mark of your bullet, and the scar of your knife."

Gratified, Ghirei Khan lifted the jug, pouring the mellow brandy down his throat. "God gives." He reflected pleasantly thinking of their magnificent hatred. He and the Cossack were indeed made great by that. And to the great in soul, a gift is a small thing. He drank again. "The horse," he said, "is in the little house behind the big talking house."

One minute after that, Yarak was kicking open the doors of the outhouse behind the museum. Inside, he found a horse tethered—a long-tailed black Kabardian, plump and sleek, with its Arab strain showing in the small, lifted head. In two minutes he had tightened the girth and led the animal outside. This was a horse fit for a Cossack hetman.

As he was thinking that, he passed the rear door of the museum. It stood open, and there was no evidence of anyone inside. Then the corn brandy glowed and warmed his throat, and the fullness of his inspiration came upon him. Dragging the horse with him, he made his way into the museum, straight to the glass cases, half visible in the moonlight. With his heel he shattered the nearest glass.

Ten minutes later, the crowd in the square outside was shocked into silence. From the entrance of the museum plunged a rider on an almost unmanageable horse.

In that moonlight he looked startling enough, on the plunging Tatar stallion and gleaming saddle. He wore the red embroidered *svitka* of a Cossack *koshevoi ataman;* his belt shone with jewels, his hand raised the staff of the ancient *buntchauk* with its flying tails and cross.

"*Het!*" the apparition shouted, and careened across the square through the staring Cossacks.

They ran out to look after him, for the black horse went through the streets like a gust of wind. Menelitza, of the free vodka, stopped his talk to stare. Ileana gasped. For here was the very spirit of the free Ukraine. And yet she knew that no spirits could ride this earth.

"Khmielnitski!" a man shouted.

And a whisper ran through those people, the incurably superstitious folk of the Ukraine. A sign had appeared in their streets. Out of the Ethnological Museum. It pointed down the road toward the enemy. . . .

YARAK, as soon as he had got the horse in hand, put him into a steady gallop westward. He grudged every minute necessary to get him to the German lines. When he sighted the dark hillocks he lifted the standard pole with an effort. A rifle spat fire in front of him, and he reined in.

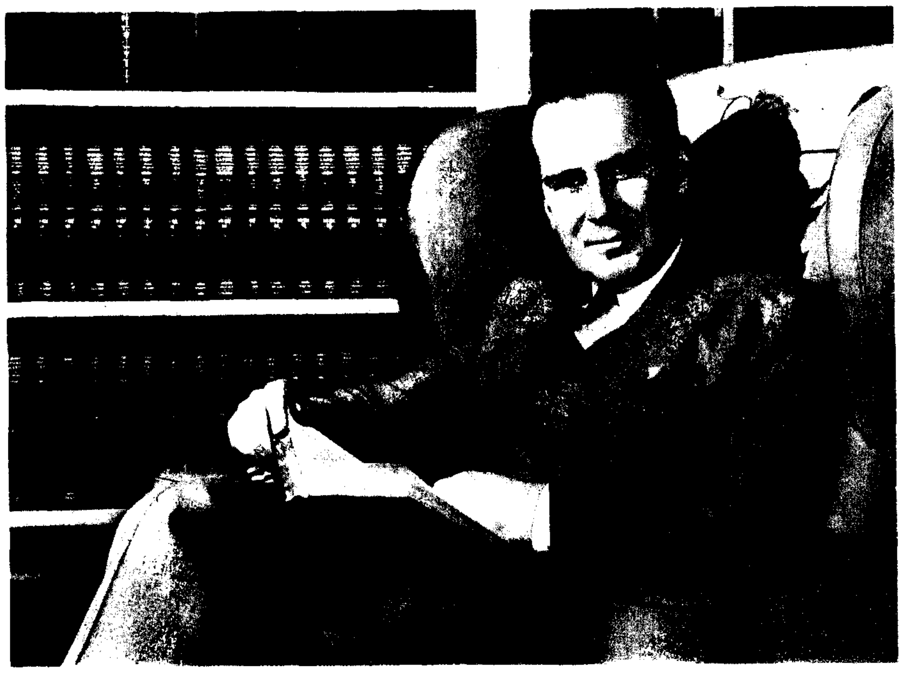
"Hi, fools," he shouted, "come out."

No one came, but no more rifles barked. Waving his *buntchauk,* Yarak walked the horse forward, for the time he thought it would take an outpost to summon an officer. Clearly, on that road, they could see he was alone.

Presently two figures appeared out of the shadow beside him. One, who held an automatic revolver, peered up at him and felt over him for weapons, while the other watched the road. After a moment, they led the horse on, to where a car waited without lights.

An officer got out of the car—an under-officer, Yarak thought. He was lean and hard and quick. Pulling Yarak's arm, he brought the old Cossack down out of the saddle, and stared at his regalia, which might or might not be a uniform. He stared at the clumsy standard, and grunted when he noticed what a fine horse the Kabardian was.

He said something to the two soldiers and one fell in behind when the under-officer led Yarak, gripping his arm tight, back along a path through the *machines*



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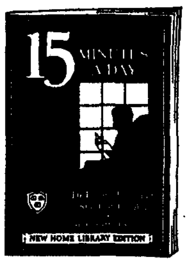

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PRESIDENT

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that were parked around the encampment. Yarak held tight to the *buntchauk*.

In that clear moonlight the Cossack's eyes missed little. First he spotted the prisoners sitting huddled on the ground. They seemed to be all alive, although hurt. The guards pacing around them carried small automatic rifles, without bayonets. Bad, that.

On some of the cars, other soldiers sat at ease behind machine guns. Yarak also recognized an armored car, and small cannon of a type unfamiliar to him (for this was a German *Bahnbrecher* brigade, with antitank guns). Not a horse in the encampment. Only, up the slope from the *machines,* he spotted the dark masses of restless cattle.

A second officer strode out to them, with his tunic unbuttoned, walking like one who gave orders. For a moment in the haze of moonlight he considered Yarak, who looked, with his beard and the flowing animal tails of the standard, like some figure out of the archaic past. The newcomer held out a tobacco pouch. "Tobacco for you," he said in good Ukrainian.

"No," said Yarak, loud. "Not for me—Colonel Commander."

This officer sniffed the Cossack's breath. "Drunk!"

YARAK thought about that, and decided to risk a shout. He did not think he could get closer to the prisoners. "That's a lie!" he yelped. "That dog won't bite—"

"Shut your noise. Tell me—what's this thing you have brought?"

He poked his finger at the standard, which puzzled him. The other officer was running his hand over the black horse, admiringly, holding fast to the rein. Off in the haze some of the prisoners turned their heads.

"It's a *buntchauk,* Sir Colonel! It's a *sign,*" Yarak said in a loud voice.

"A flag of truce? From Kizlyar? You bring a message?"

"Of course I do," Yarak yelled. "Certainly it's a sign, Kirdy. No truce. Not a bit of that. This *buntchauk* is a sign for the animals. They'll all follow it, even cattle. Eh, they'll jump when it comes. Don't you believe me? I'll show you, Sir Colonel. In just two little minutes. Look—"

"*Dyadya!*" Kirdy's voice echoed from the men on the ground.

The officer wasn't napping. His hard fist jolted Yarak's mouth, and he barked a command to the armed soldier. In the same second the under-officer started to lead the Kabardian horse away. Yarak thought that these were hard souls, quick as devils.

As the soldier reached for his collar, Yarak yelped. Reeling away, he pushed the standard pole into the ground as if to steady himself.

"Drunk as a pig," grunted the officer.

Two steps away Yarak took, and vaulted, holding to the pole. He smacked hard into the saddle of the black horse, which circled, startled. Somehow, Yarak held on to the pole, and the end of it caught the under-officer in the face. With one foot in a stirrup, Yarak kicked the Kabardian, which jumped between the men. It plunged between two cars, and leaped an antitank gun as Yarak gripped the reins and held himself firm. A shot behind him and the crack of a bullet past his head sounded together, as Yarak turned the frantic horse toward the edge of the dark herd of cattle.

More shots ripped out. The Cossack, however, was a shadow speeding through the haze, around the herd. Lifting himself in the saddle, he waved the standard with its flying tails, and he howled like a wolf.

"*Het-het!*" he wailed, circling behind the plunging steers. Frightened by the shooting and the apparition of the rider, the cattle started stampeding downhill.

The longhorns jostled together, moving faster. A machine gun flickered at them, and they struck the line of cars like a black flood, pouring through them. They plunged through the encampment, and the German guards and prisoners jumped for their lives. For a moment the *Bahnbrecher* brigade, the sleepers rousing, thought of nothing except climbing into the cars, and when fire was opened on the prisoners, they were off in the shadows of the hillocks.

At the edge of the stampede, Yarak flourished his standard. The black Kabardian kept its feet, drawing away from the cattle.

Yarak headed in the direction the Germans were firing, where the Cossacks had vanished. As he passed through a patch of moonlight, one of the fugitives turned in front of him, and caught his stirrup. "Hang on, cub," he grunted.

He felt a jerk as the boy swung himself up behind. "Eh, Kirdy," he growled. "To be caught by *bicycles!*"

AFTER full daylight, when the *Bahnbrecher* brigade moved cautiously up the road to occupy Kizlyar they found the town buried under smoke, its streets burning, along with the convoy of stranded trucks.

Groups of Cossacks were moving, far away, driving their cattle up into the forest at the snow line.

In one of those groups Menelitza, the vodka distiller, labored under sacks of bread and potatoes. And Ghirei Khan, reeling slightly, clung silently to the rein of his prize black Kabardian, uninjured after the ride of the night.

The girl Ileana, a bag of salt on her shoulder, helped Kirdy to start the gray buffalo in the hollows and the wandering black goats up toward the highlands. She did not cry now. The rifles had not come from Novocherkassk, and Kizlyar was lost. But she could feel Kirdy's hard arm around her waist and hear his living voice.

"We've got the cattle," Kirdy was saying, "so we'll live through the winter well enough."

He was laughing as he pointed out Yarak, ahead of them. Somehow, Ileana realized, Kirdy didn't seem to be beaten by misfortune. "Look at the grandfather now," Kirdy chuckled. "He has it all planned out. We're going to put up in his hut. Next summer, when the grass is dry, we're going to burn the steppes and scorch out all those *machines.*"

Like a patriarch of old time, Yarak stalked ahead of them, his standard on his shoulders. He carried also a jug.

In one day he had dealt with *machines* and *education.* Now he was leading his flock home to his house, as a Cossack should.

A Shark for Vitamins

Continued from page 15

One item in the shark's diet is important because the scientists guess (they don't know for sure yet), that it supplies the Vitamin A. It is plankton. If a couple of profs at the University of California know what they are talking about, plankton is the most nourishing food in existence—and enough is in existence to feed the whole world ten times over. Naturally, there is a catch.

Harvesting plankton is the problem. It is a form of marine life so small that it can be seen only under the microscope. The sharks seem to inhale it—but the best we can do is to catch it with a net so fine that it must be made from an extreme top grade of pure silk. The two profs are probably the only persons who have tried it as a meal.

They state it isn't half bad—but probably should have some sort of sauce.

Night fighting and dive bombing are the spectacular aspects of Vitamin A—but some of its less dramatic contributions may help just as much in the long run toward winning the war.

It helps growth and vitality and protects the body against diseases of the nose, throat, and lungs. Lack of it is likely to cause a disease of the eyes and of some glands. It is found naturally in some liver oils, and in a much smaller way in such things as butter, milk, egg yolk, and many vegetables. A curious fact is that it generally occurs in yellow foods.

Recently, strange experiments have been made with the vitamin. Chickens, fed Vitamin A, have doubled their egg production. Cuts and burns, treated with an extract made from shark liver oil, have healed in amazingly short time, and while such medical uses are still in the highly experimental stages, it may also be used in treating sinus and many cold conditions. Biggest nonmilitary and nonmedical use at present is from chicken-feed people and milk companies. Most of the new vitamin-fortified milks which have been coming into the market use shark's liver for the Vitamin A content.

Extraction processes are still deep secrets. At first the livers were yanked out, quick-frozen in five-gallon cans, and sent east to the refineries. But the delay in getting the livers ashore caused a heavy loss of vitamin potency—which evaporates with surprising speed after the shark has been killed. Ralph Orkin, a San Francisco biochemist, who has pioneered the test-tube and retort angles of the shark-oil gold rush, has invented a process of extracting the oil on shipboard, and this is fast becoming the common practice on the bigger boats.

The chemist added to the crew generally draws a share like the fishermen.

Even after the vitamin has been yanked, the carcass has been disclosed as having more by-products than two Chicago hogs. The oil, shy vitamins, makes a first class lubricant for delicate machinery. Insulin is extracted from the pancreas glands. The body is ground into fertilizer. The oldest commercial use of the shark is for his skin—but this happens to be the one item Coast fishing men are missing out on. Ripping off the skins is a slow, painstaking, hand job. Most of the skins come from the tropics where two bits a day is enough to raise a family—or two.

All in all, in the space of a couple of years the shark—we doubt with his wholehearted approval—has turned himself into a major industry. In a blacked-out world the shark is doing a vital job.

Tonight, some American pilot is alive and doing his nation's job over the South China Sea—peering through the blackness to get in that first smashing blast of machine-gun fire—because a shark off the California coast gave his all for the country.

Cathay Hey-Hey!

Continued from page 13

It was tough going, because the ban against Chinese girls in such barbarous places still held and, to top that, no one ever has been able to assemble half a dozen Chinese into a band capable of playing Western music. The boys from South China just can't get those Congo rhythms. Bands in Chinese clubs are white, to this day.

When Charley did succeed in getting a dozen girls as dancers and singers, it still was hard to teach them American dance steps—although they were all American-born and educated. A Chinese-girl dance line still is far behind the Rockettes, but since it is becoming increasingly hard for Americans to discover any rhythm in today's music, nobody minds much.

At first, only tourists patronized Chinese night clubs, expecting to whiff opium smoke and maybe see a hatchet or two flying. All they saw was Miss Joy Ching (Home Economics, University of Chicago) doing a strip tease as The Girl in the Gilded Cage; and Miss Mary "Butch" Ong dancing along with the Misses Ruby Chew, Rose Chan, Ruth Lee, Minnie Yuke, Eleanor Wong and Faye Ying, who were being the Chinese Floradora Sextet at the moment.

Too New for Sophistication

After a while, the San Franciscans themselves began dropping around to Chinese night spots, and finally the older Chinese themselves peeked in to see what was going on and became regulars. In some of the clubs half the patronage is Chinese.

Now, there are more than a hundred Chinese girl entertainers and waitresses in Chinatown's dozen clubs and bars, but many of the old Chinese families still forbid their daughters to appear in floor shows or mingle in cocktail lounges with people from outlandish places like Iowa and New York.

China changes slowly, and the night-club idea still is so new that there is, among the girls, none of the hard-boiled sophistication that is the trademark of their white sisters in Eastern American cities. They're more like a bunch of college kids having a good time—and in fact, more than two thirds of them are graduates of Western universities.

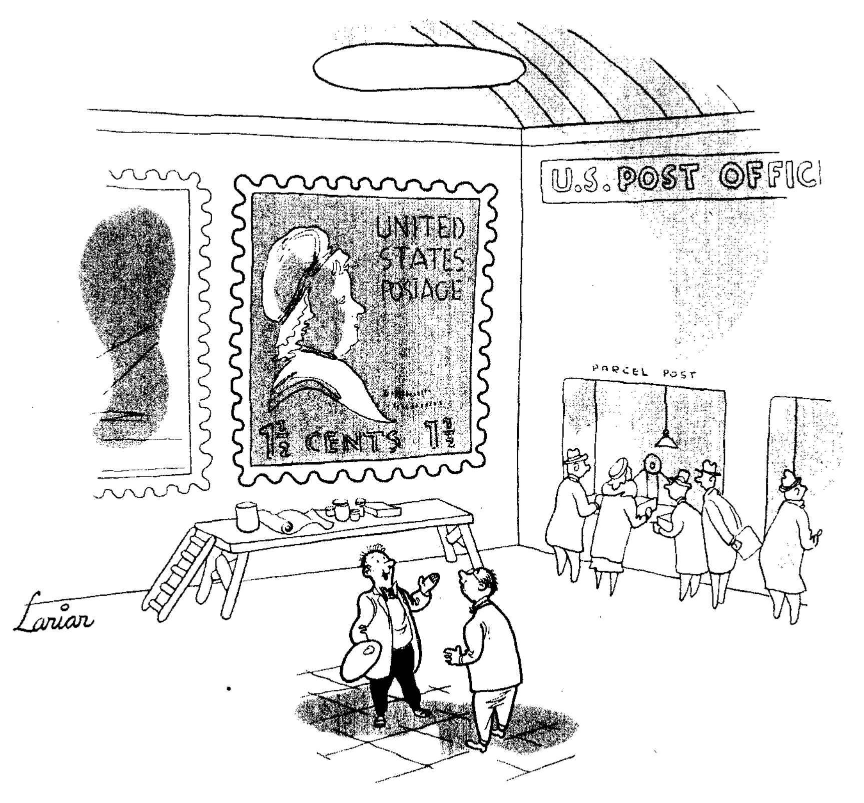
The entertainment is happy-go-lucky, and astounded patrons are sometimes enthralled when the lad handling the spotlight lets go all holds and tries out a white searchlight on a fan dancer instead of the traditional misty blue. And Miss Ching, who poses almost n-k-d at times, has a very fine appendicitis scar two and one-eighth inches in length, and thinks nothing of it. No customer ever has complained.

Most of the entertainers are versatile and a favorite amusement of the line girls is translating American songs into Cantonese—in which language they become even more baffling than in the original. Li Tei Ming, who stars as a singer in the Forbidden City show, not only designed the club layout, but painted the murals.

Every Chinese entertainer imitates some American, and the club floors are crowded with Chinese Bing Crosbys, Chinese Sally Rands, Chinese Maxine Sullivans and Chinese Fred Astaires.

Success of the Chinese invasion of the entertainment field has resulted in the making of Chinese talkies in San Francisco. With the usual Oriental economy a Chinese director can take a thousand feet of negative and make nine hundred ninety-nine feet of movie out of it. The result appalls Hollywood, but wows Chinatown, where the kids gather around for autographs when Chinese stars, unknown to the West, attend premières. And in Los Angeles, where a brand-new Chinatown has been built, there is going to be a theater for producing Chinese plays in English—or as much of an eight-hour Chinese drama as the white race can take at a gulp.

There's one Western custom no Chinese girl entertainer will surrender to, however. She won't bleach her hair. There are no Chinese blondes—and there never will be.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WATCH HIM, BOBBY! I THINK HE'S GOING TO KISS HER!
HE OUGHT TO!
HE'LL NEED THAT EXTRA NOURISHMENT TO SUPPORT A WIFE!
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Time to Go

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Frank Garry's misfortune, or the happiest piece of bad luck in the history of motoring. A story calculated to make the hazards of the highway seem irresistible

THE chief drawback to driving after dark in that sparsely settled country was the scarcity of gas stations that stayed open after nine or ten at night. The tank had a fourteen-gallon capacity, and fourteen gallons would not last forever at an average speed of sixty miles an hour. The motor coughed twice, slowed, and then picked up its steady rhythm.

Frank Garry swore quietly to himself because there was no one else present to swear to. He checked the gauge on the dash, kicked the gear into neutral, and started looking for a wide place in the road. It presented itself shortly at a dirt-road intersection. He pulled off the pavement and braked the roadster to a stop.

The clock on the dash said two in the morning, and a white sign said: Ashton 7 miles. Frank leaned back in the seat and lit a cigarette while he considered the problem. There were two things he could do. He could curl up in the seat and sleep, and try to hitch a ride into town or borrow a gallon of gas after daylight. Or he could walk it now. It was only eight hundred more miles to California, and in California he could rest up for a day or two before he started on his job. It would be four or five hours at least until there was any traffic to speak of on the road. A man could walk at an average speed of four and a half miles an hour, and five miles an hour if he was in a hurry. Frank decided to walk it.

It was not bad walking in the moonlight, but it was monotonous. So he amused himself for a while by whistling, and then he remembered that he had been a Boy Scout once, and he started traveling at the scout pace, fifty steps running, and fifty steps walking. It certainly eats up the road, Frank thought.

In spite of the Boy Scouts though, it was four-thirty before he was on his way back to the car. That had given him time to drink three cups of black coffee in an all-night beanery, and shake a sleepy night man awake in a garage.

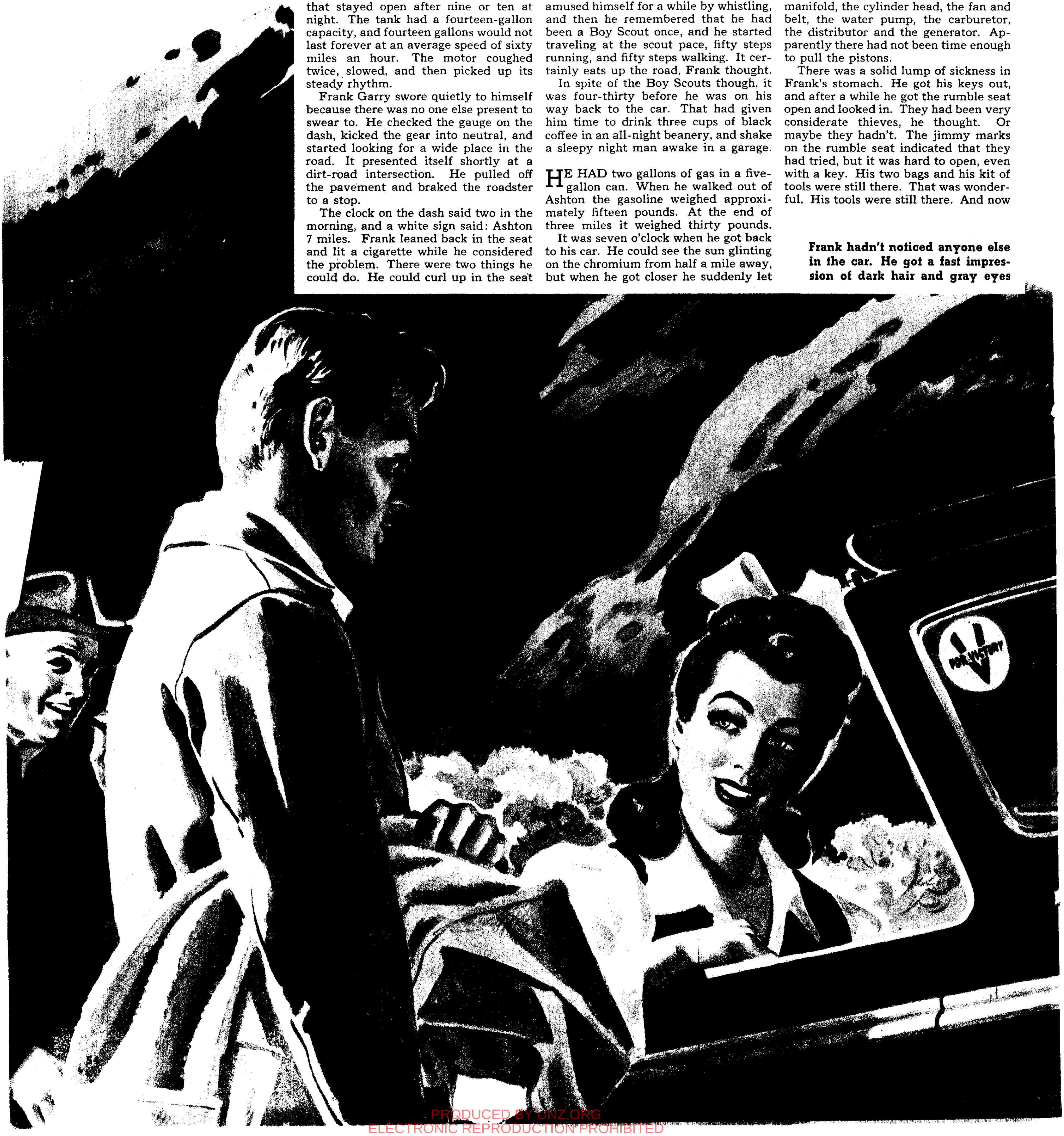
HE HAD two gallons of gas in a five-gallon can. When he walked out of Ashton the gasoline weighed approximately fifteen pounds. At the end of three miles it weighed thirty pounds.

It was seven o'clock when he got back to his car. He could see the sun glinting on the chromium from half a mile away, but when he got closer he suddenly let out a yelp and started running. When he got close enough really to see he sat down in the dirt, and all his fine dreams sat down alongside of him—except that they were not satisfied with merely sitting down. They collapsed completely.

He was too sick at first even to move, but after a while he got up and walked around the car and looked under the hood, and it was even worse than he had thought at first.

Somebody had really done a job on it. All the tires and wheels were gone, including the spare. So were the battery and the cables, the spark plugs, the manifold, the cylinder head, the fan and belt, the water pump, the carburetor, the distributor and the generator. Apparently there had not been time enough to pull the pistons.

There was a solid lump of sickness in Frank's stomach. He got his keys out, and after a while he got the rumble seat open and looked in. They had been very considerate thieves, he thought. Or maybe they hadn't. The jimmy marks on the rumble seat indicated that they had tried, but it was hard to open, even with a key. His two bags and his kit of tools were still there. That was wonderful. His tools were still there. And now



Frank hadn't noticed anyone else in the car. He got a fast impression of dark hair and gray eyes

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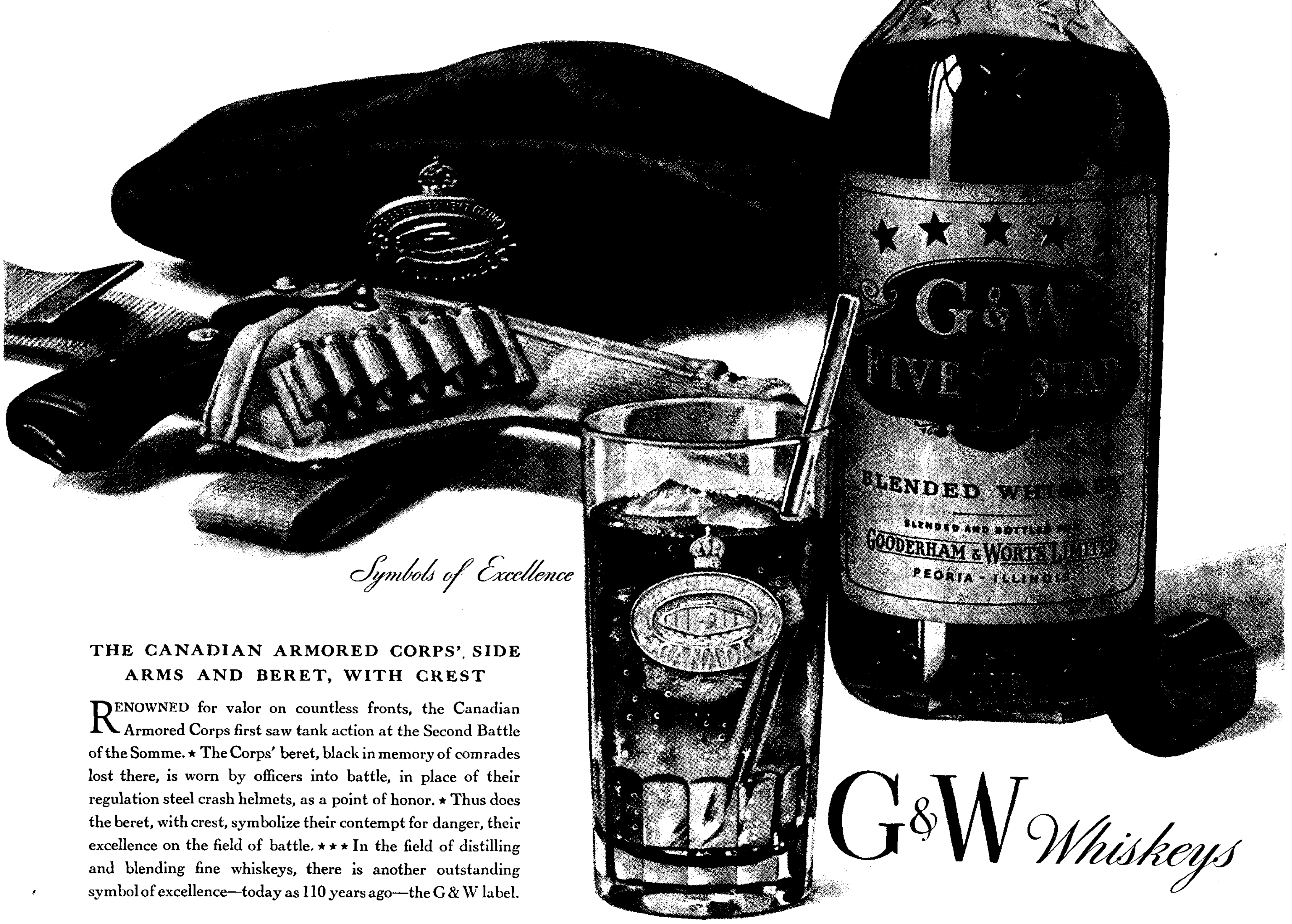

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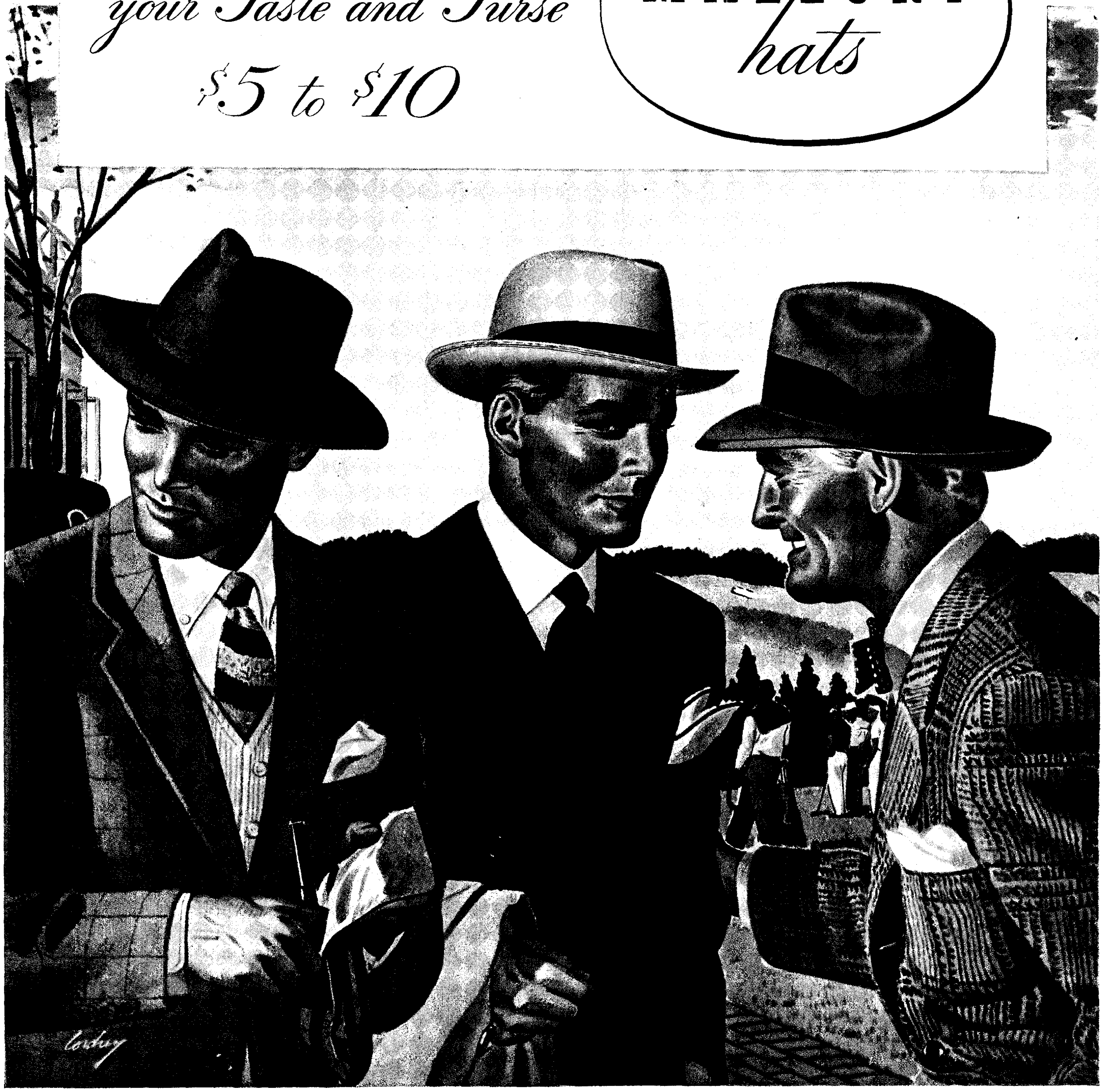

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if somebody would only move the Douglas plant from Santa Monica to where he was now, he could probably go to work in the morning. He thought about that for a while, and then he went over and sat down in the dirt again.

He was aware that a car had stopped on the highway in back of him, but he paid no attention to it until someone spoke to him:

"You having some trouble, son?"

"Oh, no," Frank said. "No trouble at all. Just take a look at the wreckage!"

He stood up and turned around. The man who had addressed him was big and gray-haired. He wore a dark suit, a slouch hat and high-heeled boots. He said, "It's a wonder to me they didn't take it all and be done with it."

"My fault," Frank said. He fished a round object out of his pocket and juggled it in his palm. "I took part of the distributor with me when I went for gas. It makes me feel kind of selfish. If I'd just left the keys in I could have saved them all that trouble."

"Too bad," the man said. He put his hand out. "My name's Lockerbie."

Frank shook hands with him, and then stood there staring glumly at the remains of what had once been an automobile.

Mr. Lockerbie said, "Only one thing I can see to do. You come in town with me and we'll send a wrecker out with a couple of spare wheels so we can get it into town."

His tone was brisk and cheerful.

"What am I supposed to pay a wrecker with?" Frank said.

"We'll worry about that later," Mr. Lockerbie said. "It happens to be my wrecker."

He stood by amiably while Frank hauled the bags and the toolbox out of the rumble seat. He was interested in the toolbox.

"Mechanic?"

"Mechanic, machinist, welder," Frank said. "Anything you want done."

He gathered up his belongings and trudged through the gravel toward the car on the highway. Mr. Lockerbie walked beside him.

"Heading for the Coast to get a job in a plane factory, I suppose," he said. "Open the door for him, Amy."

Frank looked up. He hadn't noticed anyone else in the car. He got a fast impression of dark hair, and a pair of gray eyes. His daughter, Mr. Lockerbie said. Frank nodded to her. In spite of how bad he felt he had to acknowledge the fact that she was pretty.

She opened the rear door for him. Frank put his gear inside and climbed in after it. Her father opened the door on the driver's side and got in. He started the motor.

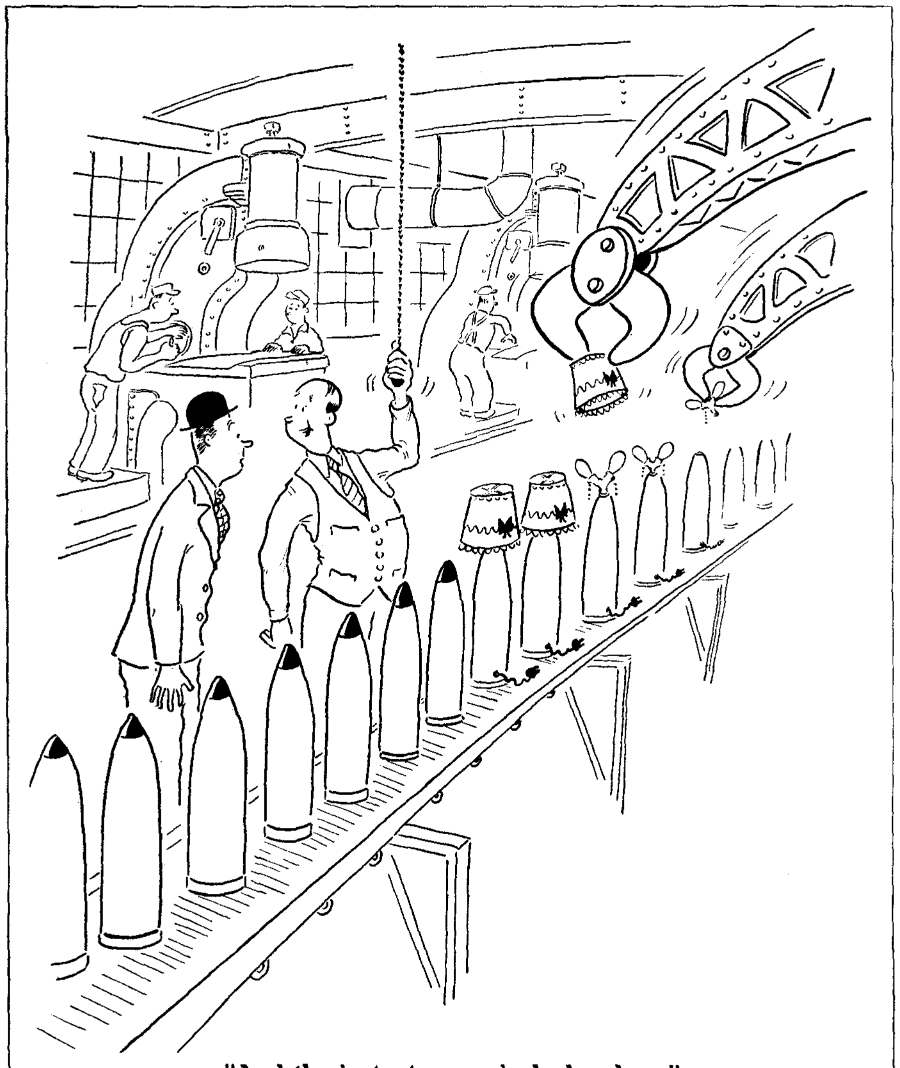
The girl said, "How many is that this month, Dad? Five stripped and eight stolen?"

IT MUST be a habit in these parts, Frank thought. He sat forward in the seat, looking at the back of the girl's head. She had her hair done up with a blue ribbon, and there was a ridiculous bow perched on top of her head. He wished she would turn around so he could get another look at her. It was purely an academic interest, of course. He valued his freedom too much to get emotionally involved with any girl. Like his brother Dewey. Dewey was married and had two kids, and his wife nagged at him from morning till night because he didn't make any more money than he was making. Dewey would have liked the trip to California and working in a plane factory, but he didn't dare take the chance.

In spite of Dewey, Frank wished the girl would turn around. He considered whistling to attract her attention, but gave the idea up for fear her father might get the wrong impression. He made a little conversation instead:

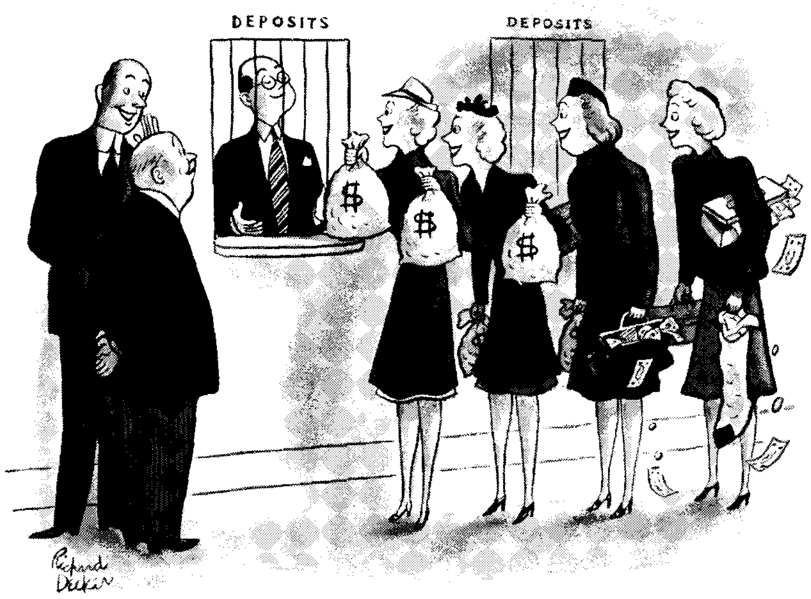
"Having cars stripped like that should be good for the garage business. All the replacements and installations."

The girl turned. She only turned half-



"And the instant peace is declared . . ."

ELMER ATKINS



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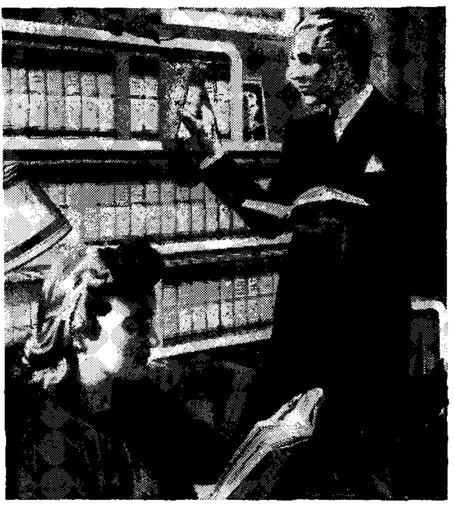

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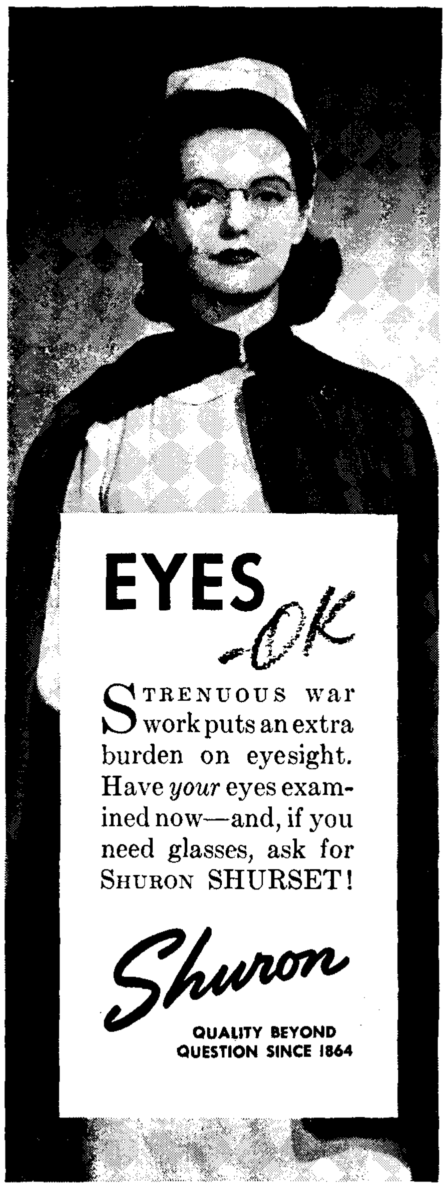
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way, and it was just a profile view, but it was a good profile. She said, "That isn't Dad's only business. He's the sheriff. We've got an election coming up and some of the people who lost cars are a little grumpy about it. Especially the ones who didn't have insurance. Did you have any insurance?"

"No, ma'am," Frank said. "I built the car out of junk parts, but I couldn't build an insurance policy."

"I guess it's lucky we happened to come by," the girl said.

Yes, it certainly is lucky, Frank thought. All that's happened to me is that somebody has just removed every removable piece from my automobile, and now I'm supposed to feel lucky because I don't have to walk seven miles into town. He settled back in the seat again and watched the fields go by.

After a while Mr. Lockerbie said. "I'll make you a proposition, son. Most of the mechanics in my shop were just like you. Heard about high-pay jobs on the Coast and pulled out. I'm running shorthanded. It's seventy cents an hour to start with."

Frank pulled his attention away from the fields, and somewhere inside him he felt a little flicker of hope. Maybe his luck hadn't run out altogether, or maybe he hadn't heard right. He said, "Would you mind saying that again?"

The girl turned around. "You can't lose anything," she said. "Maybe if you stay around, you could find out who stripped your car and you might even get the pieces back."

Frank had heard right then, and it was easy to make up his mind.

"You just hired a mechanic," he said.

HE WAS lucky in a way, because if a man had to get held up for a while on his way to California, Ashton was a nice place to be held up in. Frank had been there six weeks, and they were very pleasant weeks, due principally to the Lockerbies. They had taken a sort of proprietary interest in him as a right of discovery. He had eaten dinner at their house on occasion. He had gone hunting with Mr. Lockerbie. He had escorted Amy to the movies, and to a couple of dances, and he had bought her sodas at the corner drugstore, and a beer now and then when he felt particularly reckless. It passed the time very nicely.

At five o'clock Frank washed the grease off his hands with gasoline, combed his hair in the washroom, took off his coveralls, and got his jacket out of the locker. At a few minutes after five Amy would be walking by on her way home from downtown. It was ostensibly casual, but it had become sort of a habit lately. It was a nice habit, though, and Frank didn't mind it particularly. There was no danger involved in merely seeing a lady home.

She was a half block away when he got out in front and he walked to meet her. She had on a plaid tweed jacket, and a sports skirt that was short enough to show a certain portion of her legs. They were very nice legs.

She said, "How'd it go today?"

"Like every day," Frank said. "Grind a few valves. Put in a new clutch plate. Reline some brakes."

"And tomorrow California?"

"Always California," Frank said. "Tomorrow or the day after, or the day after that."

They walked on down the street. There was an April edge to the air. In a vacant lot behind the high school a bunch of youngsters were having some spring football practice. They stopped and watched for a while.

"I was a fair-to-middlin' halfback once," Frank said.

"I'll bet you were cute," Amy said. "I always wondered where you got that broken nose."

They wandered on and it was extremely pleasant and casual. They walked past a newly painted white picket fence, and at the gate they turned in. The Lockerbie house was set back from the street in the middle of a wide lawn. It had a vine-shaded porch, and inside it was quiet and cool.

"Mother's out playing bridge," Amy said.

She got two bottles of beer out of the icebox, and Frank sat down on the sofa feeling pleasantly relaxed and quite happy. They drank the beer and listened to the radio. It was very intimate and companionable.

Out of a clear sky Amy said, "Why this overpowering desire to get to California?"

That was the danger signal, Frank thought. He looked at her over the rim of his glass. "I don't know," he said. "I've *never* been there."

It was a logical answer. He had been other places. He had been in New York, and in Florida, and New Orleans, and Chicago and Kansas City, and other places in between, but he had never been in California.

"How old are you?" Amy said.

"Twenty-eight."

"What about the war?"

"You do what you can," Frank said. "I can't fly a plane, but I can build one for somebody else to fly."

"And after that?"

"Panama," Frank said. "Java. Zamboanga. It's a wide world."

"You ought to get married and settle down."

"My brother Dewey did that," Frank said. He told her about Dewey, and the nagging wife, and the two kids, and the way Dewey was trapped, and didn't like it, and couldn't do anything about it. He thought he made it clear to her exactly how he felt about things, but apparently he didn't.

"All marriages aren't like that," Amy said.

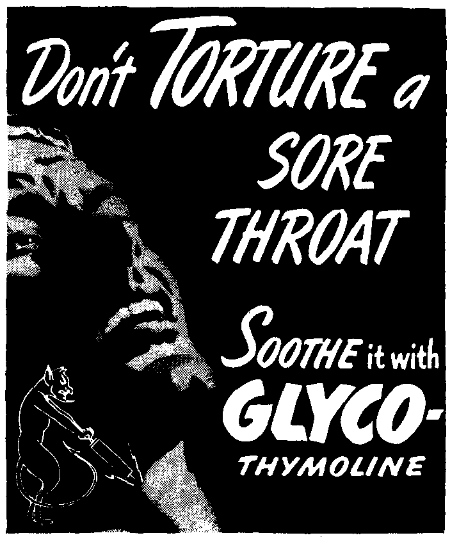
Frank finished his beer. When they started talking like that it was time to go. He got up off the sofa and Amy walked out on the porch with him. The vines had some leaves on them, enough to shelter the porch from the street, and without intending to, Frank found himself kissing her. It was an enlightening experience, and it made him wary. Amy's lips were soft and sweet under his, and she was putting a certain amount of spirit into the embrace. It was very good in its way, but it was no good for a man who was on his way to California.

"It's time to go," Frank said, and he got out of there. He walked down the steps and out the gate, and when he got out on the street he had an uncomfortable conviction that Amy was still on the porch watching him and that she was probably laughing.

THE roadster was gradually assuming some of the aspects of a going concern. It had been stored in an empty shed in back of the garage, and in his leisure moments Frank would horse it into the shop with the wrecker, and install whatever parts he had managed to acquire. The wheels were back on, and so were the tires. Mr. Lockerbie had sold them to him at cost.

That day he was working on the generator. He had bought it for a dollar and a half in a junk yard, and he had taken it apart to find out what was wrong with it. It took him quite a while to make up his mind, but when he did make it up, there was plenty wrong with it.

Frank stood at the workbench for a while, looking at the armature and whistling through his teeth. Then he picked the generator case up and wiped off some of the grease with a piece of waste. After that he went up front, into the office, and picked up the phone.



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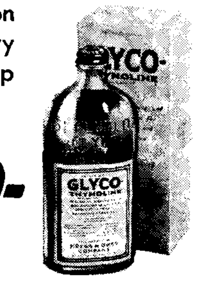

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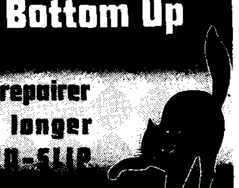

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Mr. Lockerbie was a hard man to convince. He lounged against the fender of a wash job sitting on the rack with his hat pushed back on his head, and a cigar stuck in his mouth.

"I heard you over the phone," he said. "Sure I know Joe Cooper and his junk yard. What's the matter, did he sell you a bum part?"

"No," Frank said. "It's a good part. It's a good generator. The only trouble with it is that it's my own generator."

That got a little action. Mr. Lockerbie straightened up and came over toward the bench saying, "Wha-a-a-t?"

"I rewound that armature myself," Frank said. "I know my own work."

Mr. Lockerbie looked at it but he was still unconvinced. He lit the cigar and blew a cloud of smoke at the ceiling.

"I been over that junk yard with a fine-tooth comb," he said. "It's mighty slim identification."

"That's not enough?" Frank said. "All right." He picked the generator case off the bench and held it in his hand. "One shop where I worked the people were sort of light-fingered when it came to picking up things. I had a die made so I could stamp my initials on what belonged to me. Tools, anything else. I built that junker with my own hands and it was all autographed. Take a look."

The initials were there, finely cut in the case—F. G. Chewing on his cigar, Mr. Lockerbie considered for a moment.

"WHAT'S your idea, son?" Mr. Lockerbie asked.

"It's a good business," Frank said. "With this cut in new-car production the secondhand markets are good. Paint 'em, and drive them over to the Coast, and get rid of them. . . . The stripping's something else again. Any sale on spare parts is gravy and it's safe enough. They're hard to identify as a general rule. What you can't sell that way is good for scrap. That's a legitimate business, and you can ship it or haul it and no questions asked. Every steel plant in the country needs scrap." He laid the generator case down on the bench. "Has this guy Cooper got a farm any place around here?"

Mr. Lockerbie threw the cigar down and stepped on it.

"I'm a dumb old fool, son," he said. "No wonder they don't want to re-elect me. He's got a place forty miles from here, up by Monomoy."

FRANK rode in the front seat with Mr. Lockerbie, and the two deputies were in back. They didn't talk much on the trip. One of the deputies was smoking a pipe and in the closed-up car it smelled awful. After fifty minutes of that smell they turned off the highway, and bounced for two miles over a dirt road. It was a fine place for it, Frank thought, because nobody would drive over that road unless it was a case of vital necessity. The road ended at a gate. Mr. Lockerbie braked the car to a stop and turned off the ignition.

It was bright moonlight, and the ranch buildings squatted silent and somnolent in the night. There were no signs of life and no lights.

One of the deputies said, "It's Saturday, ain't it? They're all in town gettin' drunk."

Mr. Lockerbie opened the door and stepped out, stretching his legs. "We might as well go see," he said.

They walked silently over the hard rutted earth in the fields. The house was just a house, a three-room shanty built to shelter whatever help lived on the place. It wasn't big enough to accommodate what they were looking for, and they discarded it as a possibility.

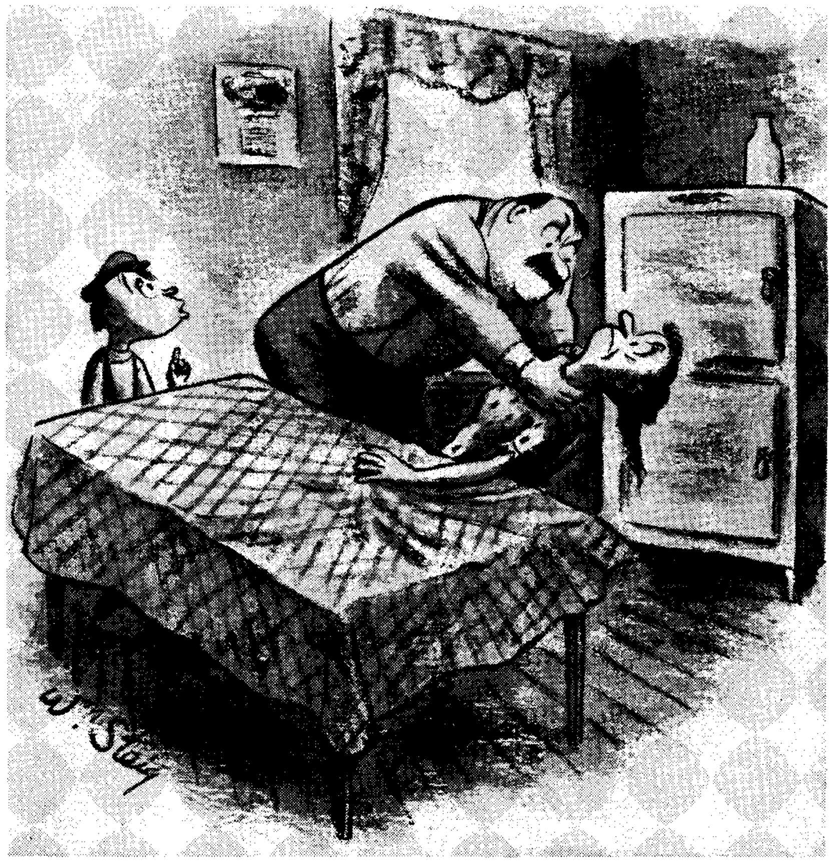
The hip-roofed barn was more encouraging. It was about sixty by twenty or twenty-five, Frank judged, and that would be space enough. The door wasn't locked. The air inside was thick and heavy; the torches they carried sent out small white fingers into the blackness.

They went over it from top to bottom, and it was still just a barn. There was hay in the loft, and downstairs it smelled strongly of horses and cows. Frank opened the door of a stall and looked in.

"They don't keep it very clean," he said.

Mr. Lockerbie said, "If you think I came all the way out here to shovel manure for Joe Cooper you're nuts." He sounded slightly annoyed.

They moved toward the door. Frank



"Pa, can I have a penny? Just one penny?" WILLIAM STEIG

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was disappointed. It had been his idea and he hated to see it fall flat. In addition to that he had hoped to help Mr. Lockerbie find out about the stolen cars, and get re-elected, if that was what he wanted. And in addition to that if they had found what he'd expected to find he could get his car reassembled and be on his way to California. He remembered Amy, and he knew it was time to go.

He stopped in the doorway and thought about it, and there was something wrong some place. It was an unusually big barn for a little farm, and it wasn't clean. It made a fine front, though. If I had any stolen cars, Frank thought, I'd get me a nice big barn, and get it full of manure, and then I'd think of something good.

THE barn was built on a solid concrete foundation two or three feet above ground level and there was a wooden ramp leading up to the door.

It could be, Frank thought. He had on his working shoes, with solid leather in the heels, and steel plates set into the leather, and he suddenly started jumping up and down on the ramp. It sounded like somebody beating a drum.

Mr. Lockerbie said, "What're you doing?" in a surprised manner, and then he got it, too. He said, "The question is, how do we get it open?"

They found it finally. The iron ring was buried under the dirt and hay at the end of the ramp, and above them, in the door of the hayloft, was a block and tackle rigged for hoisting hay into the mow, and for other things. One of the deputies climbed up to the loft, and slacked off the lines, and they put the hook through the ring.

" 'Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,' " Frank said. He felt good. "Heave ho, boys!"

It came up like a drawbridge. Underneath was a concrete driveway, and at the end of that they found what they wanted.

It was a complete setup. A fully equipped shop for dismantling purposes. An acetylene torch for cutting pieces down into easily handled scrap. A rack of license plates representing eight states. Three old cars in various stages of demolition, and one new one partly painted in the paint shop. It was easy to figure it out from there, Frank thought. The older cars they tore down for spare parts and junk. The newer ones they repainted and sold in some distant used-car market, probably out on the Coast. He stood in the doorway playing his light over the partly painted car.

"You get a call saying to pick up a green sedan with a New Mexico license," Frank said. "It comes out of here gray, and it's from Utah."

"I guess we found out what we wanted to know," Mr. Lockerbie said.

They lowered the drawbridge, put the dirt and hay back the way it had been before, and walked toward the car.

Mr. Lockerbie said, "Son, it looks like the community might owe you a vote of thanks."

"Let it go," Frank said. "All I want out of it are the pieces that came off my car."

THE roadster was running fine. On the open road it had stepped up to eighty without hesitating, and there was still power left under his foot. Frank let it idle coming into town. He was whistling California, Here I Come, and listening to the smooth purring of the motor.

A block ahead he saw a familiar figure, and angled in toward the curb. He opened the door with a flourish, as befitted a man who owned a car in working condition.

"Madam," Frank said, "at your service. Your wish is my command."

Amy got in. Frank gunned the motor in low gear, and it made a satisfactory roaring noise. It was sweet music, but Amy didn't seem to appreciate it. She didn't speak for a period of two blocks. Then she said, "I suppose you know how much Dad appreciates what you did. You saved his hide in the election."

"Luck," Frank said. "The Garrys have always been very lucky people, with the possible exception of Dewey."

He let up on the throttle, and the roadster idled down the street at ten miles an hour.

Amy said, "Well, I suppose you're off for California."

"Tomorrow," Frank said. "Or the next day."

He could afford to be generous because this time it was true. His car was *running*. His clothes were packed, and he had a hundred dollars in his pocket.

He looked at Amy, and she didn't seem very happy about it. She doesn't want me to go, Frank thought. It gave him a mild feeling of self-importance, but it made him feel sad, too. Amy was beautiful, and there was no doubt about the fact that she kissed very nicely, although after that first experience he hadn't cared to repeat the performance, because it was definitely no good for a man who was on his way to California. He pulled the roadster up in front of the gate and Amy got out.

"I suppose you'll stop in to say goodby?"

"Tonight," Frank said. "I've got a few things to do this afternoon."

He pulled away and after a half block he took a quick look back. Amy was still standing at the curb.

He drove around the town and thought about her. In California he would forget her. Santa Monica was near the beach, and it was also near Hollywood and Beverly Hills. A movie star in every lunch pail, Frank thought. But he had to be fair about it. Even if Lana Turner did not live there, Ashton was a nice town. The streets were broad and quiet and lined with trees, and the houses were homelike and substantial-looking. A man could not help noticing things like that.

IF HE had only gone two or three weeks ago, Frank thought, it would have been all right. He hadn't had the idea then. He hadn't told Amy about his idea. He had tried not to think about it himself. But it was a good idea even if he didn't want it.

He could forget about it, of course, and nobody would ever know the difference. But on the other hand, to be absolutely fair, he should give it a chance. Maybe the old man won't fall for it, Frank thought. And if that happened he could go on his way and feel perfectly all right about everything. He turned the next corner to the left, and put the throttle down a little bit, and let the roadster take him to the courthouse.

Mr. Lockerbie was in his office next to the county jail. He had his feet on his desk, and a cigar in his mouth, and he looked like a man who felt fairly assured of winning another election. His face brightened when Frank came in.

He said, "Well, son, between us we certainly raised the dust in this county."

"Luck," Frank said. "All luck." He sat down and got a cigarette out of his pocket and lit it.

"I suppose you'll be leaving us pretty soon," Mr. Lockerbie said.

Frank said, "Well, I've got an idea." He leaned forward and threw the cigarette at a spittoon, and missed it. He was going to make things pretty definite, he supposed, but he had to give the idea a chance.

It was the old-fashioned approach, but Mr. Lockerbie had been good to him, and it was only fair to get his opinion first.

"The way it is," Frank said, "I got a

HOW DID OUR LANGUAGE ORIGINATE?

Deliberate actually means "weighed in the scales"

A *DELIBERATE* decision is one based upon a weighing of the facts and arguments involved—and that is the literal meaning of the word *deliberate*. It is derived from the Latin *deliberatus*, formed from the verb *deliberare*, which is a combination of *de*, a prefix denoting *"down,"* and hence *"completely,"* and *librare*, "to weigh." *Librare* comes from *libra*, "a balance or pair of scales."

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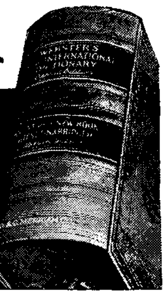

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hundred dollars saved up, and my prospects are all right. We won't have to be building planes forever, and some day maybe you'd want a good man to be in charge of your repair shop."

He took a deep breath. He looked up and Mr. Lockerbie was staring at him across the desk.

"Am I to assume," Mr. Lockerbie said, "that you are trying to ask for my daughter's hand in marriage?"

"You might put it that way," Frank said.

Mr. Lockerbie threw his cigar at the spittoon, and missed it also. He said, "Young man, as sheriff of this county I am a very busy man. Why the heck don't you go and talk to Amy?"

"Yes, sir," Frank said.

HE HAD apparently managed to get out of the place some way because he was standing out on the courthouse lawn, and the air was cold, and in a little while it would be dark. A bum today, Frank thought, and a bridegroom tomorrow. He walked over and got in his car. He drove around the block, and he tried to think of Dewey and the nagging wife and the kids, but Dewey was just a dream, and it didn't hurt him any place. Amy was not a dream.

It was still dusk when he pulled up in front of the house. He didn't want to go in. He honked the horn and Amy came out. He looked at her coming down the walk, and she was just as beautiful as he had thought she was. She leaned over, resting her arms on the door of the car. Her eyes looked as though she had been crying.

"I suppose this is goodby," Amy said.

"No," Frank said. He didn't look at her. He said, "This is hello. Meet a man of substance. A reformed gypsy."

Amy didn't say anything for a long time, and it was easy to know what she was thinking. Finally she said, "What about California?"

Frank waved his arm. "California," he said, "is a vacation land. It is a land of sunshine and defense industry. It is a spot," Frank said, "where a man should spend his honeymoon."

He looked up then, and Amy was smiling at him. "Isn't that odd?" Amy said. "I've always felt the same way about it."

Any Week

Continued from page 4

them might want with such a screen, she replied: "Good heavens, man, if I were struck by a bomb do you think I'd want people giving me artificial respiration right out in the street before a gaping crowd?" We have another, not so good, yet not to be thrown away in these days when everybody is advising us to have everything. An instructor had talked for an hour to a group of air raid wardens and then asked for questions. For two minutes none were asked and the instructor was about to leave. Then a lady rose. "I understand," said she, "that we air raid wardens are expected to do something with whistles. When do we get these whistles?"

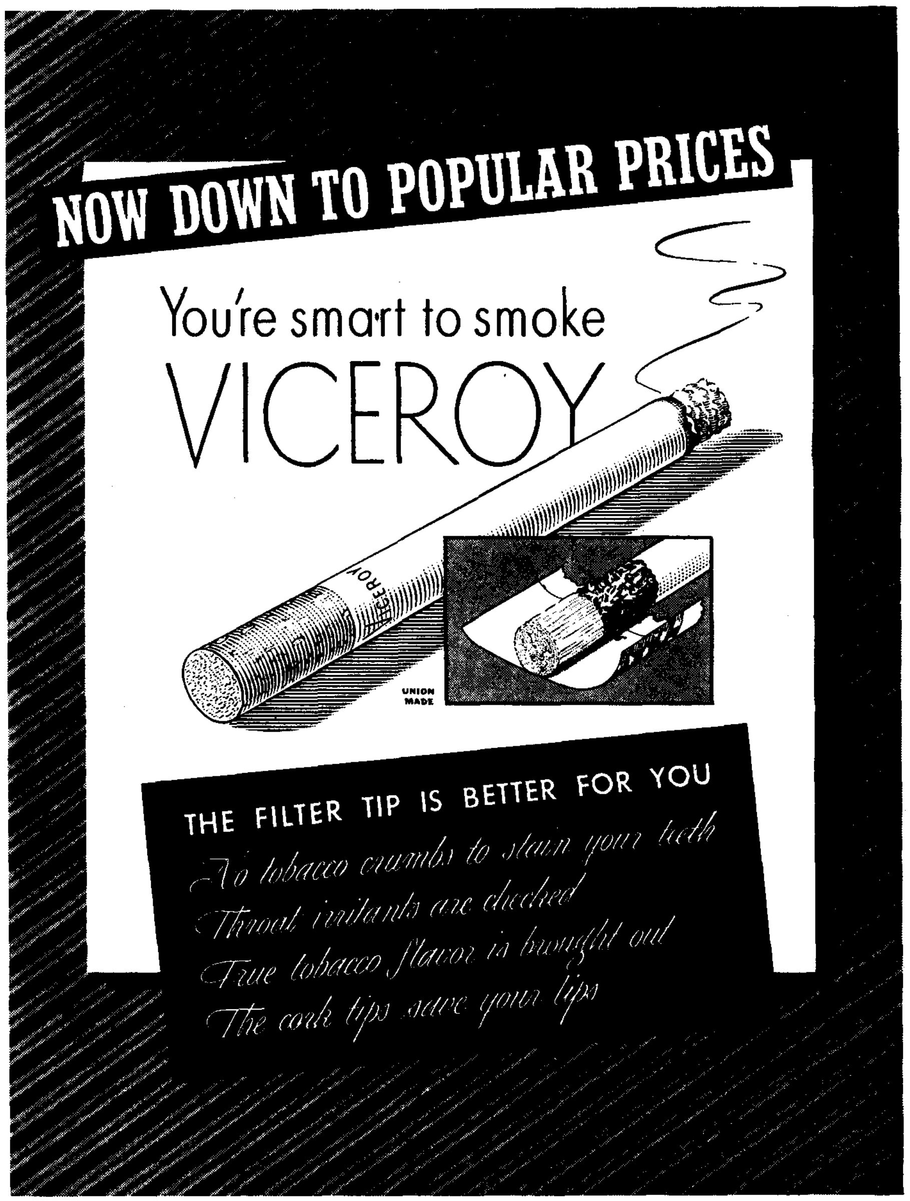
WE HAVE just been asked to scan another officially conceived scheme for sustaining the morale of the American people through blood and sacrifice to victory. It is a lengthy prospectus. It is complicated. It involves the creation of a new board or commission, leaving intact the thousand and one already existing. It doesn't matter. We're against it. We don't know how many planes, tanks, torpedoes and the like the combined cost of all our existing governmental shills and ballyhoos would buy. And, as we have pledged ourself to throw no monkey wrenches just yet, we drop the thought with the mere statement that if that sum would buy only one small jeep the money would be better spent. But what we had intended to say was that we've just heard from Mr. Bert MacIngall of Fort Wayne, Indiana. We've discussed this before with Mr. MacIngall, who says: "There is only one agency, only one man, who can build up and keep up the morale of the United States—Franklin Roosevelt. Let him abolish all these cheering sections and fire all the bell ringers and, in their stead, report the facts himself to the people every Monday night at nine o'clock. A fifteen-minute campfireside chat at stated, sure intervals will condition us to a feeling of security, give us a sense of being in on the know. Each campfireside chat should contain some verified facts which have not before been published. Each chat would have the character of a report from a trusted steward. If nothing else is accomplished, the departure of American Explanatory Forces from Washington will solve the housing problem of our congested capital."

IT WAS while we were reading the latest Japanese war communiqué that a letter from Mr. Calvin O. Entwhistle, Jr., of Seattle, Washington, was delivered. We thought it somewhat timely because it contained the information that a Washington gentleman, a prospective juror, when asked by the court whether he would confine his decision to the truth, replied: "I'm afraid not, your honor. In my opinion all men are liars." The judge, according to Mr. Entwhistle, bridled. "Do you think," demanded he, "that everyone who comes to the witness stand is a liar?" The prospective juror replied: "Most people are honest but the moment they get in court I think they have a hard time to keep from lying. What do you think?" He was excused.

AND while we are not prepared to vouch for it, our Army Air Corps operative assures us that a group of new pilots were addressed by a colonel who had spent much time observing the R.A.F. "Our aim," said the colonel, "should be to profit by British mistakes by not making them. If this is asking too much of ourselves, let me suggest that we commit the same errors with equal vigor and dignity. But we must not make the additional mistake of falling hopelessly in love with bad practice and being unable to resist the alluring wench."

BUT if you'd like to read something worth reading, you'll send four cents postage to the Promotion Department, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, asking that we mail you a reprint of an article published in this magazine for July 1, 1939. It was written by W. B. Courtney. It was reprinted in the Congressional Record. It is a forecast of what is happening and has happened in the Philippines. More, it tells you why. If we had read it in any other magazine we'd call it remarkable, even uncanny. But it just happens to be a common occurrence in this publication. The booklet contains, too, the now famous editorial We Will Win. . . .

BUT that isn't news. . . . W. D.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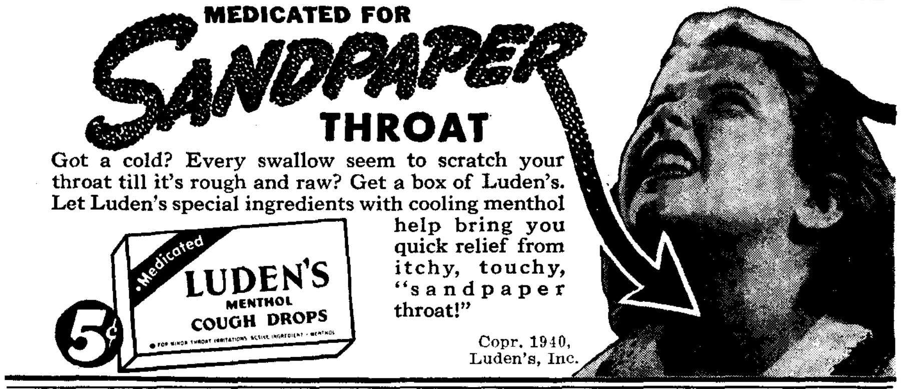

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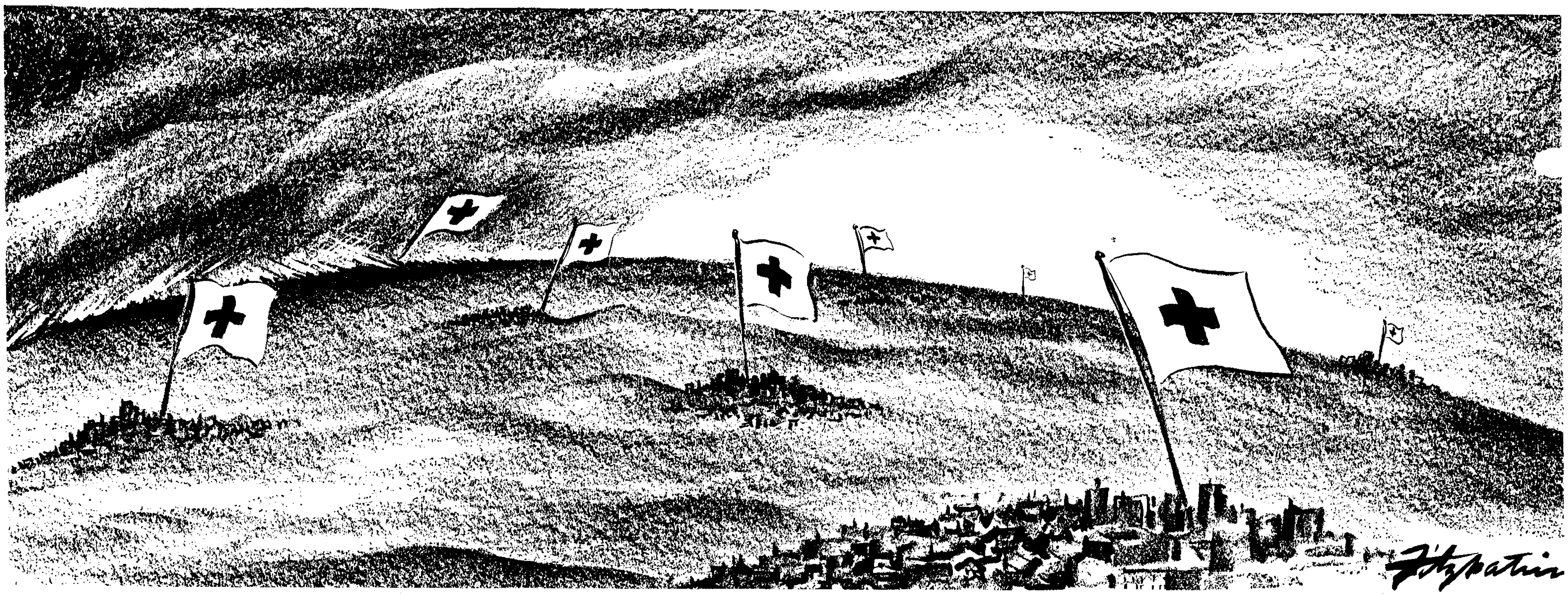


Why the Red Cross Wants $50,000,000

SETTING out to write this editorial on the American Red Cross War Fund, we thought first of heating up the emotions to the flash point and then letting fly with a fancy piece of hand-wringing and tear-squeezing. But that has been done time and again. It has its uses, too, and far be it from us to promise not to do it at some future date in some other worthy cause.

For the purposes of this editorial, though, we have a feeling that a factual account of the reasons why the Red Cross wants $50,000,000 from the American people will be better than a paroxysm of emoting on paper.

Here is a roughly itemized statement of the ways in which the Red Cross intends to spend the $50,000,000 which it is confidently believed the American people will promptly and willingly contribute:

For services to the armed forces, $25,000,000.

First on this program, of course, come Red Cross activities looking to the care, welfare and morale of troops, with special reference to men in hospitals and during periods of convalescence from wounds or sickness.

But in addition to that prime objective, this $25,000,000 will be used for assorted welfare work for the able-bodied service man, especially as regards any family or personal problems that may be worrying him . . . maintenance and operation of Red Cross headquarters at camps and naval stations (the Red Cross, incidentally, serves all branches of our armed forces) . . . needed medical and recreational supplies which don't come under the head of equipment furnished as a matter of course by the government . . . the very important job of rounding up blood donors and medical technologists for the Army and Navy . . . the equally important job of speeding production of surgical dressings and sweaters.

Disaster and Civilian Emergency Relief, $10-000,000.

In wartime as in peacetime, the Red Cross in this country is organized to be ready to jump at any time into any community hit by a fire, a flood, an earthquake, a tornado, or any other calamity. In this war, there is a possibility of air raids aimed at one or more cities on either of our coasts. The Red Cross wants to have ample funds on hand to meet any such emergency anywhere in the United States with food, clothing, shelter and medical care . . . to be able to help stricken families repair their homes or make other necessary readjustments . . . and to stock up with minimum reserves of essential relief supplies so that there need be no delays.

Civilian Defense Services, $5,000,000.

In our opinion, the Red Cross, with its long-standing organization and experience, is the best qualified of all our civilian groups to meet a lot of problems connected with civilian defense.

It wants $5,000,000 for these purposes, among others: health and educational activities; for example, training in home nursing, and training of nurses' aids . . . nursing programs . . . enrolling nurses for emergency duty, or for service with the armed forces . . . first aid and accident-prevention training of civilians . . . teaching children how to be of use in emergencies where they can be helpful . . . running volunteer special services—motor corps, canteen, production, and so on . . . providing emergency supplies where needed . . . helping existing Red Cross local chapters to connect up their own emergency relief activities efficiently with those of cities, counties, states.

Service and assistance through Red Cross chapters, $4,000,000.

There are 3,740 Red Cross chapters in the United States, with 6,131 branches. These organizations are responsible for the local community aspects of Red Cross work, which are many and various in peacetime and which multiply in wartime. A great deal of welfare work has to be done for service men, and even more in many cases for their families. The Red Cross wants $4,000,000 to allocate to its local chapters and branches where, when and as needed, so that there may be no undue hitches or delays in this highly important phase of its work.

Other offices, activities and contingencies, $6,000,000.

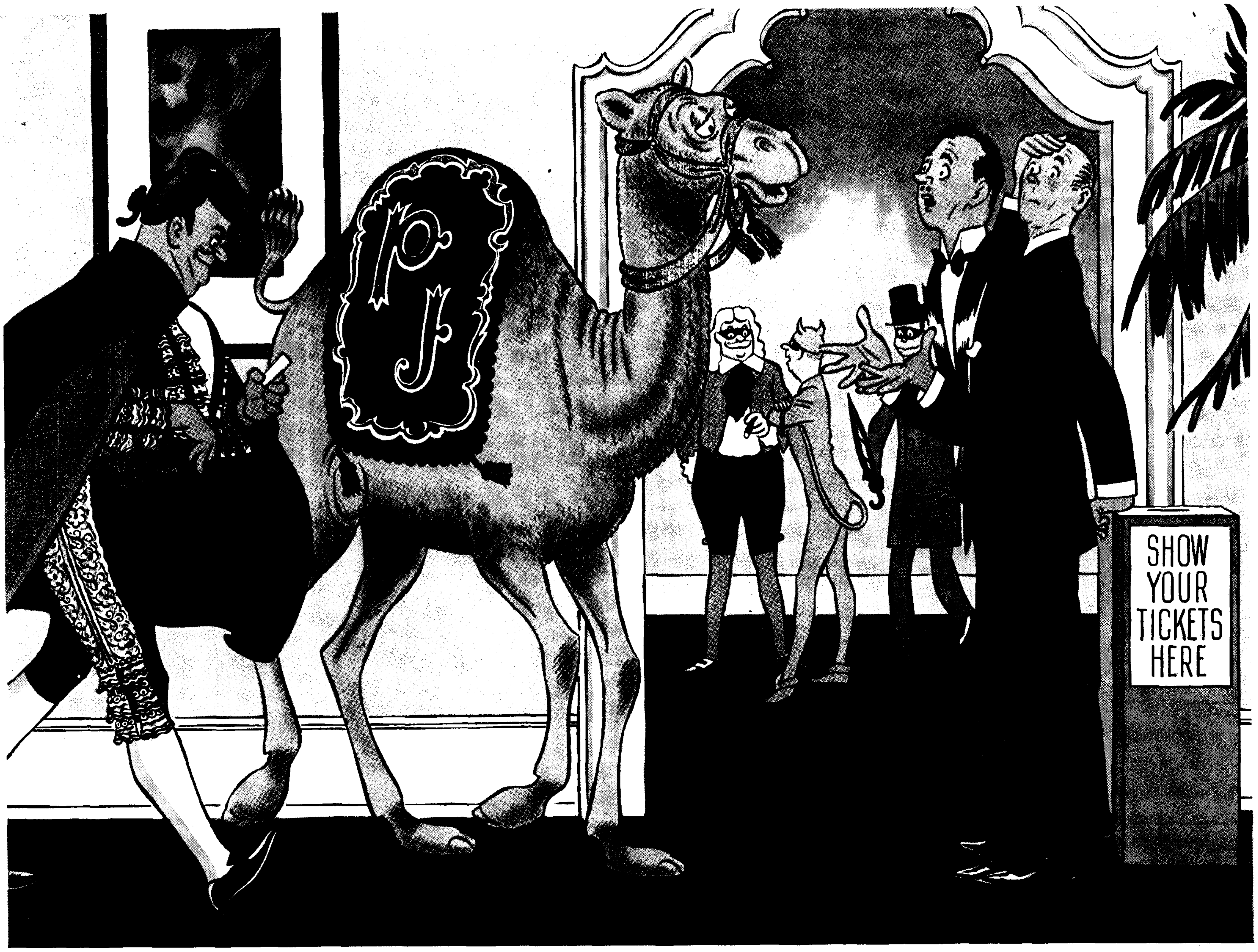
The word "offices" as used here, we might note in passing, does not mean creation of paying Red Cross jobs. It means services. The item may look large, but only until you reflect that war is an inveterate breeder of surprises, new challenges, novel situations. This $6,000,000 is needed as a sort of insurance fund, to guarantee the Red Cross against being caught out on a limb by some surprise development, and being forced to sound an SOS for more funds before next year.

And that is the outline story, sketched only in broadest detail, of what the American Red Cross expects to do with this war fund for which it issued its appeal shortly after the Japanese sneak punch at Pearl Harbor.

The Red Cross, here and in other countries, carries on, year in and year out, war in and war out, a gigantic service to suffering mankind. It will follow our flag wherever our flag goes in this war. Our flag is expected to be seen on all the manifold fronts of this war before the cease-firing order has sounded down the last battle line.

The Red Cross' services on the home front will be almost as varied and fully as necessary as those on the fighting fronts.

You cannot give too generously to the Red Cross—and no gift to it is too small to be of use. The contributions are deductible on federal and most state income tax returns. Checks should be made payable to American Red Cross—or, if you want to be more specific, to American Red Cross War Fund—and given to your nearest Red Cross chapter as soon as you can find the time to do it.



"Mister, please take off your mask!"

CAMEL: But, Sahib, I am a *real* camel! My head is fastened on.

DOORMAN: Sure, mister, sure. You're a camel. Okay. Ha ha. Very funny. But we got to identify the guests. Quit clowning, mister, take off the mask.

CAMEL: Keeper of the Gate, I swear to you that I am a camel! By the bright silver label of Paul Jones whiskey, Sahib, I swear it!

DOORMAN: Ha! If you're a camel, mister, how come you know anything about whiskey?

CAMEL: Great Sir, I am a walking symbol of the noblest quality in whiskey—DRYNESS.

DOORMAN: Ha! Indeed! And what, may I ask, has *dryness* got to do with whiskey?

CAMEL: Everything, Watcher in the Dark! Connoisseurs of whiskey demand *dryness*. For the dryness, or lack of sweetness, in Paul Jones whiskey brings out the *full* richness of its flavor clear and unimpaired . . . for your greater enjoyment!

DOORMAN: So! And you come busting in here to talk about a whiskey so rare that even the chairman of the greens committee couldn't afford it?

CAMEL: Nay! Beacon in the Night, this dry Paul Jones of which I speak is most moderately priced, for all the magnificence of its flavor. Truly, Great Sir, its price is so moderate and its flavor so great that wise men and connoisseurs have long known Paul Jones as *a great buy!*

DOORMAN: You mean almost *anyone* can afford this wonderful *dry* Paul Jones, Camel? Great Day in the Morning! Come in! Welcome, my Sumptuously Saddled Oriental! And just wait till I tell the bar steward about this!

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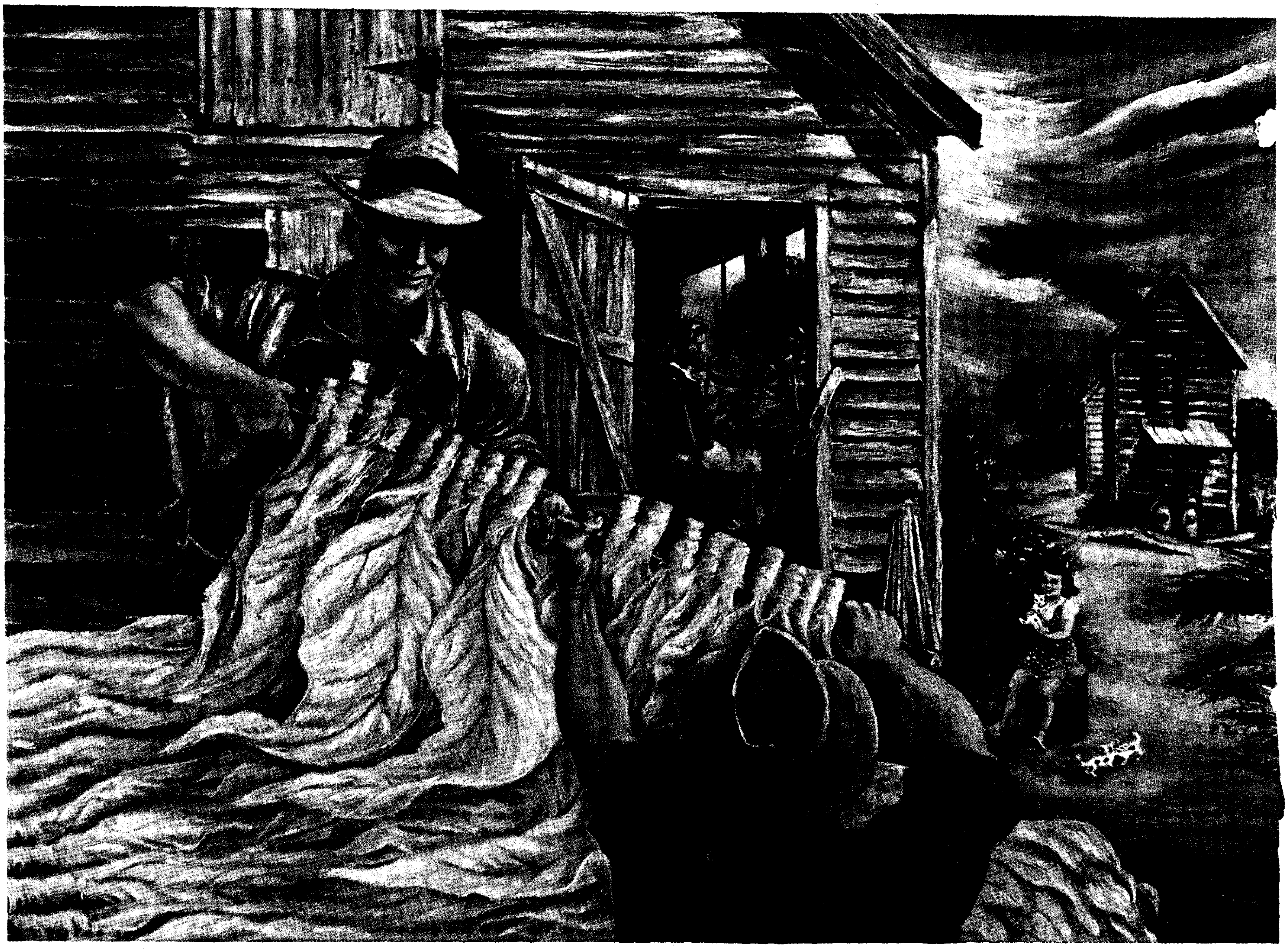
One in a series of notable paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Getting ready for auction day. Painted from life on a Southern farm by Aaron Bohrod

WE PAID 46%* MORE IN ADEL, GEORGIA, TO GET THIS LIGHTER, NATURALLY MILDER LEAF

ANYONE who has ever gone shopping knows you *get* what you *pay* for. And this is as true at a Southern tobacco auction as it is in your own grocery store.

At the auctions, Luckies pay the price to get the quality leaf—the kind that just can't help making a finer cigarette.

For instance, in Adel, Georgia, this season, we paid 46% above the average market price. Yes, 46% more, to get the naturally milder, better-tasting tobacco.

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CIGARETTES

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* *Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1